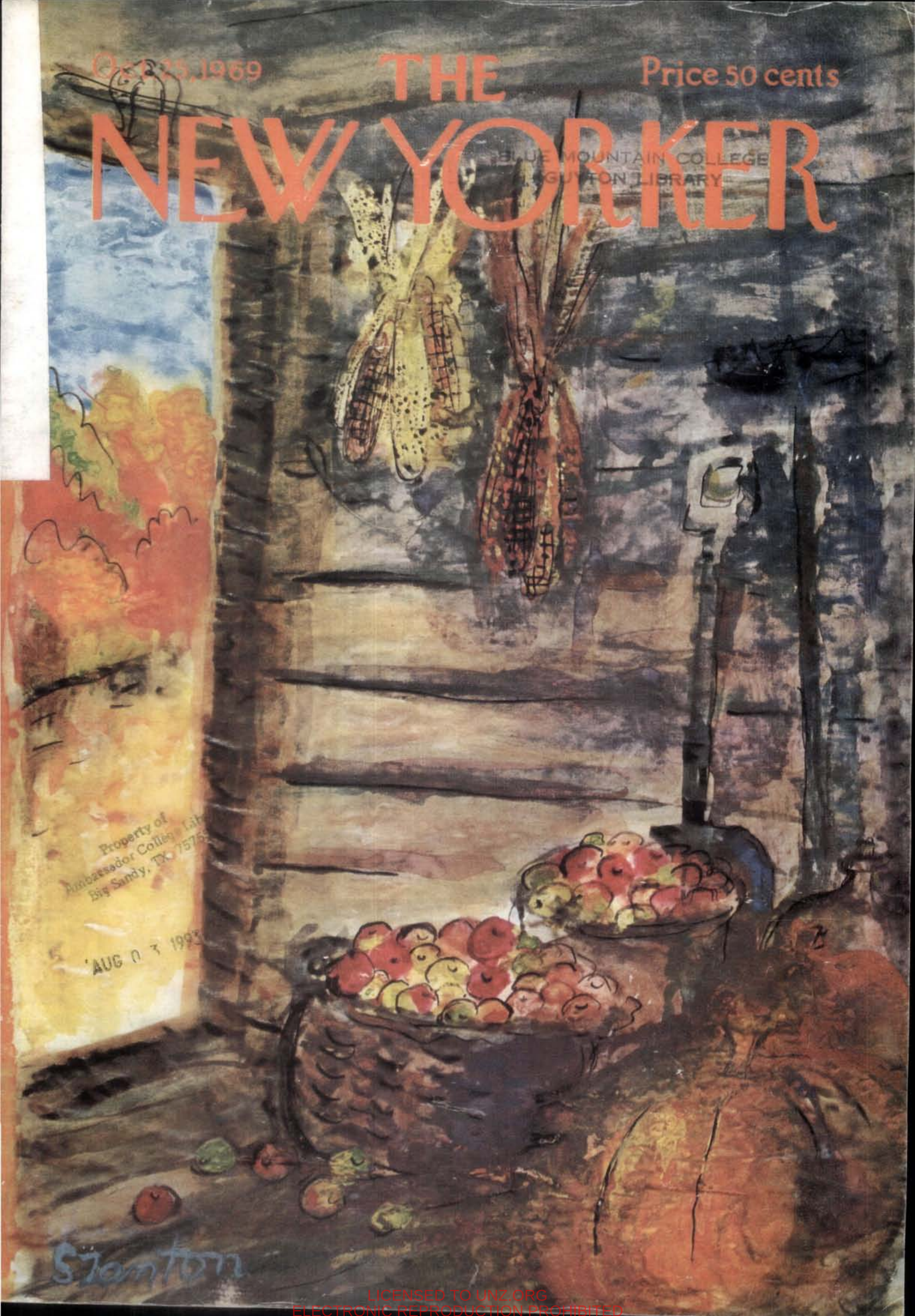
Oct. 25, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents



BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

Property of
Ambassador College Lib.
Big Sandy, TX 7575

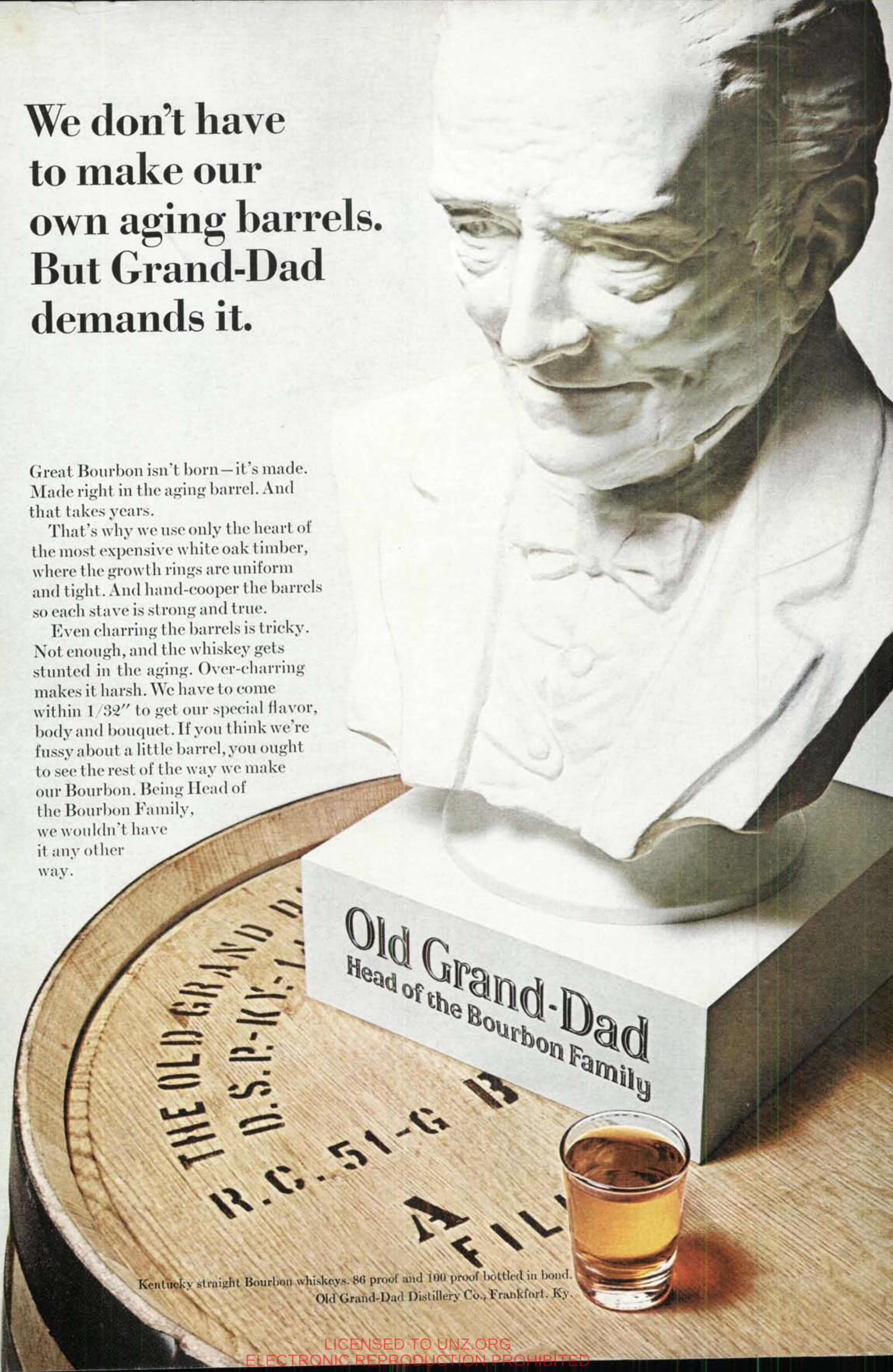
AUG 0 3 1993

We don't have to make our own aging barrels. But Grand-Dad demands it.

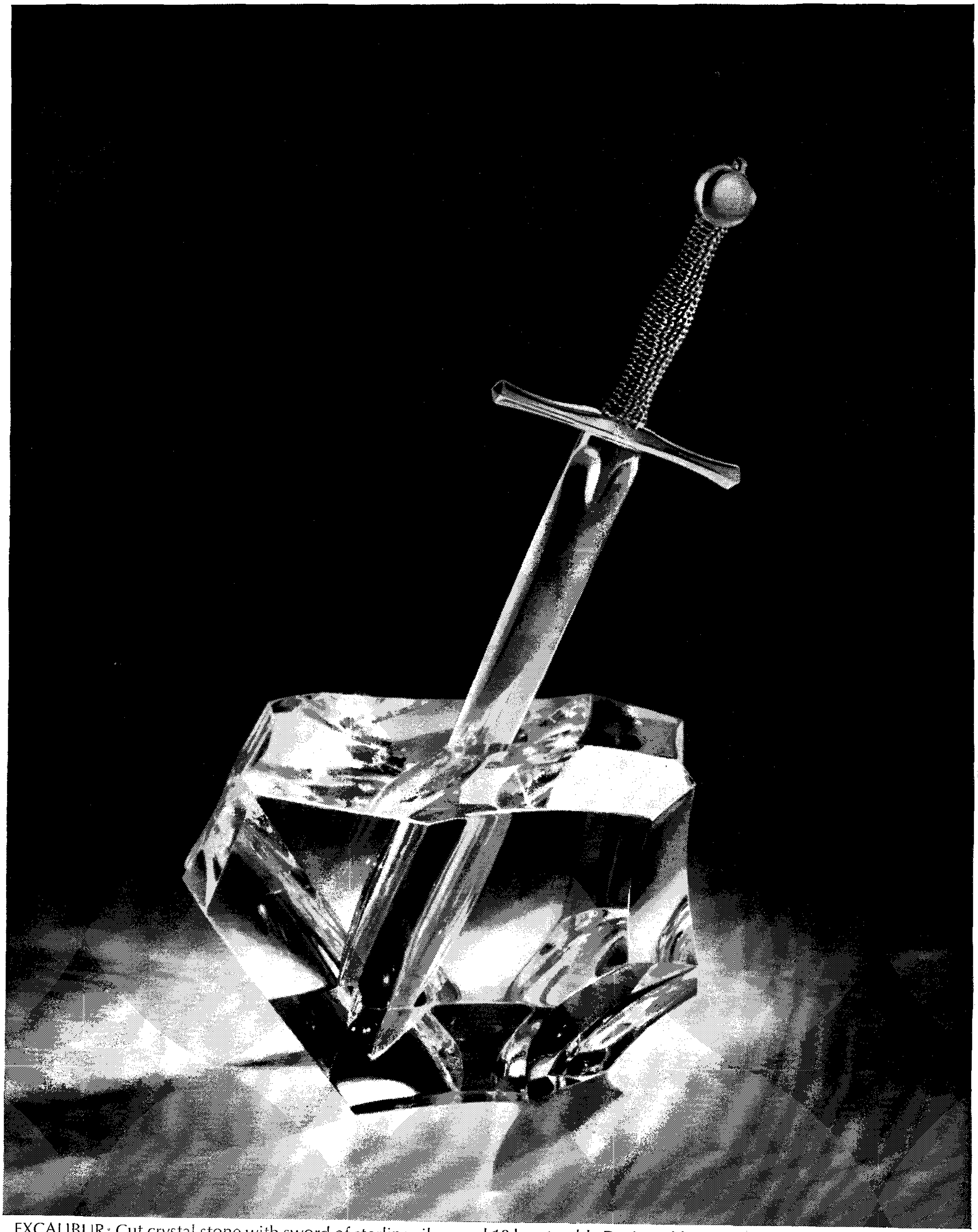
Great Bourbon isn't born—it's made. Made right in the aging barrel. And that takes years.

That's why we use only the heart of the most expensive white oak timber, where the growth rings are uniform and tight. And hand-cooper the barrels so each stave is strong and true.

Even charring the barrels is tricky. Not enough, and the whiskey gets stunted in the aging. Over-charring makes it harsh. We have to come within 1/32″ to get our special flavor, body and bouquet. If you think we're fussy about a little barrel, you ought to see the rest of the way we make our Bourbon. Being Head of the Bourbon Family, we wouldn't have it any other way.



Kentucky straight Bourbon whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof bottled in bond.
Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky.



EXCALIBUR: Cut crystal stone with sword of sterling silver and 18 karat gold • Designed by James Houston • 8″ high • $725.00

STEUBEN GLASS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET · NEW YORK · N.Y. 10022

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Adaptation and **Next**—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. R. G. Brown and Dick Van Patten are the respective stars. *Highly recommended.* (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

American Conservatory Theatre—Final performances in a four-week repertory of plays by this company from San Francisco. Georges Feydeau's **a flea in her ear**: Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 2 and 8:30, and Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.... ¶ Anton Chekhov's **the three sisters**: Friday, Oct. 24, at 8:30, and Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2:30 and 8:30. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270.)

And Puppy Dog Tails—An obsolete little comedy—all trilling laughter and hurt feelings—except that everybody is a man (sort of) and naked much of the time. Terrible, and so is the acting. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Angela—Geraldine Page, Simon Oakland, Tom Ligon, and Michaele Myers in a comedy by Sumner Arthur Long. Directed by Jack Ragotzy. Previews Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 27-29. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 30. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Black Quartet—One-acters by Ed Bullins, LeRoi Jones, Ben Caldwell, and Ronald Milner. Three out of four of the plays are militant, fierce, and rife with symbols; the fourth, and most interesting and touching, is Mr. Milner's "The Warning—A Theme for Linda," which is about people. With L. Errol Jaye, Minnie Gentry, and Vikki Summers. (Frances Adler, 211 W. 71st St. 877-0566. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Butterflies Are Free—Keir Dullea and Eileen Heckart in a comedy by Leonard Gershe. Directed by Milton Katselas. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—Sal Mineo's production of the John Herbert play that originally opened here in 1967. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 22. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Front Page—A Stutz bearcat of a play, driven at breakneck speed by half a dozen fine actors, under the direction of Harold J. Kennedy. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Go Fly a Kite!—Fredd Wayne in his one-man show, in which he impersonates Benjamin Franklin. (Gate, Second Ave. at 10th St. 982-3255. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hello and Goodbye—Colleen Dewhurst and Martin Sheen appear as a brother and sister who meet after fifteen years and spend most of the evening acting out their miserable lives—past and present—and their resentment of each other. The play, by Athol Fugard, is depressing and somewhat clumsy, but it is not dull. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Indians—Stacy Keach plays Buffalo Bill in this rousing phantasmagorial account, by Arthur Kopit, of the white man's centuries-long betrayal of the Indian. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mercy Street—Marian Seldes and William Prince in a play by Anne Sexton. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Friday, Nov. 21.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

A Patriot for Me—A rather lackadaisical history lesson from John Osborne, who is not very good at history. With Maximilian Schell, Dennis King, and Salome Jens. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen playing a sort of young Jewish Lear, or maybe Othello—anyhow, not Romeo. Mr. Allen wrote this confused comedy and has had the sense to fill it with pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Polish Laboratory Theatre—A six-week engage-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 47
"GREEN GRASS, BLUE SKY, WHITE HOUSE" . . . . *Wright Morris* 56
"THE FREE" (POEM) . . . . *W. S. Merwin* 58
PROFILES (CHARLES MORGAN, JR.) . . . . *Fred Powledge* 63
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 137
OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 139
FOOTBALL . . . . *J. W. L.* 143
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 145
OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS (DIEGO RAMÍREZ) . . . . . . *Richard Hough* 151
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (FEMININE FASHIONS) . . . . *Lois Long* 163
ABOUT THE HOUSE . . . . *J. M.* 169
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 176
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 181
BOOKS . . . . *Richard H. Rovere* 185
BRIEFLY NOTED 189

COVER: *Beatrice Szanton*

DRAWINGS: *J. B. Handelsman, Edward Frascino, William Steig, Warren Miller, James Stevenson, William Hamilton, Stan Hunt, Robert Day, Dana Fradon, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Donald Reilly, Joseph Mirachi, Ed Fisher*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036. Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLV, No. 36, October 25, 1969. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1969 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.

Porcelain Perennials... Hand-made porcelain flowers in a fern leaf bowl, by Royal Worcester. The flowers are available in either white gloss or natural colors.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH ST. · **CHICAGO** 715 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE. · **HOUSTON** FIRST CITY NAT'L BANK BLDG. · **SAN FRANCISCO** 252 GRANT AVE. · **BEVERLY HILLS** 9502 WILSHIRE BLVD.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ment of three avant-garde plays, directed by Jerzy Grotowski. Calderón's **THE CONSTANT PRINCE** will be performed through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Washington Square Methodist Church, 133 W. 4th St. Nightly, except Monday, Oct. 27, at 9. Closes Wednesday, Nov. 26. This notice is primarily for the record; tickets are virtually nonexistent.)

THE RECKONING—This one-act melodrama by Douglas Turner Ward boils down to a savage verbal sparring match between the bigoted governor of a Southern state and a blackmailing Negro pimp. The play almost drowns in words, but Lester Rawlins gives a splendid performance as the governor. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ROSE—A play by Emanuel Fried. Previews Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 22-23. Opens officially on Friday, Oct. 24, at 7:30. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A SCENT OF FLOWERS—A play by James Saunders, with Katharine Houghton. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THREE MEN ON A HORSE—A marvellous revival of the nineteen-thirties farce by John Cecil Holm and George Abbott. The admirable cast includes Jack Gilford, Sam Levene, Dorothy Loudon, Paul Ford, Rosemary Prinz, and Leon Janney. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE TREES DIE STANDING—This comedy is the first entry in Ida Kaminska's proposed Yiddish repertory season. The play is rather foolish, and the simultaneous translation available over transistor radio is rather deadening, but Miss Kaminska, as a kind of foxy grandma, is a total delight. (Roosevelt, 100 E. 17th St. 533-8820. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

A WHISTLE IN THE DARK—A play by Thomas Murphy that, with all its ups and downs, is consistently interesting. It deals with an Irish father and the effects of his blustering tyranny on his five grown sons. The performances, under Arvin Brown's direction, are exceptionally good. (Mercury, 134 E. 13th St. 228-2052. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE CONCEPT:** A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FORTY CARATS:** Julie Harris and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **GEESE:** A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE GREAT WHITE HOPE:** A huge cast, headed by Yaphet Kotto, is required to tell this sad tale of the betrayal of a good black prizefighter by many white villains. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HADRIAN VII:** A play by Peter Luke, based largely on Frederick Rolfe's novel of the same name. Barry Morse plays the paranoid hero. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **LITTLE MURDERS:** A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **PLAZA SUITE:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK:** A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

MUSICALS

FROM THE SECOND CITY—The second coming, after eight years, of a topical revue from Chicago, originally improvised by its cast. This show is not as sharp-witted or sparkling as the first edition, but it has its merry moments all the same. With J. J. Barry and Burt Heyman. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

JIMMY—A musical with a book by Melville Shavelson (based on Gene Fowler's novel "Beau James"), music and lyrics by Bill and Patti Jacob, and a cast that includes Frank Gorshin, Anita Gillette, and Julie Wilson. Joseph Anthony is the director. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 22. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 23. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NEW MUSIC HALL OF ISRAEL—Singing, dancing, and xylophone-playing. Most of the songs are in Hebrew or Yiddish, but the tone of the show is old-fashioned Palace. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Nov. 29.)

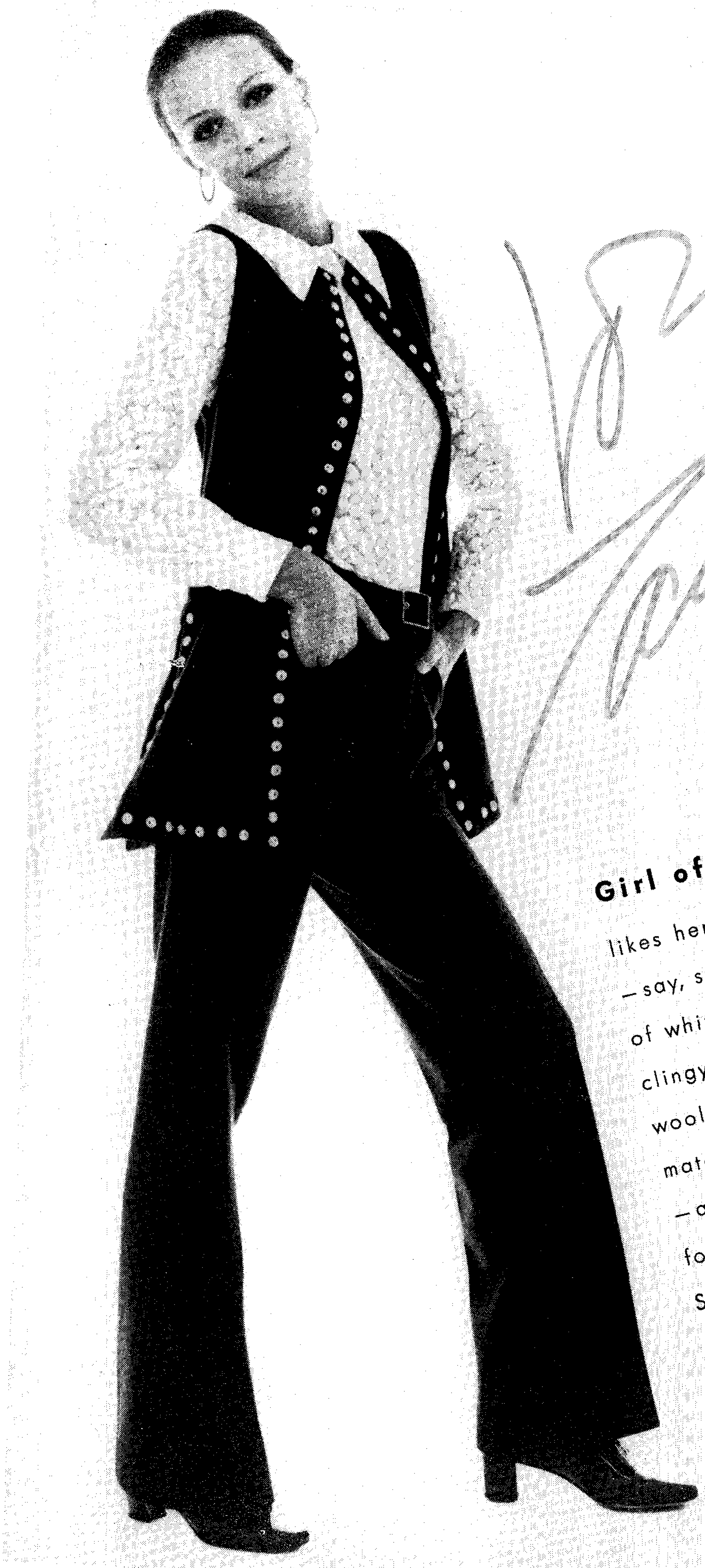
OH! CALCUTTA!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PROMENADE—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty, brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is good. Lawrence Kornfeld directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

SALVATION—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performances, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney, who also appear in it. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4:30.)

1776—A simpleminded misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **DAMES AT SEA:** Another takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, this one about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:**—Our mighty mother, Buck Mulligan said. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HAIR:** A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** With an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **MAME:** Ann Miller plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Claudio Brook plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. Brook at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach, Jill O'Hara, and many others in a musical with book by Neil Simon and music and lyrics by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at



Lord & Taylor

Girl of the hour

likes her clothes close
— say, stretch lace bodyshirt
of white nylon-spandex, 55.00
clingy, brass-tacked purple
wool jersey vest, 75.00
matching jeans, 55.00
— all by Tom Nasarre
for Sports Sophisticates.
Suits Plus, in
designer collections
at all Lord & Taylor stores

Phil Mazzurco

Did you Garfinckel today?

You bet I did

Garfinckel's
Washington, D. C. 20004

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGAMS

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8:30: "The Poppet," "William Tell Variations," and "Façade."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:30: "A Light Fantastic," "Incenters" (première), "Animus," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 24, at 8:30: "Incenters," "William Tell Variations," and "Astarte."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2:30: "A Light Fantastic," "Incenters," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30: "Konservatoriet," "Nightwings," "William Tell Variations," and "Façade."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 26, at 2:30: "A Light Fantastic," "The Three-Cornered Hat," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 26, at 8: "Incenters," "Fanfarita," and "Astarte."... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 8:30: "A Light Fantastic," "Animus," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8:30: "Pas des Déesses," "Nightwings," "Fanfarita," and "Façade."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8:30: "Pas des Déesses," "The Poppet," and "A Light Fantastic."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 31, at 8:30: "Pas des Déesses," "Animus," "Fanfarita," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2:30: "A Light Fantastic," "Secret Places," and "The Three-Cornered Hat."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:30: "Incenters," "Nightwings," and "The Clowns." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 2.)

AMERICAN BALLET COMPANY—Final performances of a two-week engagement by this new company—Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8:30: "Games," "Cortege Burlesque," "Caprichos," and "Meadowlark."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:30: "Harbinger," "Intermezzo," and "Meadowlark."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 24, at 8:30: "Carnaval," "Games," "Cortege Burlesque," and "At Midnight."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2:30: "Carnaval," "Games," and "Harbinger."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30: "Meadowlark," "Caprichos," "The Maids," and "Intermezzo."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 26, at 2: "Meadowlark," "Intermezzo," and "At Midnight."... ¶ *Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 8:30:* "Games," "Cortege Burlesque," "Pagan Spring," and "The Maids."... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8:30: "Carnaval," "Intermezzo," and "Pagan Spring."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8:30: "Carnaval," "Caprichos," "The Maids," and "Intermezzo."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 31, at 8:30: "Meadowlark," "Intermezzo," and "Pagan Spring."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2:30: "Games," "Caprichos," and "Meadowlark."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:30: "Harbinger," "Intermezzo," "Pagan Spring," and "At Midnight." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—"Vienna Eisrevue," presented here for the first time, with Emmerich Danzer and Ingrid Wendl. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 22, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 2. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

ANTA PROGRAM—"A Round with Ring," an entertainment adapted by Nathan R. Teitel and Haila Stoddard from the words and music of Ring Lardner and the music of Vincent Youmans, Jerome Kern, and others. With Orson Bean, Melinda Dillon, James Pritchett, and George Hall. Presented by the American National Theatre and Academy as the first program in this season's Matinée Series. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Monday, Oct. 27, at 7:30, and Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and tea and ice cream and so forth. Mandrake Memorial will play until Friday, Oct. 24, when singer-pianist Biff Rose will turn up. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven on Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. On Tuesdays, the regulars take the night off, and assorted visitors come bearing instruments.

LA BOHÈME, 2019 Broadway, at 69th St. (TR 4-9801)—A misnamed box whose mainspring is its music (the rest is *comme ci, comme ça*). Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers alternate with Pete La Roca's orchestra. On Tuesday, Oct. 28, the Elvin Jones trio replaces the Messengers. Dancing. Dining. Closed Mondays.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Not the standing-room-only club it once was, but still a good place to hear a sturdy kind of jazz. The Lee Konitz quartet plays six nights a week. On Tuesday, Oct. 28, Roy Eldridge will come in to lead a quartet. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Dixieland, rather depleted by the attrition of the years, still manages to flourish here. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—usually played by Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Marshall Brown, Zutty Singleton, and Joe Muranyi—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A pair of polar bears (stuffed), an ancient fire engine, and ricky-tick banjo music accompany the drinks, which are mostly fermented. One can buy a boater and put it on one's head, if one enjoys putting on boaters. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters (again), garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz most nights from nine until closing by the Elvin Jones trio. On Tuesday, Oct. 28, things will be handed over to McCoy Tyner's quintet. Closed Mondays.

TONY PARENTI'S CLUB, 227 W. 52nd St. (JU 2-8370): A bar like the ones that used to front on 52nd St. in proliferation during the Jazz Era, with—in a sort of window box—a band dedicated with conviction to Dixie. Mr. Parenti, Jimmy McPartland, Dill Jones, Graham Stewart, and even venerable Freddie Moore are concerned. The cast may change now and then, but the sound will not. Nine-thirty until three, except Sundays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—The best all-around entertainment spot in the Village. Upstairs, the Bill Evans trio plays some intricate, if unstartling jazz, for drinking and dining. Beginning Sunday, Oct. 26, singer Marian Taylor and the Reggie Moore trio will succeed the Evans group. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs, on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, the Eddie Harris quartet will share the stage with the

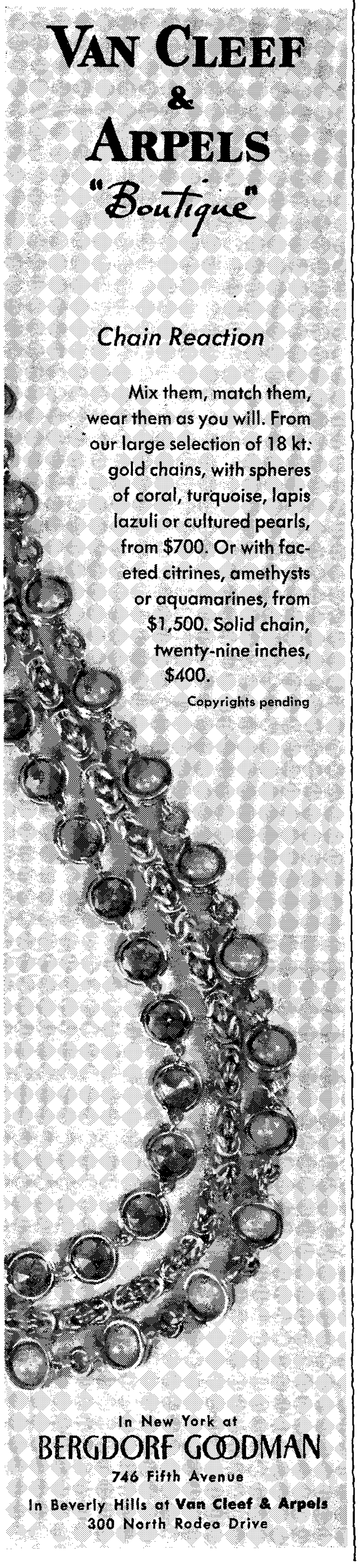
ESTÉE LAUDER

©1969 Estée Lauder, Inc.

The Super-Star Compacts

Estée Lauder presents three new supersize compacts—
The Heirloom, The Big Weave, The Art Deco—
to give you cinemascopic dimensions to beauty and the
best picture you ever had of yourself.
In four shades of pressed powder, $12.50 and $15.

Estée Lauder


VAN CLEEF & ARPELS
"Boutique"

Chain Reaction

Mix them, match them, wear them as you will. From our large selection of 18 kt. gold chains, with spheres of coral, turquoise, lapis lazuli or cultured pearls, from $700. Or with faceted citrines, amethysts or aquamarines, from $1,500. Solid chain, twenty-nine inches, $400.

Copyrights pending

In New York at
BERGDORF GOODMAN
746 Fifth Avenue
In Beverly Hills at Van Cleef & Arpels
300 North Rodeo Drive

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Bobby Blue Bland. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, rhythm-and-blues singer Little Richard can be heard.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz has a tendency to thrive. The Charles Mingus quintet is on the stage. Beginning Tuesday, Oct. 28, the Freddie Hubbard quintet will move in. Mondays are reserved for the big and often original sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right; it's practically in the North River, in a pretty desolate part of town. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Mondays through Wednesdays) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursdays through Sundays).

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—An ornate *boîte*. Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The records are occasionally arcane, and the clientele look satisfied. Dancing from ten to three or four, and dining of a delicate sort.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates were trying to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a tiny dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Patrons mill and mingle while a mammoth light show flashes, splashes, and dribbles on a wall. Raven plays for dancing until Tuesday, Oct. 28, when Elizabeth takes over. Dancing starts at eight on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine on Sundays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. Closed Mondays. No alcohol.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Oh! Cairo! Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Between record sets, the John Bishop trio plays. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can patronize a couple of bars, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, and several other real establishments. You can also dance to records, from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday. The music is solid discothèque stuff.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is preëminent here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, the Cradle does. On Thursday, Oct. 30, Nite Train will arrive. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a cool place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "Chest Fever," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for whatever they're worth—are suggested on weekends. The drinks are big.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Billy Reed has been brought out of retirement to serve as head coach of the venerable fun-and-gamesmanship club, and we will see what we will see; Horace Diaz has been put in charge of the dance tunes. The music starts at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The household words here, such as "peace" and "comfort," are still spoken in the restaurant, where the household guards are the cheery musicians under the command of Ernie Warren. No music Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): No great shakes, such as rocking, rolling, and strangleholding, are permitted by the management, which prefers such old-fashioned virtues as the two-step. The nourishment is elemental; the dance is the thing, and to that end the music is perpetual and live. Eight until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is three-thirty, and Thursdays it is two. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A small Las Vegas, and a pretty good one. Song and music, as in all Vegas lounges, but the mainspring is Rodney Dangerfield, whose commentary on the life we all lead and the people we lead it with is the truth and nothing but the truth, and not always couth. He does two turns an evening (nine-thirty and midnight), and every evening.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The important event is Joan Rivers, a lecturer opposed to practically everything, from matrimony on up to, but definitely not including, matriarchy. She devotes Sundays and Mondays to resting up.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—A Near East fraternity house, where Greek meets Greek, Armenian meets Greek, and like that. The main meeter and greeter—and jester, too—is Avram Grobard; his assistants play instruments that don't grow on trees, or do they? The dining is a meeting of East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

The Twelve Steps, 44 W. 54th St. (JU 2-2348)—A mere slip of a place, in which a rock operetta (the not at all overbearing group called A More Perfect Union does the music) anthologizes city life in an Edgar Lee Masters' sort of way, with a "Pins and Needles" point of view. All hands are young, extremely earnest, and deserving. Tee-off times are nine and eleven, Wednesday through Saturday. Eats.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—On Wednesday, Oct. 22, the new local revue, "Weigh-In, Way-Out," has its formal coming-of-age. Once at ten that night, twice a night thereafter, except on Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—*Reductio ad Absurdum* is the pharmacologist's name for the herb out of which Phyllis Diller constructs her thinking-out-loud (quite loud) causeries, some of them quite merry; *Reductio ad Absurdum* is also the name of the game that the singer who precedes her plays with his repertory. They both appear during dinner and supper in the Royal Box. In between, there is music by the orchestra of Lee Evans—an army perfect at minding its p's and cues. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—On Thursday, Oct. 23, Los Chavales come driving across the plains from Barcelona, which probably *is* a Fun City whenever their song-and-prance act is in residence. They will do their specialties every night of the week. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by guitar (Antonio Arenas) and voice (Domingo Alvarado). They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

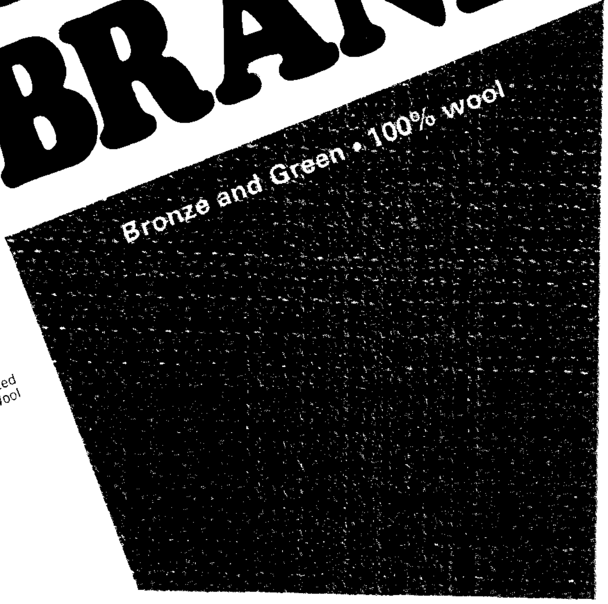
Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The threesome of Marian McPartland, part retrospect, part introspect, part easy-rolling jazz, alternates with the newly created band known as the Seven Shades of Jazz. Six-thirty until two, every night but Sunday. No dancing.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Phyllis Newman, local girl, makes good, and does it at dinner and supper in the Persian

"Compatibles" ...sports duo

Compatible because sport coat and slacks were color-blended in the weaving to be perfectly coordinated—perfectly compatible with each other. Shown here in the manly Matador two-button, side-vented model with sculptured shoulders and trim and tapered long, lean lines. A total look perfectly compatible with fashion.

SOCIETY BRAND



PURE WOOL

The wool mark is your assurance of quality-tested products made of the world's best...Pure Wool

A great newspaper is more than a drop cloth

A FLAG FO
SAN FRA
L.C. WEST FAR
FOR CHILDRE
Film
The Right

ROY FLAMM

"Despotism can nowise exist in a nation until the liberty of the press be destroyed."

...*C. C. Colton*

San Francisco Chronicle

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Room. Her arias float on the cushion of Burt Farber's orchestra, which takes turns with Mark Monte's squad. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ** will be left behind, on Sunday, Oct. 26, by Les McCann's trio, but Cannonball Adderley moves his own crew in on Tuesday, Oct. 28. The music these groups produce is for meditation, not gymnastics. Marty Napoleon's rollicking trio, which is staying on, will continue chipping in with music for further listening and music for footwork. Dinner *sí*, supper *no*. Proceedings commence at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to ten-thirty (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the right spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday nights belong to Mr. Marcu.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Peter Nero, whose piano can stray a fair distance from the jazz it was brought up on, is making waves (sound ones) that break gently on this Costa Brava. His time of night is dinner and supper. Dance music as early as seven, and curfew as late as two. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Yaffa Yarkoni, who has come on to us from Israel, and come on strong, does her dinner and supper song recitals in the noble Maisonette for the last time on Tuesday, Oct. 28. She will be succeeded next evening by Marilyn Maye, a soprano who comes on strong direct from the U.S.A. Quintero's faithful family retainers and a new band led by Hal Turner do the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Next door, in the serenity of La Boite, two Viennese cronies (Ernest Schoen on violin, Jules Kuti on piano) engage in reminiscences. No dancing, naturally. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The new Empire Room, a noticeable advance over the original show spot, is filled to the top during dinner and supper by the voice of Shirley Bassey, a beamish Londoner. Lots of dance music, some of it hot and some of it rather heavy. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 0-7245): Land of the free-and-easy, home of the Gold Coasters. For these worldlings, there is piano by old friends, Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins. Eight, or not long after, until quite well along. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Eat, drink, and be merry, for not until morning does Bobby Short cease and desist from his labor of songs of love (requited, benighted, delighted). Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are, as always, his devoted sidemen. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. A clutch of musicians greets it at the gateway to the old corral. No music Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indian customshouse. Among the customs honored in the observance are the uttering of calypso and the downing of rum. The troubadour begins at dinner time and stays on into the morning; he is off duty Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Members of the immediate family gather every night but Sunday and Monday to dine a bit, dance a bit, sup a bit, and listen to the head of the household, Rita Dimitri, who sings soprano and soubrette at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Anyone who wishes to see a vacuum abhorred should study the Hungarian gypsies bending to their perpetual work. Song and dance (this last by the diners) are added now and then. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Of I Pagliacci, by I Pagliacci, and for I Pagliacci—waiters and (not infrequently) guests alike. Closed Mondays. . . . **GRENADIER**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2060): The piano in the bar is the property of Lynn Richards, a girl whose lyrics indicate that she knows her way around New York. Nine to two is her stint, and she has Sundays to herself.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of after-dark violinists, who makes his weapon serve the noble cause of Cupid. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. Lynn Mullinax has taken over the piano in the bar and added several notes of cheer. He's there from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9402): The attic of the Sign of the Dove. A lot of odd furniture and knickknackery stored there make it quite unlike its downstairs neighbor. Part of the furniture is a mild piano, in service from six until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0000): Nothing but the best. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 40th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): An evening's leisurely journey from Vienna to Schönbrunn, conducted by George Feyer's piano. The journey takes from eight-thirty until one. No music Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE**, in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley, whose arrangements for solo piano derive from original sources, is on a schedule that lasts from cocktails until midnight and that does not include Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A wayside tavern halfway along the road to Rome. A troupe of peripatetic musicians calls it home. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Joe Miles has the run of the piano in the far corner of this stately mansion, and he stays put from nine to twelve-thirty. He is absent Sundays and Mondays. . . . **UMBERTO**, 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): The *cantina* of a vineyard that must be somewhere in Umbria. The voice and guitar that occur from seven until midnight, except Saturdays and Sundays, are of the same parentage. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY**, 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): Hungarian rhapsody pours from a band, Elemer Horvath's, that seems born and bred in Budapest; Tokay and the comestibles that go with it heap the tables. Every night, seven-thirty until three. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): This year's venue for Bob Kail's piano is the Bombay Bicycle Bar, where, except on Sundays, he is in play from five-thirty until twelve-thirty. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): The Talbot Brothers, once upon a time the entire population of Bermuda, are making just-plain-folks music and commentary for their off-island constituency during the Sunday and Monday dinner hours—six to ten.

ART

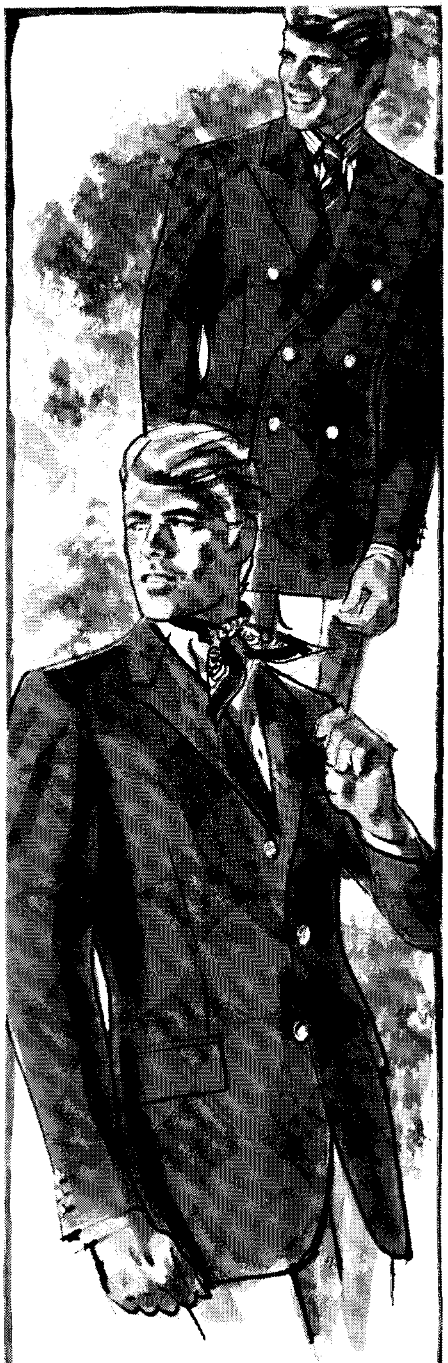
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LENNART ANDERSON—Still-lifes, figures, and landscapes; through Nov. 8. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT BEAUCHAMP—Large works by a painter of subjective landscapes with figures; through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JULIUS BISSIER (1893-1965)—Thirty-six water-



THE FRENCH

KNACK FOR KNITS

shows in these doubleknit wool blazers. Bril of Paris does the single-breasted version in navy and the double-breasted one in chocolate. We have them at $135 each. Men's Store, Street Floor and a selection at Bergen County, Short Hills and Stamford stores.

Bloomingdale's Men's Store

3rd Avenue at 59th, N.Y. 10022 · EL 5-5900

Revillon

AT

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

We believe a warm-up coat should look as great as this one, buttoned on the double right on up to its cozy collar. It's black-dyed rabbit* designed in Paris exclusively for our Revillon Boutique, $150. No mail or phone orders.

*Country of origin, The Peoples Republic of China

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

colors, oil temperas, and brush drawings by the well-known artist of tiny paintings; *through* Nov. 15. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stanley Boxer—Luminous abstractions by a painter who is also a sculptor; through Nov. 8. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Brusca—Paintings involving numbers and letters; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Juan Luis Buñuel—Private symbols in bronze, brass, and copper wire; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Calder—Eighteen bronzes done in 1944, most of them motionless; through Nov. 8. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Craner—The first one-man show of this artist's well-handled conventional paintings; through Nov. 15. (Cerberus, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Chinni—Abstract sculptures in stainless steel spirals; through Nov. 8. (Loeb & Krugier, 119 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Don David—Geometric paintings; through Nov. 8. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Alan Davie—Oils and watercolors by the British Abstract Expressionist; through Nov. 8. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Ron Davis—Works in mathematical shapes by a Minimalist; through Nov. 8. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Also at Castelli Warehouse, 103 W. 108th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Peter Dechar—Ten large paintings by a specialist in outsize pears; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

José de Rivera—Four recent sculptures; through Thursday, Oct. 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fred Farr—Bronze horses and riders; through Nov. 15. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Sam Francis—Paintings by a veteran Abstract Expressionist; starting Saturday, Oct. 25. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pedro Friedeberg—Eccentric paintings and sculptures by a Mexican artist; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sue Fuller—This sculptress in string has, well, strung the gallery with her medium; through Nov. 6. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

James M. Guy—Cubist adaptations in paintings and constructions done over a period of twenty-five years; through Nov. 8. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

David Hare—Recent paintings with highly individual motifs by a well-known sculptor; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Held, Jr.—Drawings, prints, watercolors, photographs, and bronzes representing the flapper and other figures of "the roaring twenties;" starting Tuesday, Oct. 28. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Robert Henri (1865-1929)—A show of sixty watercolors and drawings by the founder of the Eight. It is running concurrently with his show at the New York Cultural Center. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Wickersham, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Robert Irwin—Two round paintings, fifty-four inches in diameter, with special light projected upon them; through Wednesday, Oct. 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harry Jackson—A retrospective of sculptures, paintings, and drawings by an artist of Western subjects, who lives in Italy and was once an Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

Wassily Kandinsky—Fifty paintings from his Parisian period; through Nov. 22. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

John Kane (1860-1934)—Landscapes and figures by a leading American "naïf" from Pennsylvania; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Allan Kaprow—Photographic documentations of Happenings of the past two years; through Friday, Oct. 31. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kawashima—Large polyester reliefs by a Japanese Abstractionist; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Klee (1879-1940)—Fifty-six oils, drawings, and works on paper in gouache and watercolor, done from 1913 to 1940; through Nov. 29. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gabriel Laderman—Realistic landscapes and still-lifes; starting Saturday, Oct. 25. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Sol LeWitt—Abstract line drawings executed on the wall and on metal boxes; through Thursday, Oct. 30. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Maryan—"Personages" in violent colors; through Friday, Oct. 31. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Matta—Graphics by the well-known Chilean Surrealist who works in Paris; through Friday, Oct. 31. (Cisneros, 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Claude Monet—Forty-five paintings covering a sixty-year span; through Nov. 15. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

Jerry Okimoto—Complex combinations of geometrical forms and planes in acrylics; through Nov. 8. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Larry Poons—Recent paintings by a leading younger Abstractionist; through Tuesday, Oct. 28. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sam Richardson—The first one-man show in New York by a California sculptor of plastic landscapes with tricky titles; through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Jean Paul Riopelle—Paintings, assemblages, and pastels by a Canadian Abstract Expressionist who lives in Paris; starting Tuesday, Oct. 28. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Christopher Sanders—Landscapes and seascapes by a member of the British Royal Academy; through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Van Der Straeten, 981 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Oskar Schlemmer (1888-1943)—More than a hundred oils, watercolors, drawings, and sculptures constituting a first retrospective in the United States that spans the entire career of the artist, who was a teacher at the Bauhaus along with Klee, Kandinsky, and Gropius; through Nov. 26. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Tobias Schneebaum—Impressions of the Ethiopian desert in strange colors; through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Leon Polk Smith—"Constellations" of shapes by one of the first American hard-edge painters; through Nov. 29. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Soto—Optical paintings by a leading Latin-American artist; starting Saturday, Oct. 25. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tal Streeter—Abstract steel sculptures painted red; through Nov. 6. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

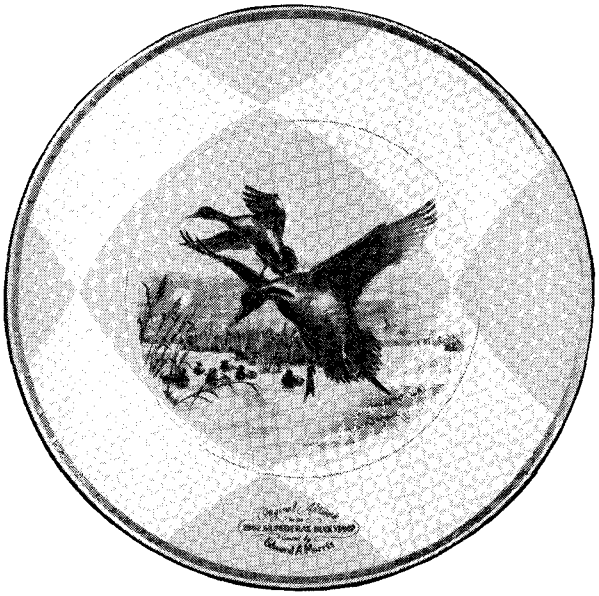
Leopold Survage (1879-1968)—Paintings, drawings, and prints by a Russian in Paris who was an early Cubist; through Nov. 8. (Vestart, 1061 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays; open Tuesdays, noon to 9.)

Robert Swain—Large paintings of hexagon shapes in brilliant colors; through Nov. 6. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Steven Urry—Large looping aluminum shapes by a Chicago artist; through Nov. 15. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Victor Vasarely—Paintings, sculptures, and tapestries by a leading Op artist; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **elkon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Newly acquired works by Dubuffet, Tanguy, Picasso, Pollock, Magritte, Matisse, and others; through Wednesday, Oct. 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **goldschmidt**, 1117 Madison Ave., at 83rd St.: More than a hundred and fifty engravings by sixteenth-century Dutch, Flemish, French, and German masters; through Tuesday, Oct. 28. . . . **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: A hun-



A friend in France worked with us to turn the Federal Duck Stamps into the finest sportsman's gift of the past 20 years.

Can remember our grandfather, a real lover of the outdoors, being thrilled when he opened a present from his wife: a reproduction of the original Federal Duck Stamp Art, framed in gold and black. That was over twenty years ago.

Let's duplicate the thrill he had. So we went to France with an idea: let's reproduce the original artwork used in making the Federal Duck Stamp on the world's finest china. Then a man or woman who loves the world of the outdoors, can set their dinner table with the most exclusive service plates in the world, that will not only bring pleasure but comment. With infinite caring, Limoge craftsmen transferred the exquisite game birds onto fine Limoge china.

The Duck Plates set consists of six, 12 inch serving plates. Each has a different illustration on it. One reproduces the original art from the 1951-52 Federal Duck Stamp, by Maynard Reece, then there's the artwork from the 1958-59 stamp by Leslie C. Kouba, the 1956-57 stamp by Edward J. Bierly, the 1960-61 stamp by John A. Ruthven, the 1962-63 stamp by Edward A. Morris. On each plate is a cartouche identifying the name of the artist and the year of the stamp. As you would suspect from the story above, these Duck Plates are exclusive in Abercrombie and Fitch stores and shops. They are priced at $98.00 for a set of six 12 inch plates – no more than any other fine china – and they offer possession of great rarity for the sportsman or lady as well as pieces that convey conversation whenever they are used. Use coupon below or visit any of our stores.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
87-01 69th Avenue, Forest Hills, New York 11375
NYDP

Please send me:__________Abercrombie Federal Duck Stamp Plates @ $98. a set.
☐ Check or M.O. ☐ Charge my account

Account No. __________
Add sales tax where applicable

Name__________

Address__________

City__________

State__________Zip__________

Add $2.25 for shipping and handling
on each set ordered

The Matterhorn

A country coat imported by us maintains all of the Tripler quality you expect

Each coat is completely made by a single worker. The fine cotton poplin outershell is lined with a warm eighty per cent wool and twenty per cent cotton fabric. Deep warm alpaca pile collar. The epaulets are removable and the hood is detachable

The color is a rich pewter tan, a truly great coat for Winter

Sizes: 38 to 46

$85

PLEASE ADD $1.00 FOR MAIL ORDERS

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes

MADISON AVE. AT 46 ST. · NEW YORK 10017

dred paintings of the American scene from 1825 to 1875, by Cole, Homer, Eakins, and many others; starting Wednesday, Oct. 29. . . . **IBM GALLERY,** 16 E. 57th St.: A hundred pieces of American pottery done in Pennsylvania, New England, and other regions during the past two hundred and fifty years; through Saturday, Oct. 25. . . . **KENNEDY,** 20 E. 56th St.: Eighteenth- to twentieth-century American masters; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LEWISON,** 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century Americans, including Bierstadt, Kensett, Hart, and Eilshemius; through Nov. 22. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Watercolors by five veteran painters—Thon, Moller, Betts, Schoener, and Magafan; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MUSEUM,** 729 Broadway, at Waverly Pl.: In traditional defiance, sixteen painters and sculptors have combined to thwart the uptown art establishment through a project called MUSEUM; through Sunday, Oct. 26. (Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **PACEM IN TERRIS GALLERY,** 323 E. 47th St.: Eighty paintings and sculptures by contemporary Haitian artists; through Thursday, Oct. 30. . . . **VIVIANO,** 42 E. 57th St.: Sculptures by two Americans and one Italian; through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—More than four hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings by forty-three Americans chosen by the curator of the Department of Contemporary Art as having determined the direction of art in the past thirty years; through Feb. 1. (Except on Mondays, admission is $1.) . . . ¶ American oils, drawings, and watercolors from the Museum's collections; through Dec. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of ten years of work in many mediums by Claes Oldenburg; through Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Recent prints by thirty Yugoslav artists; through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ More than fifty drawings and watercolors by George Grosz, executed in different phases of his career as artist and illustrator and including well-known satiric drawings of the twenties; through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Preliminary studies and photographs of some rather mystifying works executed by Peter Hutchinson and Dennis Oppenheim "somewhere in the Caribbean;" through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Over a hundred paintings, sculptures, and ceramics by Roy Lichtenstein, known for his "comic strip" paintings; through Nov. 9. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesday through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and eleven works by "naïve" painters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, from the celebrated Garbisch collection; through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ American paintings and sculptures of the first half of the century; through Nov. 4. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and photographs by eighty-seven American artists, *going back to the nineteenth century,* dealing with extreme emotions aroused by the human environment, from political corruption to German concentration camps and black-and-white conflict; through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Thirty paintings and nineteen sculptures by twelve younger black artists; through Nov. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Ocean Life is a double-decker of dioramas on life in the seas and exhibits on the biology of fishes. At its peak is a ninety-four-foot model of a breaching blue whale. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—First editions, *manuscripts, letters, prints, and drawings* ranging from the fifteenth century to the twentieth, all pertaining to the theatre; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Costume prints of the court of Louis XIV, of added interest in being cut out and faced with fabric from the reverse side; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ A selection of books printed during the first three decades after the introduction of typographic art into Venice in 1469; through Nov. 22. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings and carvings, most of them early nineteenth century, gleaned from public and private collections; through Nov. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Three hundred and fifty objects of pre-Columbian art, from Mexico south through Peru, from 1200 B.C. to the fifteenth century A.D.; through Nov. 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred and fifteen paintings and drawings by Robert Henri, founder of the Eight, also known as the Ashcan School; through Dec. 14. A good complement to this exhibit is the Henri show at the Wickersham Gallery, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St. . . . ¶ Sculptures depicting the human condition by Rhoda Sherbell; through Dec. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—From the Berg Collection: Drawings, *pen and ink sketches, and marginalia by some* forty writers, Thackeray in the main; through May 30. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Michele Molese, Richard Fredricks, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Norman Treigle, and Robert Nagy. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 24, at 8:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English), with Patricia Brooks, Anne Elgar, John Stewart, and Herbert Beattie. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Michele Molese, Richard Fredricks, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:15: "Faust," with Maralin Niska, Kay Creed, Norman Treigle, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Thomas Jamerson. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 26, at 1:15: "The Ballad of Baby Doe," with Anne Elgar, Frances Bible, Muriel Greenspon, Walter Cassel, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 26, at 7:15: "Bomarzo," with Patricia Wise, Muriel Greenspon, Joanna Simon, Salvador Novoa, and Richard Torigi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8:15: "Faust," with Maralin Niska, Kay Creed, Norman Treigle, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30, at 7:45: "L'Heure Espagnole," with Karan Armstrong, Kenneth Riegel, Spiro Malas, and Richard Fredricks; and the company's première of Orff's "Songs of Catullus," with Patricia Wise, William DuPree, and Carmen de Lavallade. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 31, at 8:15: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Michele Molese, Malcolm Smith, and Robert Trehy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Seymour Schwartzman. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Salvador Novoa, Richard Fredricks, and Michael Devlin. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

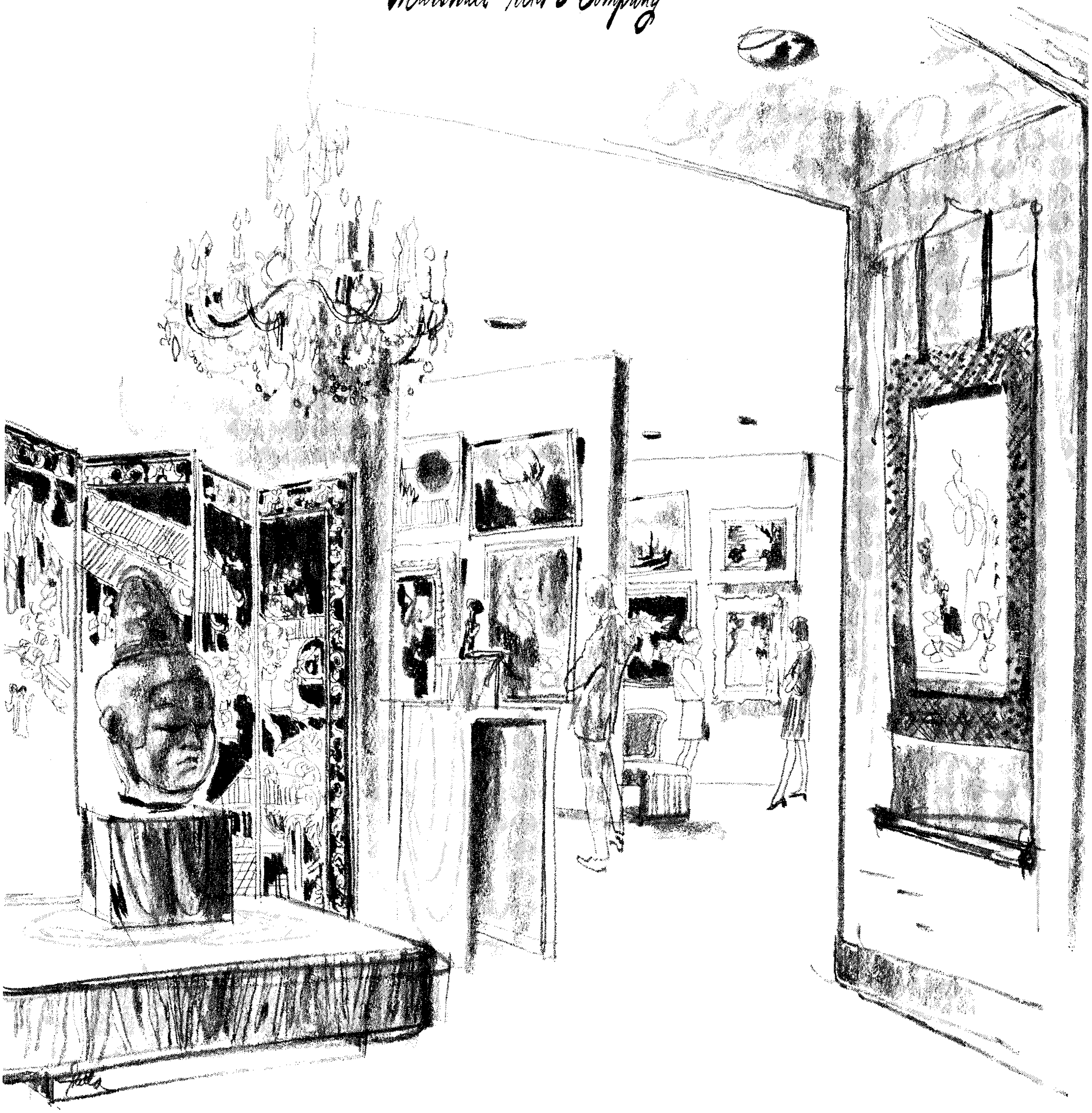
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall—Seiji Ozawa conducting on Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:30, and Monday, Oct. 27, at 7:30 (both with Lorne Munroe, cello, and Paul Jacobs, piano). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30 (with Alegria Arce, piano). . . . ¶ Seiji Ozawa conducting on Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8:30, and Friday, Oct. 31, at 2 (both with David Nadien, violin).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—William Steinberg conducting the opening performances of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Oct.

A NEW FRAME FOR OUR ART

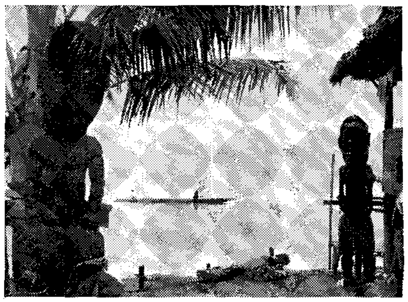
New walls, ceilings, floors, lighting, marvelous lighting, in spacious rooms for our spacious collection. Contemporary, 19th Century, like no other. And whether you know what you like or like to know what you don't know, come stroll and see. At Field's in Chicago. The Picture Galleries on Second. There's nothing like it back home.

Marshall Field & Company



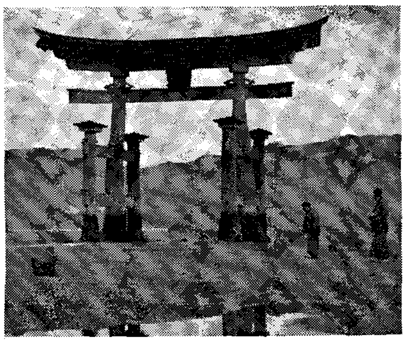
THE WORLD
OF LINDBLAD
TRAVEL

Three exciting,
original expeditions
for 1969-70



South Pacific. A 34-day journey of adventure and discovery to lush tropical islands including the Fiji Islands, New Zealand, the coast of Australia, New Guinea, and the Solomons (with an optional 12-day extension to Polynesia). $1795 per person, excluding air transportation. Jan. 31, March 7, May 23, July 11, Aug 22, Nov. 7.

Explorers' Tour Around The World. Visit Moscow, Mongolia and the European, Central Asian, and Siberian Republics of the U.S.S.R. and EXPO '70 in Osaka, Japan. $1950 per person, excluding air transportation. June 6 to July 4, 1970 and July 4 to August 1, 1970.



Around The World Tour. Gardens, palaces, historical sites throughout the world—in Moscow, India, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Japan (including EXPO '70 at Osaka), and Honolulu. $2150 per person, *excluding air transportation*. February 28 to April 13, 1970.

Kindly send for the brochure(s) in which you are *seriously interested* to:

Dept. NY-102569
LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
Lindblad Travel Building
133 East 55th St.
New York, N. Y. 10022

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

22, and Friday, Oct. 24, at 8:30, both with Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Jules Eskin, cello. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30; no soloists.)

WASHINGTON NATIONAL SYMPHONY—Howard Mitchell conducting, with Grant Johannesen, piano, and Zara Nelsova, cello. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 3.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Samuel Mayes, cello. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Rudolf Kempe conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8:30, with Evelyne Crochet, piano, and Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8:30, with Heather Harper, soprano.)

DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Sixten Ehrling directing, with Leslie Guinn, baritone, and the Worcester Festival Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

PRAGUE SYMPHONY—Vaclav Smetacek conducting, with Eva Bernathova, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with John Ogdon, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 3, and Monday, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 1-2, at *8:30. All seats have been sold for the first* concert, and only standing room is left.)

ORPHEON CHORALE—Dino Anagnost directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

CANTERBURY CHORAL SOCIETY—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a performance of Haydn's "The Creation," with soloists and an orchestra. (*Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth* Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

ROSALYN TURECK—The last in a series of keyboard lecture-recitals on "The Interpretation of Bach," this one entitled "The Role of the Dance." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

ALBERT FULLER—Harpsichord, in a program of eighteenth-century music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

PETER PEARS AND BENJAMIN BRITTEN—Tenor and piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:40, a varied program; and Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:40, Schubert's "Die Winterreise.")

ARTHUR GOLD AND ROBERT FIZDALE—Duo piano, with Benita Valente, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 24, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

MICHAEL RABIN—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

ISAAC STERN—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

NEW SCHOOL CONCERTS—A program of chamber music performed by Benita Valente, soprano; Leonard Arner, oboe; Alexander Schneider and Felix Galimir, violin; Walter Trampler and Jean Dupouy, viola; Samuel Sanders, harpsichord; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Robert Sylvester, cello; and Julius Levine, bass. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 2 and 8.)

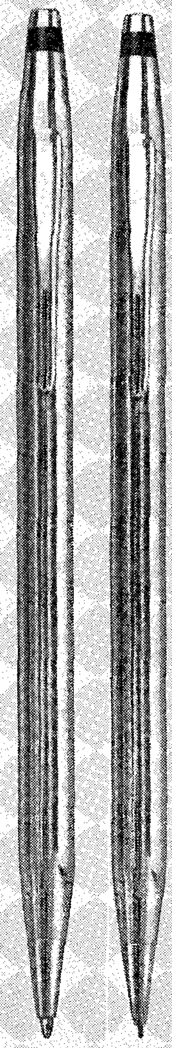
LEONID HAMBRO—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 2:30.)

VELMA RICHTER—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

YOUNG CONCERT ARTISTS—Joyce Mathis, soprano; Jean-Jacques Kantorow, violin; Michael Webster, clarinet; and Nerine Barrett, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)

SYNTAGMA MUSICUM—An instrumental and vocal ensemble from the Netherlands. (Hunter

Creating
a better
impression



CROSS Writing Instruments in Solid 14 Karat Gold. Unparalleled writing pleasure. At Better Stores Worldwide.

$50.00 Pen or Pencil
$100.00 The Set

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

©1969 A. T. CROSS COMPANY, LINCOLN, R. I. 02865

College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Oct. 27, at 8:40.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

Melos Ensemble of London—With Maureen Forrester, contralto. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

Ralph Kirkpatrick—Harpsichord, in an all-Couperin program. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

Steven Staryk—Violin. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

Jean and Kenneth Wentworth—Piano, four hands. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Two programs performed by Veronica Tyler, soprano; Anastasios Vrenios, tenor; Pina Carmirelli and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison Sylvester, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; and Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8:30, and, *sans* Miss Yajima, Saturday, Nov. 1, at 9.)

New York Chamber Soloists—A program of music by Henry Purcell, with Jean Hakes, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; Robert White, tenor; and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

Malcolm Frager—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1301.)

Waverly Consort—Spanish music of the Middle Ages and Renaissance, and Italian music of Monteverdi and his contemporaries. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

The Who—Performing their rock opera "Tommy." (Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 22-23, at 8, and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, at 9.)

Archie Shepp's Group—With Ted Joans, until recently a resident of Timbuktu, in a program of black poetry and jazz. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Oct. 24, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

Doc Severinsen's Band—A benefit performance. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Nina Simone—Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 8.

Nehama Lifschitz—The third in a series of four recitals of Yiddish, Hebrew, English, and Russian songs. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

Mountain, Steve Miller Blues Band, and the Move—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, at 8 and 11:30.

Richie Havens—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.

The Clancy Brothers—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Oct. 23, at 7:30: Knicks vs. San Francisco. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8: Knicks vs. Baltimore. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Atlanta. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30, at 7:30: Knicks vs. San Diego. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8: Knicks vs. Milwaukee.

College Football—**saturday, oct. 25:** Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst, at 2. . . . ¶ Army vs. Boston College, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Columbia, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . **saturday, nov. 1:** Army vs. Air Force, at West Point, at 1:50. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Louisiana State University, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Penn-

A great fabric
made greater
by Pierre Cardin.
Galey&Lord

Permanent-press polyester/cotton plaid woven by Galey & Lord—
a division of Burlington Industries at Burlington House, New York, N.Y. 10019.

There's a sublime softness about Pure Wool and You in Donald Frontman's surely placed pleats. Boffo black or rev red.

PURE VIRGIN WOOL

LOOK AGAIN.
Soft doesn't necessarily mean tame. The sewn in Woolmark label is your assurance of quality tested products made of the world's best . . . Pure Wool.
JOSEPH HORNE CO.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sylvania vs. Harvard, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Boston Patriots. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 1:30.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 26, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Canadiens.

Horse Shows—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Through Saturday, Oct. 25.) . . . ¶ Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Monday through Sunday, Oct. 27-Nov. 2.)

Hunt Racing—Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 25.) . . . ¶ Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 1.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays; last day Monday, Dec. 15. Through Saturday, Oct. 25, post time will be 1:30; after that, it will be 12:30. The Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 25, and the Vosburgh Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays; last day Tuesday, Nov. 18. Through Saturday, Oct. 25, post time will be 1:30; after that, it will be 12:30. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Saturday, Oct. 25, through Wednesday, Dec. 31. The Selima, Saturday, Oct. 25, and the Pimlico-Laurel Futurity, Saturday, Nov. 1.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Monday, Dec. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—Aaron Copland conducting the New York Philharmonic in a program of his own music written for motion pictures. The opening children's concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 12:10 and 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By **BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTES:** "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **SALVATORE GUIDA:** "A Very Special Clown," Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sundays at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE:** "Tom Sawyer." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 1 and 3:30 and Sundays at 2.) . . . **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE:** "Creative Puppetry." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)

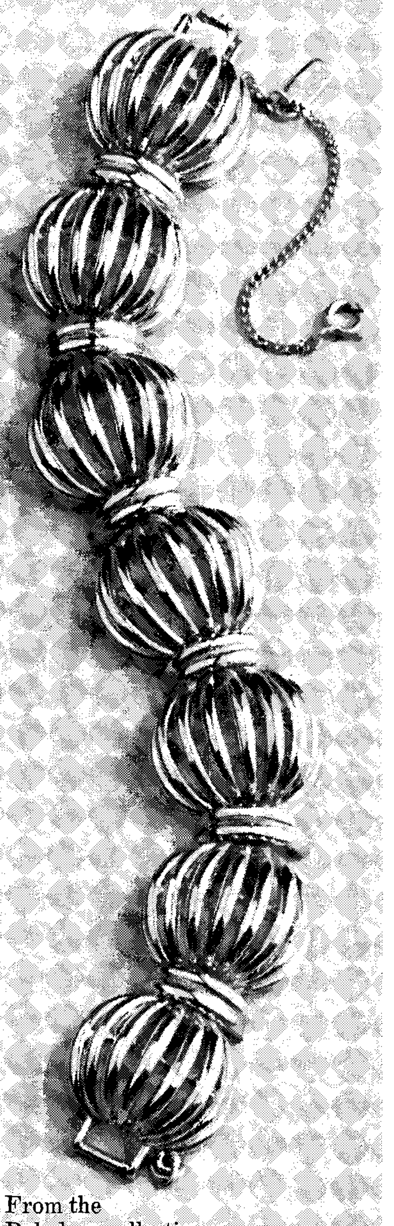
Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Adventure of a Light Beam." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

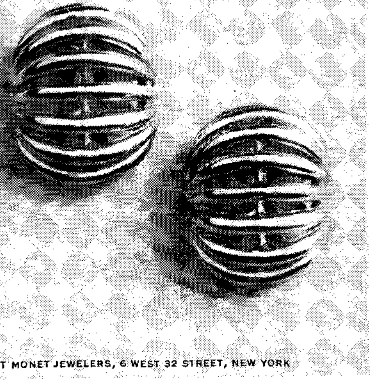
ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Build-



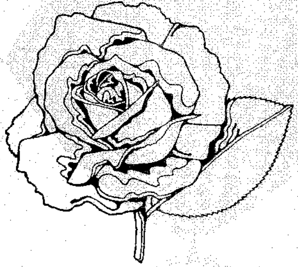
From the
Boladora collection.
A boldly brilliant
beautifully balanced
Bombé bracelet $15.
Matching earring $10.
Each in the
golden manner of Monet.
At the finest stores.

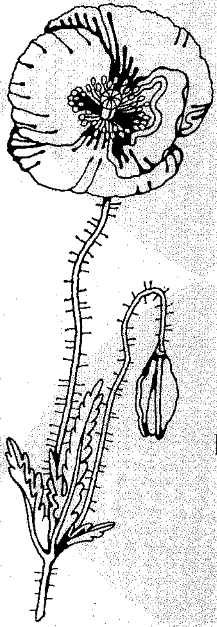
Monet
Master Jeweler

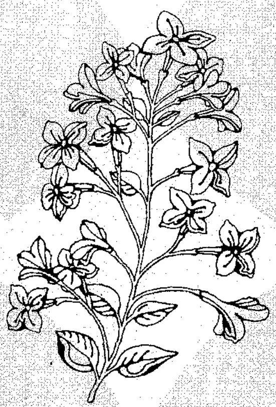


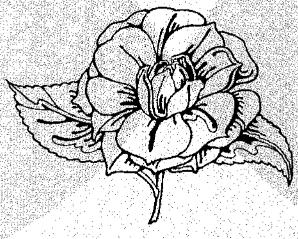
COPYRIGHT MONET JEWELERS, 6 WEST 32 STREET, NEW YORK

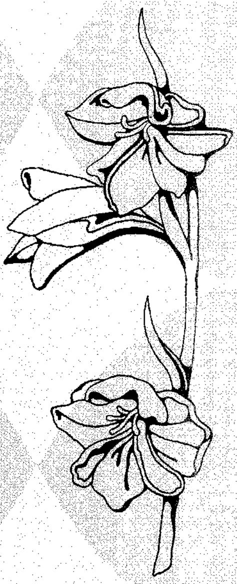
The language of flowers.

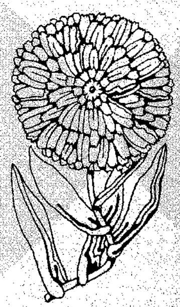

Rose. "Your sorrows are mine."

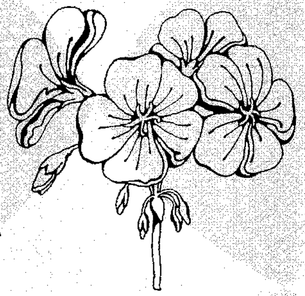

Poppy. "My dreams are of you."

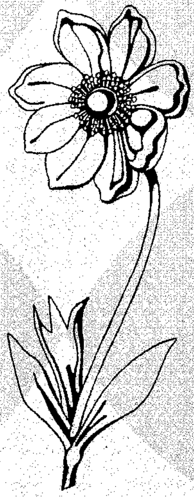

Lilac. "Do you still love me?"

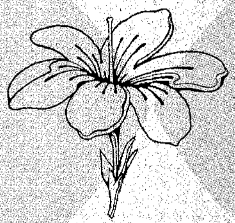

Camellia. "I shall love you always."


Gladiola. "You pierce my heart."

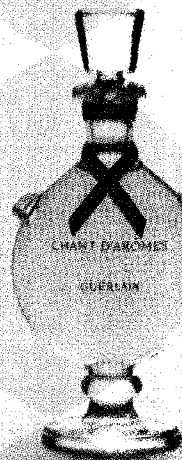

Marigold. "What is the matter?"


Geranium. "You are childish."


Anemone. "Go away!"


Jasmine. "Our love will be sweet."

A century ago lovers were shyer than now, and conveyed their deepest emotions by means of flowers. An orchid clutched in a maiden's moist hand said, "I await," while a sprig of holly sent through the mail meant "I'm afraid to approach."
Guerlain has taken the essence of the most eloquent flowers and compressed it into a fragrance.
Chant d'Arômes. When there are no words.



Chant d'Arômes. By Guerlain.

Paul Masson
PURE CALIFORNIA
PINK
MEDIUM DRY VIN ROSE
DRY VIN ROSE

The French weren't scared off by the American label.
They bought 5,460 bottles in 4 days.
That's not bad considering the French don't talk our language.

Paul Masson. America's largest selling premium wine in Europe.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

LECTURES, POETRY AND PROSE READINGS, AND DISCUSSIONS—At **COOPER UNION'S ENGINEERING AND SCIENCE BUILDING**, 51 Astor Place: James Johnson Sweeney presenting the first in a series of seven lectures under the over-all title of "Contemporaries and Predecessors." (Thursday, Oct. 23, at 3. Admission is free.)... **POETRY CENTER**, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (427-6000): Mary McCarthy reading from her new novel. (Sunday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)... ¶ "Who Runs Writing in America?," a program of poetry readings and discussion, with Eliot Fremont-Smith, Robert Lowell, William Phillips, George Plimpton, and others. (Monday, Oct. 27, at 8:30.)

NATIONAL ARTS AND ANTIQUES FESTIVAL—A benefit exhibition, combining handcrafts from around the world with a wide range of traditional antiques. Among the displays will be silk prayer rugs, wall hangings, and turquoise carvings from Persia; lacquered furniture, embroideries, and brass objects from India; and a large collection of antique wallpaper rollers. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Oct. 25, through Sunday, Nov. 2. Weekdays, 1 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from various owners....¶ Friday, Oct. 24, at 10:15 and 1:45: Galle enamelled and cameo glass; Tiffany lamps and vases; and Art Nouveau bronzes, decorations, furniture, and posters. From several collectors....¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 10:15: African and Oceanic art, from the collection of H. Lubin... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 1:45: American furniture and decorations, belonging to Liz Whitney Tippett and others....¶ Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 1:45: American silver, from many sources. ...¶ Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 8, and Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 1:45: American books and manuscripts, from the Sir Thomas Phillipps collection....¶ Wednesday, Oct. 29, after the Phillipps sale: The final draft of Alexander Hamilton's document, titled "On the Constitutionality of the Bill for Establishing a National Bank" and written by his assistant Henry Kuhl; owned by John R. Dillard.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30, at 1:45: Barbizon and eighteenth-century paintings, from a number of collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 25.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—Nine programs in a series of Russian films, many without English titles: Oct. 23 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Revolt of the Fishermen" (1934); Oct. 24 at 2 and 5:30, "Chapayev" (1934); Oct. 25 at 3 and 5:30, "Aerograd" (1935); Oct. 26 at 2 and 5:30, "Peasants" (1935); Oct. 27 at 2, "The Last Night" (1937); Oct. 27 at 5:30, "We from Kronstadt" (1936); Oct. 28 at 2, "The Youth of Maxim" (1935); Oct. 28 at 5:30, "The Vyborg Side" (1938); Oct. 30 at 2 and 5:30, "The Childhood of Gorky" (1938)... ¶ Oct. 22 at 2 and 5:30: "The Love of Jeanne Ney" (1927), directed by G. W. Pabst....¶ Oct. 25 at 11:30: "The Tramp" (1915), "The Woman" (1915), "The Bank" (1915), and "Police" (1916), all with Charlie Chaplin....¶ Oct. 29 at 2 and 5:30: "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" (1935), with Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone....¶ Oct. 30 at 8: "Double Suicide" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Two programs in a series called "The Art of Charlie Chaplin." Through Oct. 26: "The Rink" (1916), "The Cure" (1917), "The Immigrant" (1917), and "The Adventurer" (1917)....¶ Starting Oct. 28: "The Vagabond" (1916), "The Count" (1916), "One A.M." (1916), and "The Pawnshop" (1916). (Showings at 4 and 6.)

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME—Ends on Sunday, Oct. 26, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour.

Aquascutum
LTD. OF LONDON, ENGLAND

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H M QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER
MAKERS OF WEATHERPROOF GARMENTS
AQUASCUTUM LONDON LIMITED

1966
THE QUEEN'S AWARD
TO INDUSTRY

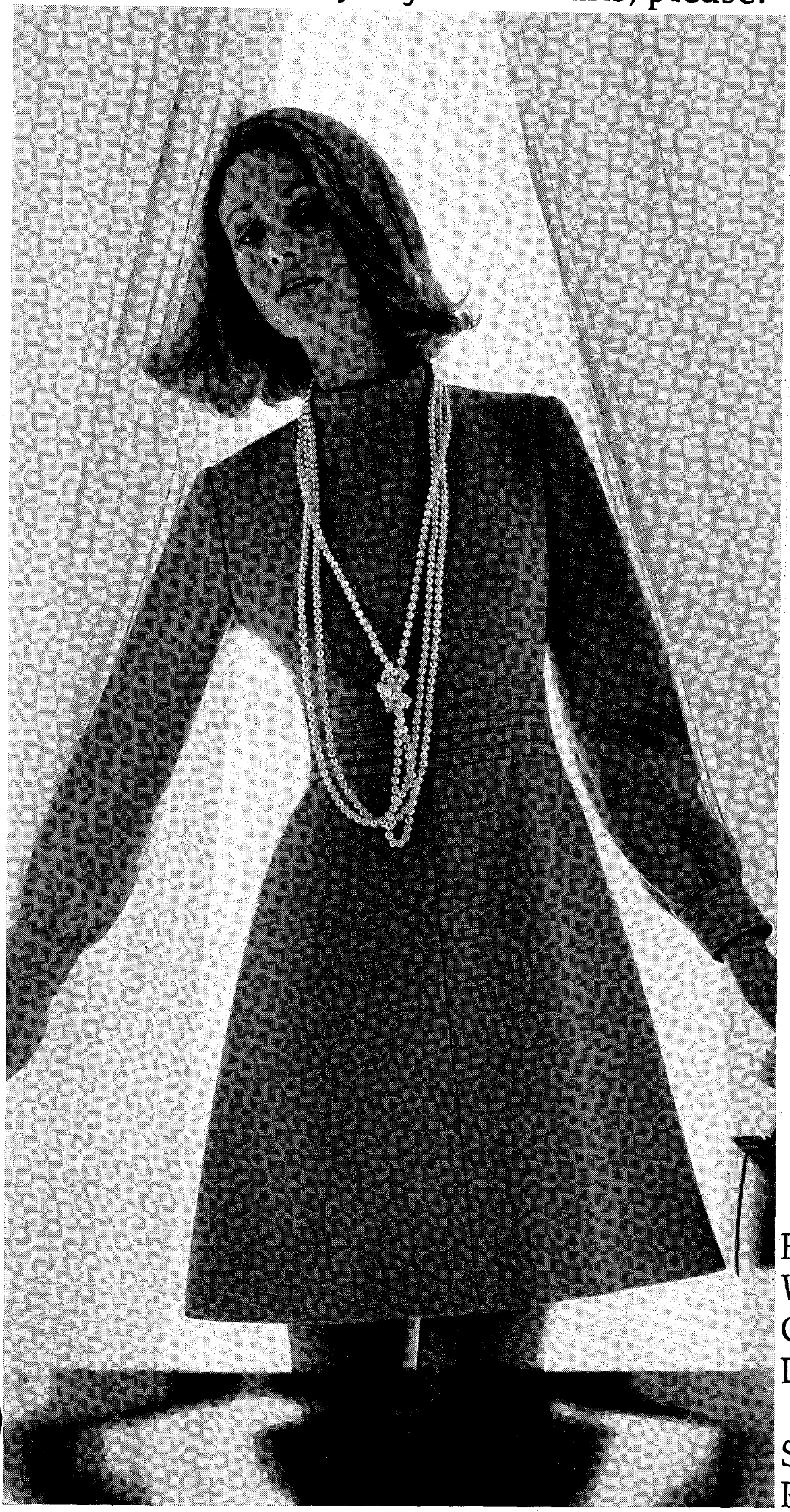
See yourself as a highwayman

The Highwayman by Aquascutum is a new venture in heavyweight twill, both in wool and Aqua 5 proofed cotton, emphasising the new depth in length.

Boldly styled and in the forefront of fashion. At 100, Regent Street, London, and fine stores throughout the world. For the name of your nearest, write or 'phone

AQUASCUTUM, 2 East 37th Street, New York 10016, 685-9570.

"Just show me the Jerry Silvermans, please."

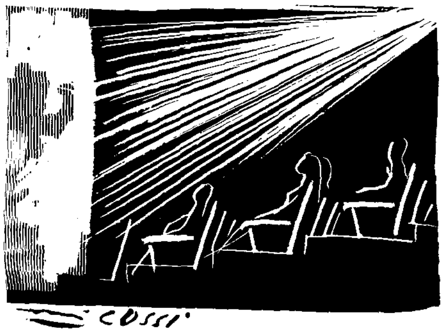


From the
Woolmark
Collection
Designed
by
Shannon
Rodgers

PURE WOOL®

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

Alice's Restaurant—Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, extended by Arthur Penn into a sweet-natured film about Arlo's friendship with Alice and his brush with the police over the garbage he ditches for her one Thanksgiving Day when the dumps are closed. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Oct. 29.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—A very commercial but also very funny American comedy on modern sexual mores. Robert Culp, Natalie Wood, Elliott Gould, and Dyan Cannon form the two couples (it's the latter one that will interest you). (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Oct. 23.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—It's a poor excuse for an American Western legend, but there are some pleasant people (Paul Newman, Robert Redford, Katharine Ross). Directed by George Roy Hill from an original screenplay by William Goldman. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. With Louis Jouvet. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through Oct. 27.)

The Drunken Angel (1960)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Oct. 27-28.)

Easy Rider—Two motorcycle riders, played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper, travel east across America in a frontier myth run backward. They start from the West Coast primitivism that is the easy part, and they end up in the sophistication of the civilized South, which punishes them and their boozing middle-aged pickup (a radical Southern lawyer brilliantly played by Jack Nicholson). Dennis Hopper's first piece of direction, terse and rhythmic. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

The Fifth Horseman Is Fear (1964)—A Czech film, written and directed by Zbynek Brynych, about a Jewish doctor in Prague during its occupation by an anti-Semitic power. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; through Oct. 28.)

The Fox (1968)—D. H. Lawrence's English spinsters are transformed into Canadian lesbians in Mark Rydell's film. With Sandy Dennis, Anne Heywood, and Keir Dullea. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 29.)

Funny Girl—Audiences in movie musicals always cheer; at this one, the audience in the theatre cheers, too. It's been a long time since the movies have had a big new star like Barbra Streisand. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Goodbye, Columbus—Richard Benjamin is very funny indeed in a film by Larry Peerce taken from Philip Roth's horrified novella about the Jewish skill in playing on guilt-strings. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Oct. 23.)

How I Won the War (1967)—A pitch-black comedy about the horror of war. Directed by Richard Lester, with Michael Crawford as the star. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 28-30.)

The Hunchback of Notre Dame (1939)—Charles Laughton, Cedric Hardwicke, and Maureen O'Hara in medieval Paris. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 23-29.)

Ikiru (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Oct. 24-26.)

I Live in Fear (1967)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Oct. 23.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas! (1968)—Peter Sellers as a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie. With Joyce Van Patten. Directed by Hy Averback. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Oct. 28.)

The Lion in Winter—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Lions Love—Agnès Varda is probably the finest technician among women movie directors, but she's not too strong in matters of substance. Viva and Gerome Ragni and James Rado play house in Los Angeles, watch television, and say a lot of dumb things as if they were smart things. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

The Loves of Isadora—Or "Isadora," as it was more sensibly titled before the scared meddlers of the industry got near it. Karel Reisz directs this study of the life and character of the great Isadora Duncan, danced spectacularly by Vanessa Redgrave and acted by her with an observant mixture of High Romanticism and the astringent sense that often lies hidden in the Romantic's phenomenal drive. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Oct. 28.)

The Lower Depths (1962)—An adaptation of the old play by Maxim Gorky. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Oct. 23.)

The Madwoman of Chaillot—The *Times* printed a story last year about there being so many stars in this picture that during production the movie company employed three seamstresses just to sew names on the canvas chairs on the set. The *Times* probably swallowed a whopper, but the picture does look as if it were made on that scale. With Katharine Hepburn, Edith Evans, Margaret Leighton, Danny Kaye, Yul Brynner, and others. Directed by Bryan Forbes, who should have known better. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Love between a beautiful widow and a handsome widower who drives racing cars. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Oct. 29.)

Marry Me! Marry Me!—A slight but truly done film by Claude Berri, about a Jewish boy who gets shoved gently into rather the wrong marriage. The film is kindly and acute about compromise. In French. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail (1945)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Oct. 24-26.)

Midnight Cowboy—A condescending version of the James Leo Herlihy novel, with Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman under the heavy thumb of director John Schlesinger. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Morgan! (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London, directed by Karel Reisz. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Oct. 28.)

Oh! What a Lovely War—This musical lampoon of the First World War is meant to stir your sentiments, evoke nostalgia, and make you react to the obscenity of battles and bloodshed, and apparently it does do all that for some people. With John Mills, Maggie Smith, Sir Laurence, Sir Michael, Sir John, Sir Ralph, et al. Richard Attenborough directed. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Oliver!—What might have been just another big musical is transformed by love and skill. Carol Reed, his set designer (John Box) and cinematographer (Oswald Morris), and a fine cast of singing actors give a superb demonstration of intelligent craftsmanship. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Paint Your Wagon—This may do as little for Americana as "Camelot" did for romance, though at its own corny level it is relatively inoffensive. Someone in the theatre murmured, " 'Camelot' had more interesting people." Pity 'tis, 'tis true. The stars are Lee Marvin, Jean Seberg, and Clint Eastwood. Joshua Logan directed. (State 2, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Persona (1967)—A study of the problem of identity. Directed by Ingmar Bergman and starring Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Oct. 28.)

Putney Swope—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat of an advertising agency. Swope's way of revolutionizing the social system is to throw the existing mess only a little further out of kilter. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—A lot of things must have gone wrong on this movie, but Christopher Plummer's performance as the Inca king looks as if he intended it to be this way. He arrives carried on a litter and dressed in feathers, and he acts like an Inca Joan Crawford. Robert Shaw, trying to play Pizarro straight, is upstaged and bewildered. Irving Lerner directed, from Peter Shaffer's play. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's vision of what men do on their last days on earth. With Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 24-27.)

Take the Money and Run—Done like a solemn TV spectacular tracing the career of a great man, Woody Allen's film is about himself as a failed criminal. Very funny, proceeding by fits and starts, like a silent-comedy car. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

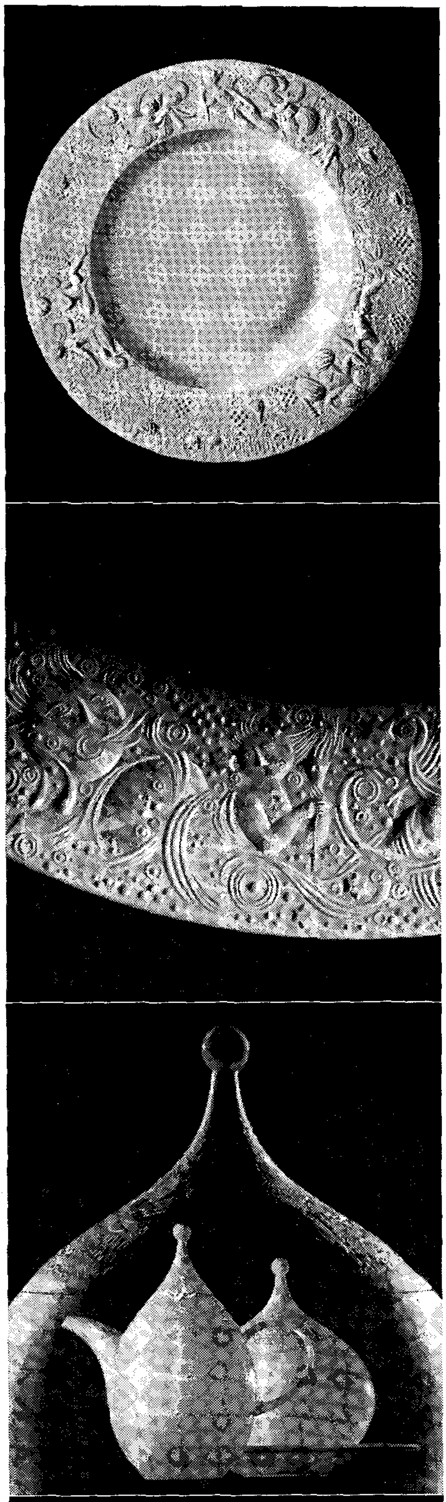
The Threepenny Opera (1931)—Directed by G. W. Pabst, with Lotte Lenya. In German. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through Oct. 27.)

Throne of Blood (1961)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Oct. 27-28.)

A Walk with Love and Death—An unusual and relatively unpublicized fable of love in a time of destruction, directed by John Huston. The lovers are Assaf Dayan, as an ardent young student, and Anjelica Huston; the time is the Hundred Years' War. Don't let the unfortunate title keep you away. Though not entirely successful, this is a compelling movie that one may think of—and think well of—afterward. From a novel by Hans Koningsberger. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663; through Oct. 29.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (1966)—A movie of that hard night's night. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal, and directed by Mike Nichols. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 29.)

Winning—The private life of a driver in the Indianapolis "500," with Paul Newman as the driver, and Joanne Woodward as his wife. Two fine actors, a thin script, and a very good presentation of the race itself. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; through Oct. 25.)



"MAGIC FLUTE"
DESIGNED IN FINE ROSENTHAL CHINA
BY BJØRN WIINBLAD OF DENMARK.

EVEN AT STUDIO-HAUS,
YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT.

5-PIECE PLACE SETTING,
FROM $100. to $250.

Rosenthal
STUDIO-HAUS
584 Fifth Avenue at Forty-seventh Street
New York 10036 Tel: 212-757-6164

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"More," Mimsy Farmer.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 25: **WINNING**; and "The Sergeant" (1968), Rod Steiger, John Phillip Law.
From Oct. 26: "Coming Apart," Rip Torn, Viveca Lindfors.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Oct. 28: **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**; and **PERSONA** (in Swedish).
From Oct. 29: **BELLE DE JOUR** and **A MAN AND A WOMAN** (both in French).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 28: To be announced.
From Oct. 29: "Medium Cool," Robert Forster.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Sons of the Desert" (1934) and "Saps at Sea" (1940), both with Laurel and Hardy.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
ALICE'S RESTAURANT.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Battle of Britain," Harry Andrews, Michael Caine.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Black on White," Terry Carter.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Oct. 29: **A WALK WITH LOVE AND DEATH.**
From Oct. 30: "The Downhill Racer," Robert Redford, Gene Hackman.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"de Sade," Keir Dullea, Senta Berger.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Fanny Hill," Diana Kjaer.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Oct. 25: "Lock Up Your Daughters," Christopher Plummer, Susannah York.
From Oct. 26: "Coming Apart," Rip Torn, Viveca Lindfors.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
PUTNEY SWOPE.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
EASY RIDER.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Sterile Cuckoo," Liza Minnelli.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
LIONS LOVE, an Agnès Varda film.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 28: "Last Summer," Barbara Hershey.
From Oct. 29: "The Secret of Santa Vittoria," Anthony Quinn, Virna Lisi.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"All the Loving Couples," Norman Alden.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Marlowe," James Garner, Gayle Hunnicutt.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Battle of Britain," Harry Andrews, Michael Caine.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Oct. 23: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 24: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 28: **THE LOVES OF ISADORA**; and **MORGAN!**
From Oct. 29: "Medium Cool," Robert Forster.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 23: **I LIVE IN FEAR** and **THE LOWER DEPTHS** (both in Japanese).
Oct. 24-26: **IKIRU** and **THE MEN WHO TREAD ON THE TIGER'S TAIL** (both in Japanese).
Oct. 27-28: **THRONE OF BLOOD** and **THE DRUNKEN ANGEL** (both in Japanese).
From Oct. 29 (tentative): "Sign of the Virgin," a Czechoslovakian film.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Oct. 28: **THE FIFTH HORSEMAN IS FEAR**, a Czechoslovakian film; and "Lock Up Your Daughters," Christopher Plummer, Susannah York.
From Oct. 29: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Oct. 27: **THE THREEPENNY OPERA** (in German); and **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** (in French).
From Oct. 28: "Teorema" (in Italian), Terence Stamp, Silvana Mangano; and "Accattone!" (1961; in Italian).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"The Lost Man," Sidney Poitier, Joanna Shimkus.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State 1, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

State 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
PAINT YOUR WAGON.

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Krakatoa, East of Java," Maximilian Schell, Diane Baker.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Oct. 23: **GOODBYE, COLUMBUS**; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S.**
From Oct. 24: "Camelot" (1967), Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Oct. 22: "The Christmas Tree," William Holden, Virna Lisi.
From Oct. 23: "Hail, Hero!," Michael Douglas, Arthur Kennedy.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
ALICE'S RESTAURANT.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Adalen 31" (in Swedish).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Duet for Cannibals" (in Swedish), Adriana Asti.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through Oct. 28: "Me, Natalie," Patty Duke, James Farentino.
From Oct. 29: "The Christmas Tree," William Holden, Virna Lisi.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
MARRY ME! MARRY ME! (in French).

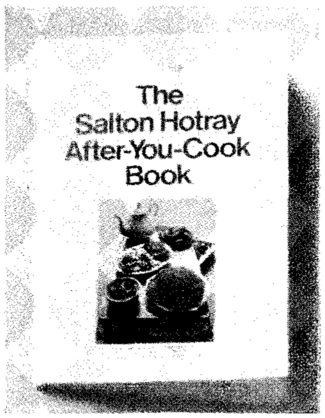
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Oct. 22: "Johnny Guitar" (1954), Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden.
Oct. 23-29: **THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME**; and "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935), Charles Laughton, Mary Boland.
From Oct. 30: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955), James Dean, Natalie Wood; and "East of Eden" (1955), Julie Harris, James Dean.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 28: "Swiss Family Robinson" (1960), John Mills, Dorothy McGuire; and "The Parent Trap" (1961), Hayley Mills, Maureen O'Hara.
From Oct. 29: **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**; and **THE FOX.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Oct. 23: "Twisted Nerve," Hayley Mills; and "Negatives" (1968), Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento.
Oct. 24-27: **SHAME** (in Swedish); and "The Firemen's Ball" (1968), a Czechoslovakian film.
Oct. 28-30: **HOW I WON THE WAR**; and "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush" (1968), Barry Evans.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 28: "More," Mimsy Farmer.
From Oct. 29: To be announced.

Finally. An *After*-You-Cook Book.



You shop. You prepare. You season. You marinate. You stir. You slave. You pull out of your oven a virtual feast that is fit for a king. But what happens if the king is caught in traffic? Or your guests would like another drink?

Permit us to tell you what happens. That wonderful food that you cooked perfectly and knocked yourself out for, tastes funny. And if you put it back in the oven to keep it hot, it overcooks and dries out and tastes even worse.

That's why we've written our After-You-Cook Book.

It's a small booklet. And it's all about Salton Hotray.® Because Hotray is the whole story.

In a word, Hotray protects your dinner after you've cooked it. It can do this because the temperature of its radiant heat, glass panel is thermostatically controlled to a point right under the cooking point. Thus, the food on it neither continues to cook, nor to stand around growing cold.

This means that late-coming husbands and extra-drink guests will no longer pay the price of an overcooked and dried out dinner.

And when dinner is served, Hotray will put an end to your jumping up and down from the table.

You just put the entire dinner on Hotray, put Hotray on the dining table and serve from there. Firsts will taste like firsts. And seconds will taste as good as firsts.

Of course, there's more to Salton Hotray. But to find it out you'll need our book (which also has a section of gourmet recipes), or Hotray itself.

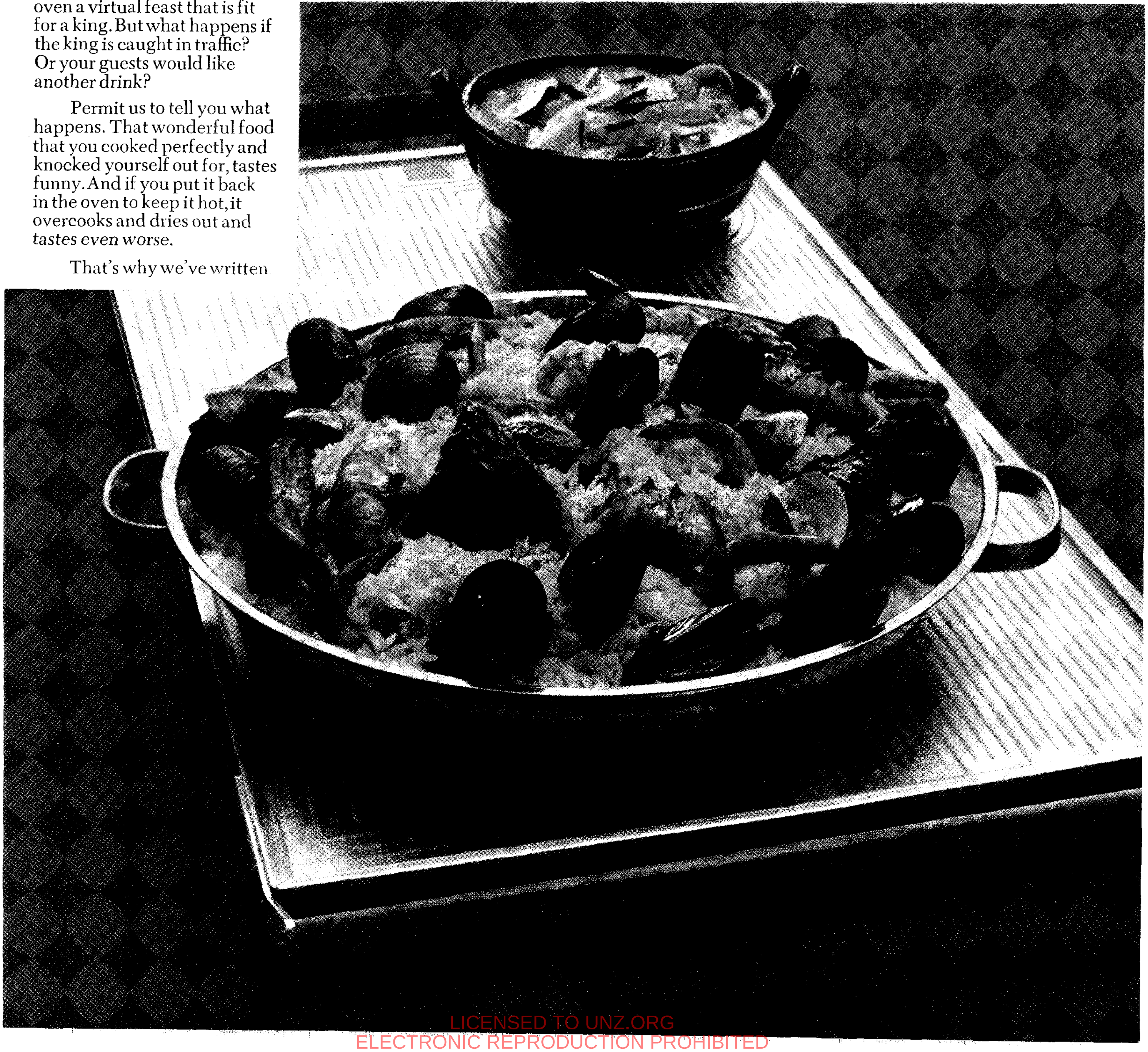
Get both. You'll find out how good a cook you really are.

Hotray electric food warmers are available from $6.95 to $54.50. At all fine stores in U.S.A. and Canada.

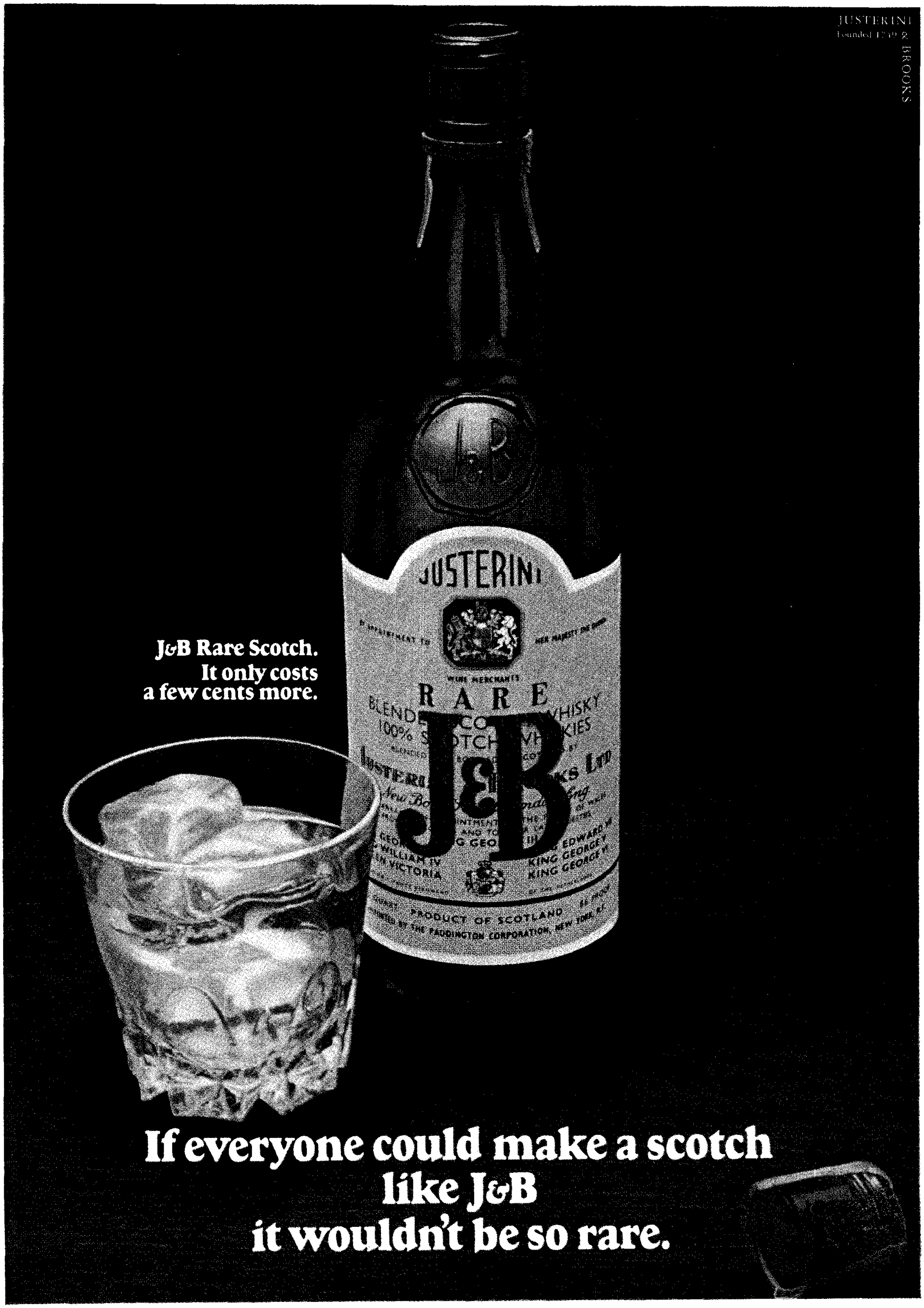
For free catalogue and After-You-Cook Book, write to Salton, Inc., 501A East 72 St., New York 10021.

Salton Hotray

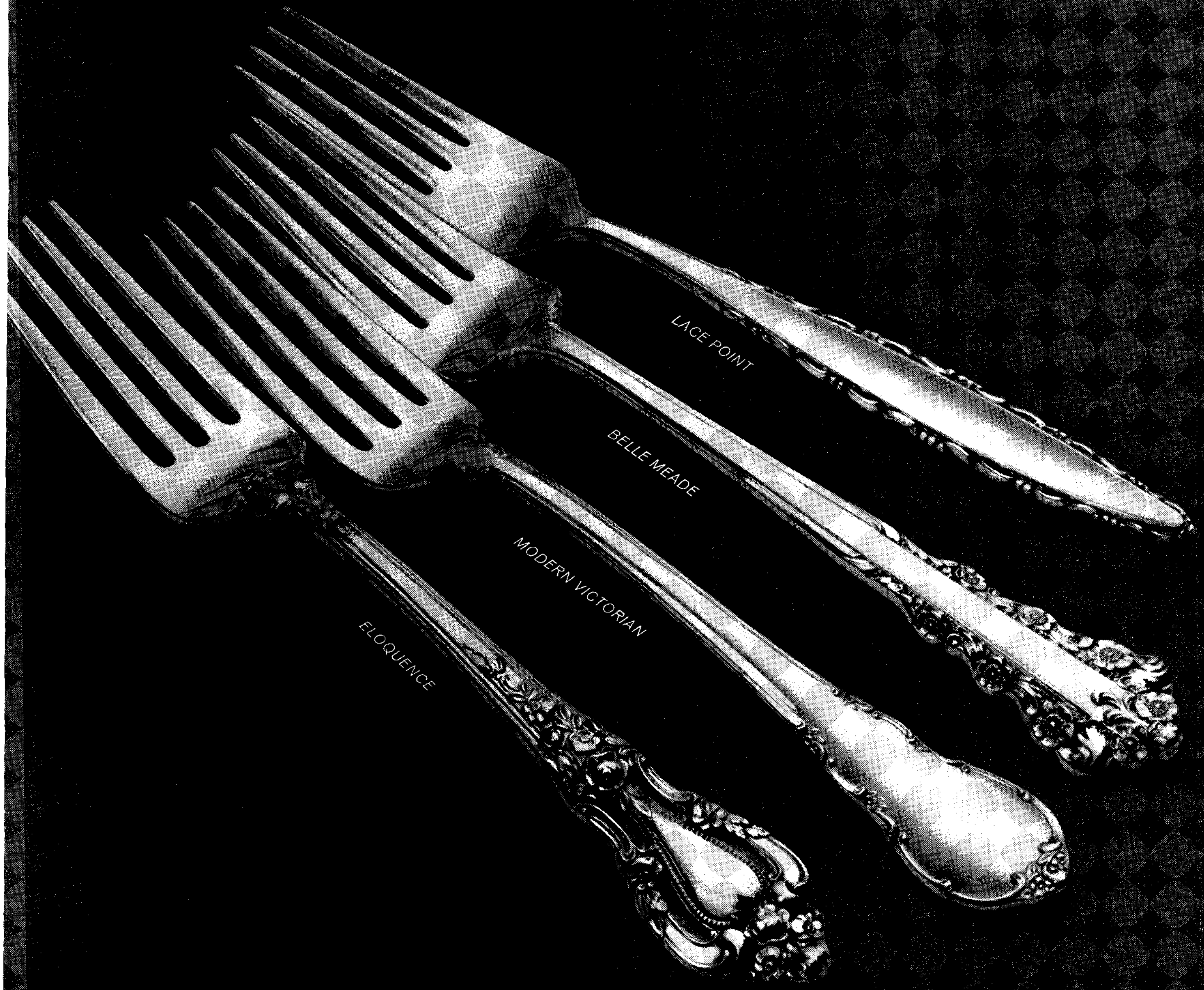
HOTRAY IS A REG. TRADEMARK AND INDICATES THAT SALTON, INC. IS THE SOLE MANUFACTURER.



86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky • The Paddington Corporation, N.Y.


JUSTERINI
Founded 1749 & BROOKS
JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
J&B Rare Scotch.
It only costs
a few cents more.
If everyone could make a scotch
like J&B
it wouldn't be so rare.

The excitement of discovery.
It can start with a word.
And grow as you come to know
the promise this word holds
for you.
The word is Lunt.
And the promise is the richness
of Sterling Silver.
The individual grace and character
that shape each pattern.
The flawless reflection of your
taste. Your personality. Your
concept of living.
The excitement of discovery.
It starts with Lunt.
It lasts a lifetime.


LACE POINT
BELLE MEADE
MODERN VICTORIAN
ELOQUENCE

LUNT STERLING

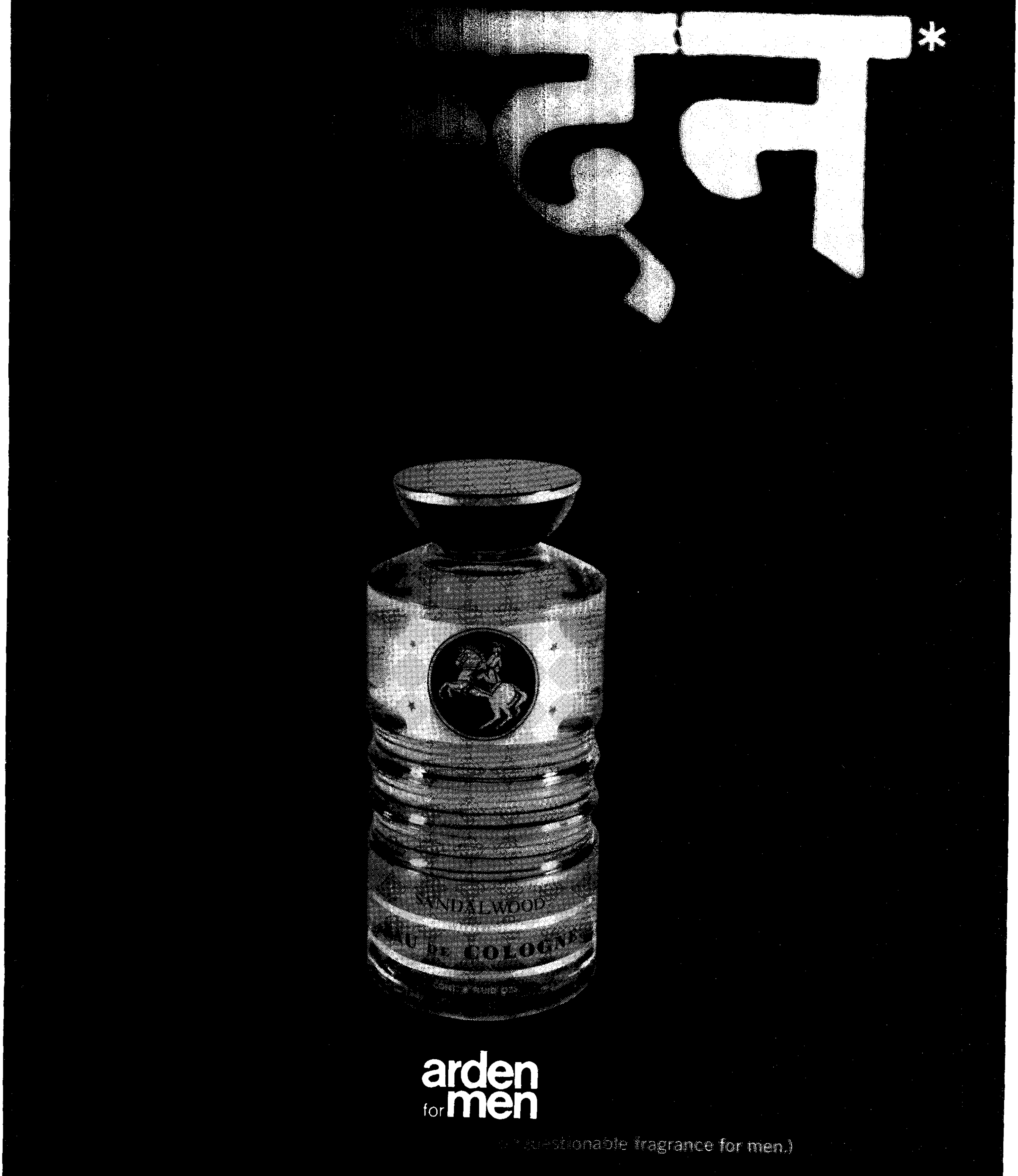
WALTER-MORTON
PRISMATIC TWILL
SUITS WITH
DACRON®

Quietly, elegantly, a Walter-Morton "Prismatic Twill" suit of Dacron*-and-wool speaks for the man. It makes others believe in him...because it is so apparent that he believes in himself.

55% Dacron* Polyester/
45% Worsted Wool

*DuPont Registered Trademark

WALTER-MORTON CLOTHES AT FINE STORES IN ANCHORAGE · ATLANTA · BALTIMORE · BEVERLY HILLS · BOSTON · CAMILLUS · CHICAGO · CINCINNATI CLEARWATER · CLEVELAND · COLUMBUS · DALLAS · DETROIT · EUGENE · HARTFORD · HOLLYWOOD · HOUSTON · JACKSON · LA JOLLA · LAS VEGAS LOS ANGELES · MADISON · MEMPHIS · MILWAUKEE · MINNEAPOLIS · NEWPORT NEWS · NORFOLK · PALM SPRINGS · PASADENA · PHILADELPHIA PITTSBURGH · PORTLAND · RENO · RICHMOND · ST. LOUIS · ST. PAUL · SAN ANTONIO · SAN FRANCISCO · SAN JOSE · SEATTLE · TULSA · WATERBURY


दुन*
SANDALWOOD
EAU DE COLOGNE
arden
for men
[illegible] unquestionable fragrance for men.)

©1969 FLORENCE EISEMAN

Are Florence Eiseman children nicer than other children, or do they just look that way?

455 cubic inches powerful. Isn't that the way you want luxury to be?

Make this simple test before you answer.

Open the hood of a 1970 Bonneville. Now, if you can't resist a low whistle or gasp – merely at the sight of the resident 360-hp V-8 – your answer is "Yes."

Or . . .

Take the wheel. (Getting in you just might have noticed the richly patterned fabrics and appointments our competitors are so concerned about. But we digress.) OK. Turn the key and test drive. "Responsive" may be your word for Bonneville. And that's good enough for us.

No question, it's the most powerful – and luxurious – Bonneville we've ever built. It's at your Pontiac dealer's. Where the way it's going to be is now.

Pontiac's new Bonneville

(We take the fun of driving seriously.)
GM

The Wide-Track Family for '70: Grand Prix, Bonneville, Executive, Catalina, GTO, LeMans Sport, LeMans, Tempest and Firebird. Pontiac Motor Division.

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

We are the first to agree that the biggest of something is seldom the nicest. That's why we took such extravagant care creating Germany's biggest hotel, the Frankfurt Inter·Continental. It's a tall cool building in a cool green garden with the Main flowing by (rent a rowboat), just a few blocks from the heart of everything. A club on the rooftop serves you the best view in town. Part of the lobby, to name just one detail, is paneled in solid green onyx. The master-chef's heart is paneled in pure gold and we have five charming restaurants to prove it. (Including a Weinstube that is totally Student Prince.) In fact, Frankfurt is just like all our other hotels. Unique.

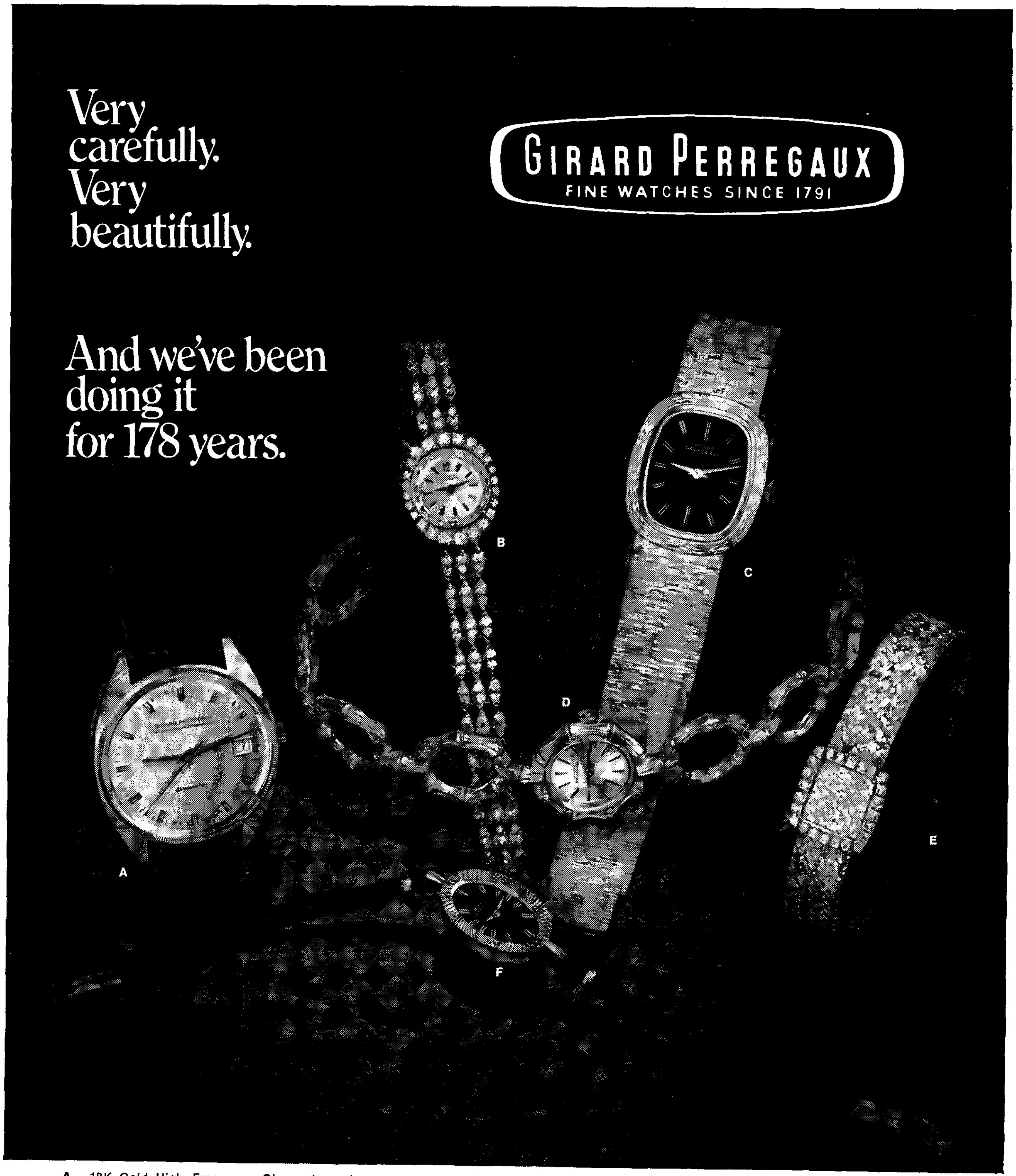
Inter·Continental Hotels.

When you've seen one, you haven't seen them all.

Abidjan. Accra. Amman. Auckland. Bali. Bangkok. Barranquilla. Beirut. Berlin. Bogotá. Budapest. Caracas. Cork. Curaçao. Dacca. Djakarta. Dublin. Düsseldorf. Frankfurt. Geneva. Hanover. Hong Kong. Jerusalem. Kabul. Karachi. Lahore. Limerick. Livingstone. Lusaka. Managua. Manila. Maracaibo. Medellín. Melbourne. Mexico City. Monrovia. Nairobi. New Delhi. Pago Pago. Paris. Ponce. Quito. Rawalpindi. San Salvador. Santo Domingo. Singapore. Tahiti. Tokyo. Vienna. Zagreb.

INTER·CONTINENTAL HOTELS

Every Girard Perregaux watch
is made
as though it was the only one.


Very
carefully.
Very
beautifully.
GIRARD PERREGAUX
FINE WATCHES SINCE 1791
And we've been
doing it
for 178 years.
B
C
D
A
E
F

A — 18K Gold High Frequency Observatory chronometer. Guaranteed accurate to within 1 minute a month. Self-winding. 39 jewels. Date-dial. Water-resistant. $500. **B** — 168 diamonds. 14K gold. $3500. **C** — 14K gold bracelet watch. $475. **D** — 14K gold bamboo design bracelet watch with gilt dial. $350. **E** — 24 diamonds. 14K gold cover-lid bracelet watch. $650. **F** — 14K gold. $125.

For free illustrated brochure write to: Girard Perregaux, Dept. N, 610 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10020

Other Girard Perregaux men's and ladies' watches from $59.50 to over $5000.

FROM SPAIN WITH LOVE

To those people whose first sip of imported brandy wasn't quite the romantic interlude they expected.

IMPORTE
Pedro Dom
ESTABLISHED 1730
FUNDA
BRAND
FUNDADOR
BRANDY

Remember how it was the first time you raised a brandy glass to your ever-waiting and over-eager lips?

Remember how you sniffed at it, your nose twitching with excitement?

And then finally you tasted it.

"?"

Unfortunately, like so many other people in life, you were unprepared for your first experience. You thought that a bottle of imported brandy-with 5 stars and a large V.S.O.P. on the label-just had to have the exotic flavor you were expecting.

What you didn't know was that many of these imported brandies have one big thing in common: *stronger taste. Which is fine if you* like a stronger taste. (A lot of brandy drinkers do.) But for a gin and tonic, scotch and water person like yourself it turned out to be an experience you never forgot.

Sadly for us however, a lot of people, like yourself, have concluded that all imported brandies must taste the same.

And sadly for us, they've never had a chance at the sweet, gentle taste of Fundador: the brandy from Spain. The brandy made the solera way—which is the way all Spanish sherry is made. (Hence the mild, delicate flavor; Hence the smooth, vibrant aroma; Hence the full romance of brandy.)

So if your first sip of imported brandy was less than you expected-don't let it get you down. Just look for the bottle that bears the Spanish label—and let your second sip make up for the first.

Fundador: from the world famous house of Pedro Domecq.

80 Proof. Imported from Spain by Somerset Importers, Ltd.,N.Y.C.

NOVEMBER 1969 AUCTIONS

At The Galleries of

RICHARD A. BOURNE CO., INC.

Auctioneers and Appraisers
Hyannis, Massachusetts

NOVEMBER 1, 1969—10:00 AM

Collection of rare paintings by noted American artists - Blakelok, Bricher, Andrew Melrose, L. D. Eldred, G. A. Behne, Charles W. Knapp and other important artists.

Exhibition: Friday, October 31 from 10 AM to 5 PM and Morning of Sale from 8 to 10 AM

Illustrated Catalogue
$2.50 per copy (By Mail $3.00)

NOVEMBER 8, 1969—10:00 AM

Estate of Marguerite S. Burke, liquidating the complete contents of her summer residence at Edgartown, Mass., removed to our galleries for convenience of sale - fine American furniture of the Queen Anne, Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Sheraton periods, antique hooked rugs, paintings, fine china, etc.

Exhibition: Friday, November 7 from 10 AM to 5 PM and Morning of Sale from 8 to 10 AM

Illustrated Catalogue $2.00 per copy (By Mail $2.50)

NOVEMBER 15, 1969—10:00 AM

Collection of oriental art - important porcelains, bronzes, and oriental objets d' art.

Exhibition: Friday, November 14 from 10 AM to 5 PM and Morning of Sale from 8 to 10 AM

Illustrated Catalogue $2.00 per copy (By Mail $2.50)

NOVEMBER 22, 1969—10:00AM

Important collection of glass including Tiffany, Kew Blas, Steuben, amberina, Crown Milano, overlay, etc.

Exhibition: Friday, November 21 from 10 AM to 5 PM and Morning of Sale from 8 to 10 AM

Illustrated Catalogue $2.50 per copy (By Mail $3.00)

NOVEMBER 29, 1969—10:00 AM

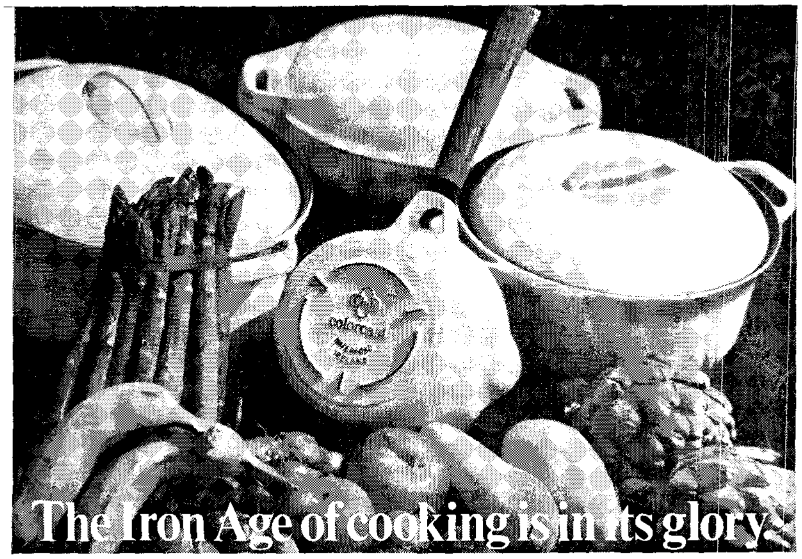
Important marine and whaling items - paintings, scrimshaw, log books, and other marine artifacts.

Exhibition: Friday, November 28 from 10 AM to 5 PM and Morning of Sale from 8 to 10 AM

Illustrated Catalogue $2.50 per copy (By Mail $3.00)

RICHARD A. BOURNE CO., INC.

Corporation Street, Hyannis, Massachusetts
(½ Mile West of Airport Rotary Circle on Rte. 28) Telephone (617) 775-0797
Mail: P. O. Box 141, Hyannis Port, Mass., 02647



The Iron Age of cooking is in its glory.

1½ Qt. Open Sauce Pan, $11.50
8 in. Omelet Pan, $9.50
9 in. Open Fry Pan, $10.50
10 in. Open Fry Pan, $12.00
11 in. Open Fry Pan, $14.00

10 in. Covered Saute Dish, $22.50
1½ Qt. Covered Round Casserole, $16.50
3¼ Qt. Covered Round Casserole, $23.00
2 Qt. Covered Oval Casserole, $19.50
5¾ Qt. Covered Oval Casserole, $28.50

9 in. Au Gratin Dish (1½ qt.), $10.00
11 in. Au Gratin Dish (2¼ qt.), $13.50
14 in. Au Gratin Dish (3 qt.), $16.00
10 in. Fry Pan Cover, $10.00
11 in. Fry Pan Cover, $12.00

ALASKA
ANCHORAGE: Design-Craft

ARIZONA
PHOENIX: Bostrom's
PHOENIX: The Gold Key
PHOENIX: Grunewald & Adams
PRESCOTT: Originalities
SCOTTSDALE: J. H. Armer
TUCSON: Bullard's

CALIFORNIA
ALBANY: Sam's
BAKERSFIELD: Mardi-Gras
BERKELEY: Fraser's Berkeley
BERKELEY: The Kitchen
BEVERLY HILLS: Mathews-Beverly Hills
BEVERLY HILLS: Van Keppel Green
CARLSBAD: Sebu
CHICO: Parker Homewares
CLAREMONT: Radku
CORONA DEL MAR: Karen Margreta
COSTA MESA: Schinner's Pacesetter
ESCONDIDO: Collector's Interiors
FRESNO: T J. Darlemarge Gifts
FRESNO: Holiday Boutique
FULLERTON: Dania Imports
GRASS VALLEY: LuDell's
HANFORD: King's Stationery
HOLLYWOOD: Small World Importium
LA JOLLA· Loughlin's-La Jolla
LONG BEACH: Frank Brothers
LOS ALTOS: Debby of Dublin
LOS ANGELES: Erwin Brunner
LOS ANGELES: Great Lengths
LOS ANGELES: Jurgensen's
LOS GATOS: Geoffroy's
LOS GATOS: The Pantry
MANHATTAN BEACH:Panorama Scandinavian Imports
MANHATTAN BEACH: Third Gallery
MENLO PARK: Frane's
MILL VALLEY: Happy House
MODESTO: Maxine Barrett
MODESTO: The Gift House
MODESTO· Lowery's
MONTEREY: Luciano Kitchen Traditions
NEWPORT BEACH: Plummer's
NEWPORT BEACH: Richard's
OAKLAND: Cobb's
OAKLAND: Shamrock & Thistle
OJAI: Oaks Corners
ORINDA: Phair's
PACIFIC PALISADES: Medford Gifts
PALM SPRINGS: Alan Ladd Hardware
PALO ALTO: House of Today
PALO ALTO: Rule's Gifts Unlimited
PASADENA: Abacus
PASADENA: Plummer's
REDLANDS: The Gift Box
REDONDO BEACH: Curt Wagner Interiors
RIDGECREST: The Gift Mart
RIVERSIDE: Imperial Hardware
RIVERSIDE: Nordic Trends Inc.
ROLLING HILLS: Rolling Hills General Store
SACRAMENTO: John Breuner Co.
SACRAMENTO: Grebitus
SACRAMENTO: Martin's
SACRAMENTO: The Orange Horse
SAN DIEGO: Jennings House
SAN DIEGO: Sanford Robertson Interiors
SAN FRANCISCO: S. Christian of Copenhagen
SAN FRANCISCO: Design Research
SAN FRANCISCO: Gump's
SAN FRANCISCO: Post Haste
SAN LUIS OBISPO: Rose Lee Imports
SAN MATEO: Brown's
SAN RAFAEL: Designer's Galley
SAN RAFAEL: Love's
SANTA BARBARA: Pierre Lafond
SANTA BARBARA: Ott's
SANTA BARBARA: The Store
SANTA MARIA: Melby's Jewelers
SOUTH LAGUNA: El Eco
STOCKTON: Village Flair
THOUSAND OAKS: Delphi Jewelers
THOUSAND OAKS· Jack's

COLORADO
ASPEN· House of Ireland
BOULDER: Cricket, Ltd.
DENVER· Cricket, Ltd.
DENVER: The Gold Key
DENVER· International Villa
DENVER: Neusteter's
ENGLEWOOD: Cricket Shop, Ltd.
LAKEWOOD: New Dimensions
VAIL: Kaleidoscope

CONNECTICUT
AVON: The Carousel
CHESHIRE: The Old Foundry Giftshop
FAIRFIELD: Greenfield Gourmet & Gift Shop
GREENWICH: China Box
GREENWICH: Harringtons
GUILFORD: Guilford Greene
HADDAM: Parsnip Hollow
HARTFORD: G. Fox & Co., Inc.
KENT: The Nutmeg Fair
LITCHFIELD: The Mason Co.
MANCHESTER: Your Gift Gallery
MIDDLETOWN: Connecticut Novelty Co.
MYSTIC: The Emporium
NEW BRITAIN: Beacon Sales of Hartford
NEW CANAAN The Whitney Shop
NEW HAVEN: Junior League Shop
NEW HAVEN: Edward Malley Co.
NEW HAVEN: Pottery Bazaar
NEW HAVEN: Washington Flower Shop
NEW HAVEN: Yale Co-Op Corp.
NEW MILFORD: Village Hardware
OLD LYME: Yankee Pedlar
PLAINVILLE: Appell Drug Store
SALISBURY. New England Country Store
STAMFORD: The Shed
STRATFORD: Libb Enterprises
TALCOTVILLE: Welles Farm Wagon Giftshop
WATERBURY: Dean Inc.
WEST HARTFORD: Connoiseure Shop
WEST HARTFORD: Pottery Shed
WOODBURY: The Square Peg

DELAWARE
WILMINGTON: LaCocina

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
WASHINGTON: S. Kann Sons Co.
WASHINGTON: The Kitchen Bazaar
WASHINGTON: Little Caledonia
WASHINGTON: Ursell's

FLORIDA
FT. LAUDERDALE: The Buttery
JACKSONVILLE: Geisenhof's Gifts
MIAMI: Arango's
MIAMI: Burdine's

GEORGIA
ATLANTA: The Golden Rooster

HAWAII
HONOLULU· Carol & Mary Ltd.
HONOLULU. Walter Boysen Co.

ILLINOIS
BARRINGTON: Wenzel Jewelers, Inc.
CHICAGO: Abercrombie & Fitch
CHICAGO: Borg Flower & Gifts
CHICAGO: Cook's Cupboard
CHICAGO: The Crate & Barrel
CHICAGO: Gaelic Imports
CHICAGO: Otto Pomper, Inc.
EVANSTON: Utility Products Co.
FOREST PARK: Teahan Irish Imports
GALESBURG: Doyle's Gift Shop
GLENCOE: H. C. Wienecke, Inc.
HIGHLAND PARK: Carrier Cook Shop
HIGHLAND PARK: Uptown Interiors
LAKE FOREST: O'Neils Hardware
MACOMB: Ring's
OAK PARK: The Elm Shop
SPRINGFIELD: Premiere Plus
URBANA: Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
WILMETTE: Crate & Barrel
WINNETKA: The Red Door

INDIANA
BLOOMINGTON: Nathan Hales
INDIANAPOLIS: The Accent Shop
INDIANAPOLIS: Wooden Soldier

IOWA
AMES· Gift & China Shop
CEDAR RAPIDS: Killians
IOWA CITY: Catherines
IOWA CITY. Things, Things & Things

KANSAS
PRAIRIE VILLAGE Noel's Gifts
TOPEKA: Vivian's
WICHITA: Coopers
WICHITA: Innes

KENTUCKY
LOUISVILLE: C. H. R. Lyon, Inc.
PADUCAH: Kentucky Cardinal Shop

LOUISIANA
ALEXANDRIA: Hemenway
BATON ROUGE: Nobels Contemporary
MINDEN: Roberts Co.
NEW ORLEANS: 20th Century
SHREVEPORT: Wick & Tallow

MAINE
BOOTHBAY HARBOR: House of Logan
BOOTHBAY HARBOR: Maine Trading Post
FALMOUTH: Riodale Shop, Inc.
YORK HARBOR: Country Squire

MARYLAND
BALTIMORE: The Store Ltd.
CHEVY CHASE: The China Closet Inc.
CHEVY CHASE: Modern Design
PIKESVILLE: Gallery 1330
PIKESVILLE: The Artisans
PIKESVILLE: Malcolm's House & Garden Store
PIKESVILLE: Total Table

MASSACHUSETTS
BOSTON: Pine & Print
BROOKLINE: Marion Ruth
CAMBRIDGE: The Upper Story
CHICOPEE FALLS: The Unicorn
CONCORD: The Country Store, Inc.
CONCORD: Highball Gift Shop
DENNISPORT: Hazeltons'
EAST WAREHAM: Grey Oaks
EDGARTOWN: Avery's
FITCHBURG: The Bookshop
GREENFIELD· The Vikings
HADLEY: Hadley Village Barn
HAMPDEN: Gene's Other Half
HOLLISTON: Temple Galleries
MARION: Sitting Duck
NEEDHAM HEIGHTS: Custom Designs
NORTH AMHERST: The Old Mill
NORTHAMPTON: Contemporary Trends, Inc.
PITTSFIELD: Greta
PLYMOUTH: Smith's, Inc.
QUINCY: Remick's
SOUTH HADLEY. College Inn Giftshop
SOUTH HAMILTON: Fleur de Lis Shop
SPRINGFIELD: Albert Steiger, Inc.
STOCKBRIDGE: Stockbridge Imports
TAUNTON: Gift Boutique
TOPSFIELD: Anne Snows' Gifts
WELLESLEY HILLS: Every-Day Gourmet Shop
WESTCHATHAM: House of Burlap
WILLIAMSTOWN: Cloud Nine
WORCESTER: Sawyer's

MICHIGAN
ANN ARBOR: Artisans
ANN ARBOR: John Leidy
BIRMINGHAM: LaCuisiniere
BIRMINGHAM· Stangers Design
BLOOMFIELD HILLS: Wiggs
DETROIT: Adler-Schnee
DETROIT: Kitchen Glamor, Inc.
DETROIT: M. I. Warren Co.
FERNDALE: Evaline Shop
GRAND HAVEN: Reichardt's
GRAND RAPIDS: E. A. Rood & Company
GRAND RAPIDS: Steketee's
GROSSE PTE FARMS: Sign of the Mermaid
HIGHLAND PARK: Silver's
LANSING· J. W. Knapp Co.
LELAND: Harbor House
MIDLAND: Robisons Jewelers
MT. PLEASANT: Glen Oren Stores
TROY: Gow's Little Acre

MINNESOTA
DULUTH Wahl's
MINNEAPOLIS: The Anderson Shop, Inc.
MINNEAPOLIS: Bonnard Printz Ltd.
MINNEAPOLIS· The Dublin Walk
MINNEAPOLIS· Levoy, Inc.
ROCHESTER The Viking House
ST. PAUL: The Courtyard
ST. PAUL: Gokey Company
ST PAUL· Shapira's Gifts
WAYZATA· Five Swans, Inc.
WAYZATA: Mellermoe's

MISSISSIPPI
BILOXI· The Pantry
GREENVILLE: Gift & Tot Shop
GULFPORT: The Purple Lantern
JACKSON: Sterling Towers Florist & Gifts
NATCHEZ: Brown-Barnett

MISSOURI
CLAYTON: Shirmer's
KANSAS CITY: Hall's
KANSAS CITY: Harzfeld's
KANSAS CITY: Woolf Bros.
ST. JOSEPH: Townsend & Wall
ST. LOUIS: Famous Barr Co.
ST. LOUIS: Schirmer's
ST. LOUIS: Stix, Baer & Fuller Co., Inc.

MONTANA
GREAT FALLS: Spencer's

NEBRASKA
OMAHA: The Afternoon Shop

NEVADA
LAS VEGAS: Bertha's

NEW HAMPSHIRE
AMHERST: Tawny Pipit
CLAREMOUNT: Jack Weiner's Hardware
DOVER: Garrison Hill Greenhouse
EXETER: The Curtain Shop
FITZWILLIAM: The Larder
HANOVER: Early American Shop
HOLLIS: Meeting House Shop
PORTSMOUTH: M. P. Alkon
PORTSMOUTH: The Golden Brown

NEW JERSEY
ATLANTIC CITY: Faber's
BASKING RIDGE: The Village House
CALDWELL: Edward J. Glod
ENGLEWOOD: Greenberg's
MAPLEWOOD: Maplecrest Hardware Co.
MILLBURN: Porcelain's
MILLBURN: Bazar International Market
NEWARK: Bamberger's
NEWARK: Hahne's
NEWARK: World Wide Handicrafts
PRINCETON: Happy House
PRINCETON: Princeton Gourmet
RED BANK: Surray Luggage
RED BANK. Wechsler's
RIDGEWOOD: Ridgewood Hardware
RIDGEWOOD: Winchells
SHORT HILLS: Abercrombie & Fitch

NEW MEXICO
ALBUQUERQUE: The Red Carpet
CLOVIS: Allene's
SANTA FE. The Centerline, Inc.

NEW YORK
BEDFORD HILLS: Bazar International Market
BROOKLYN: Abraham & Straus
BUFFALO: Savoy Shop
COLD SPRING HARBOR: Gourmet's Delight
CROTON-ON-HUDSON: Import Corner
FISHERS: Discovery Shop
FLUSHING: B. Gertz
HYDE PARK: Molloy Pharmacy
ITHACA: Contemporary Trends
LAKE SUCCESS: Hobi Inc.
LAKEWOOD: The Green Farm
MAMARONECK: The Studio
MT. VERNON: China Box
NEW YORK CITY: Abercrombie & Fitch
NEW YORK CITY: B. Altman & Co.
NEW YORK CITY: Bloomingdale's
NEW YORK CITY: A. L. Cahn & Sons
NEW YORK CITY: Gimbel Bros.
NEW YORK CITY: Gracious Home Inc.
NEW YORK CITY: Hammacher Schlemmer
NEW YORK CITY: Irish Pavilion
NEW YORK CITY: Macy's
NEW YORK CITY: Mayhew-Copley Ltd.
NEW YORK CITY: Joel Morton Co.
NEW YORK CITY: Nancy's Fancy
NEW YORK CITY: Zabar's
PORT WASHINGTON: Of Many Things
OSSINING: R. M. Cornell Inc.
ROCHESTER· The Hare & Tortoise
ROCHESTER: Likly Stores
SCARSDALE: Bazar Inc.
STATEN ISLAND: Somach's Inc.
SUFFERN: Show Case
WHITE PLAINS: Conason's Inc.
WOODMERE: Bazar International Market
WOODSTOCK: The Gilded Carriage

NORTH CAROLINA
ASHEVILLE: Schiffman's, Inc.
BURLINGTON: The Treasure House
CHARLOTTE: The Belk Stores
CHARLOTTE: Ivey's of Charlotte
CHARLOTTE: Le Masters Design Studio
GREENSBORO: Le Bonne Femme
GREENSBORO: Phipps Gift Shop
GREENSBORO: Schiffman's, Inc.
HIGHLANDS: The Gray Cottage
REIDSVILLE: Mace's Jewelers
WHITEVILLE: Weaver's Jewelers

OHIO
AKRON: Fairlawn Garden Store
AKRON: Far Corners
CANTON: Deuble's Jewelers
CANTON: Stern & Manns
CINCINNATI: Beehive Gift Shop
CLEVELAND: Higbee's
CLEVELAND: Potter's & Mellen, Inc.
COLUMBUS: Lazarus
COLUMBUS: Maramor Gift Shop
ROCKY RIVER: Rocky River Card & Gift Shop
SHAKER HEIGHTS: Rudolph Deutsch Galleries
SHAKER HEIGHTS: Shaker Square Beverage Co.
STEUBENVILLE: May & Leopold Co.
TOLEDO: The Serendipity
YOUNGSTOWN: Gluck's Gift Antique Shop

OKLAHOMA
BARTLESVILLE: Bar Dew Gifts
ENID: Interiors Gallery
OKLAHOMA CITY: Kamber's at Penn Square
TULSA: The Fair

OREGON
COOS BAY: The Hub
THE DALLES: John Milne & Sons
EUGENE: Northland Gifts
KLAMATH FALLS: Your Store
LAKE OSWEGO: Oswego Country Store
MEDFORD: Swem's
PORTLAND: Finlandia House
PORTLAND: Meier & Frank (Gifts)

PENNSYLVANIA
ALLENTOWN: Cin-uss Creations
BALA CYNWYD: Open House
ELKINS PARK: Food For Thought
GREENSBURG: A. E. Troutman
HAVERFORD: L'Epicure
HAZLETON: Boston Hardware & Wallpaper
JENKINTOWN: Bon Appetit
JESSUP: Weiss Hardware
LAHASKA: The Gourmet Bazaar
LEVITTOWN: Pomeroy's
MANHEIM: Chefs Bazaar
NEW HOPE: Cornucopia
NEW HOPE: Grosvenor Glenn's Gourmet Gazebo
PHILADELPHIA: Geo. Allen Inc.
PHILADELPHIA: Bon Appetit
PHILADELPHIA: Wm. L. Fredericks
PHILADELPHIA: Thorell's Kitchen Korner
PITTSBURGH: Kaufmann's
PITTSBURGH: Reizensteins
PITTSBURGH: Studio Shop
RADNOR: Radnor House
READING: Bachman Jacks Inc.
STATE COLLEGE: O. W. Houts & Sons
WILLIAMSPORT: Neyhart's
YORK: The Drum

RHODE ISLAND
BARRINGTON: Crossed-Sabers
EAST GREENWICH: Brownings
PAWTUCKET: Apex, Inc.
PROVIDENCE: Accents, Inc.
WARWICK: Apex, Inc.

SOUTH CAROLINA
COLUMBIA: Belk's Dept. Store
CLINTON: The Tweed Shop
GREENVILLE: Freeman's, Inc.

SOUTH DAKOTA
SIOUX FALLS: Akers China & Gifts

TENNESSEE
GERMANTOWN: The Spiders Webb

TEXAS
ABILENE: Busch Jewelry
AMARILLO: Blackburn Book & Gifts
AUSTIN: Rudds Ltd.
AUSTIN: E. M. Scarbroughs Co.
BAYTOWN: Whitcomb's
BEAUMONT: Feray's Inc.
BRYAN: Beverly Braley
CORPUS CHRISTI: Jene Marie
DALLAS: Carl Barnett
DALLAS: The Copper Kettle
DALLAS: Green Gables
DALLAS: Howard Goldman, Inc.
DALLAS: House & Talbe
EL PASO: Jennett's
FT. WORTH: Clarkson's
FT. WORTH: R. E. Cox
FT. WORTH: Minnie Mertz Gifts
FT. WORTH: W. C. Stripling
GALVESTON: Eiband's Store, Inc.
GRANDBURY: Grandbury Drug
HARLINGEN: The Lemon Tree
HOUSTON: Evans-Monical
HOUSTON: Joske's
HOUSTON: Wells Design
LONGVIEW: The Stop Watch
LUBBOCK: Hemphill-Wells
McALLEN: Jones & Jones
MIDLAND: Driscolls
PLAINVIEW: Payne Gifts & Jewelry
SAN ANTONIO: Accents
WACO: South's Gift Shop
WICHITA FALLS: The Pavillion

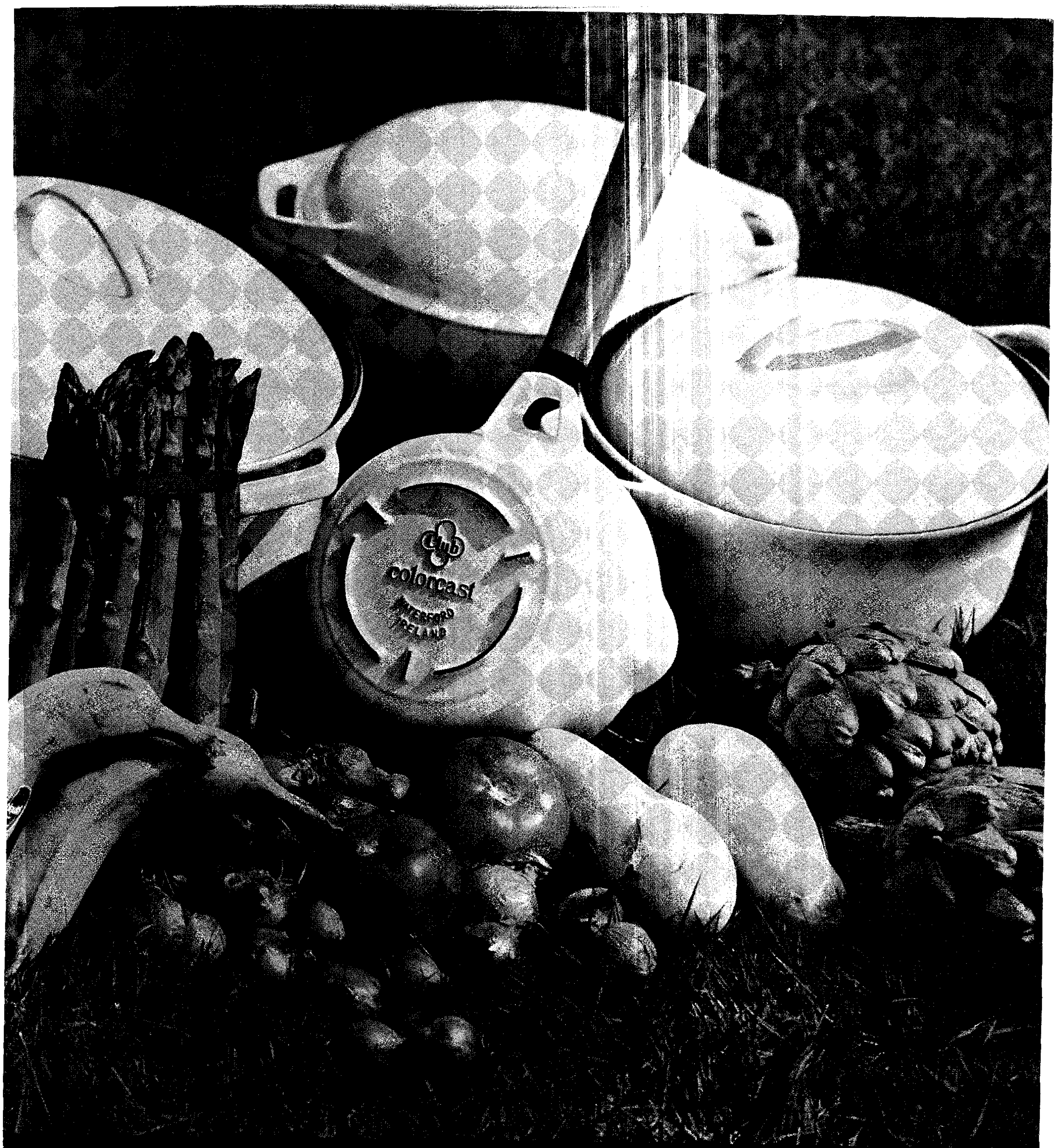
UTAH
PROVO: Clark's
SALT LAKE CITY: Felt-Buchorn
SALT LAKE CITY: LaGalerie
SALT LAKE CITY: Pembrooke's
VERNAL: Dinosaur Gifts

VERMONT
BENNINGTON: Bennington Potters
BURLINGTON: Abernathy Clarkson Wright
MIDDLEBURY: Store Two
POWNAL: Quad Land
RICHMOND: Harrington's
SHAFTSBURY: Benn Bury Shop
SHELBURNE: Harrington's
STOWE: Harrington's
STOWE: Stoware, Inc.
WARREN: Troll Corner
WHITE RIVER JUNCTION: Powers Store

VIRGINIA
CHARLOTTESVILLE: Charlottesville Hdwe. Co.
NORFOLK: Jesse Williams, Gifts
RICHMOND: Miller & Rhoads
STAUNTON: Holt's China & Gift Store
VIRGINIA BEACH: L'Elephant Blanc

WASHINGTON
ABERDEEN: Lancaster's
ANACORTES: Burton Jewelers
BELLEVUE: Cargos
BELLINGHAM: Paul Mueller Jeweler
MERCER ISLAND: James Crosby
MOUNT VERNON: Deming Jewelers
OLYMPIA: World Shop, Inc.
PORT ANGELES: Grebin's
RICHLAND: Lancaster's
SEATTLE: Frederick & Nelson
SEATTLE: Keegs
SEATTLE: Miller-Pollard Associates
SPOKANE: The Crescent (China)
SPOKANE: Joel's
TACOMA: A. N. Gunderson
WALLA-WALLA: Faldenbergs

WISCONSIN
APPLETON: Harwood Lamps
GREEN BAY: Bake's Jewelry
KENOSHA: Garb's
LA CROSSE: Honigs Gift Shop
MADISON: Century House
MILWAUKEE: Geo. Watts & Sons, Inc.
MT. HOREB: Open House of Gifts
RACINE: Loom of Denmark, Inc.
STEVENS POINT: Hallmark Card & Gift Shop
WAUSAU: Stewart Shop
WEST BEND: Wesco Gift Shop
WHITEFISH BAY: Les Moise Inc.



The Iron Age of cooking is in its glory.

Take cast iron, white porcelain, black Teflon II, Siamese teakwood and Irish hands....

And what have you got?

The Iron Age of Cooking.

If you ever cooked with iron, you know the marvels of it. It takes little heat and cooks the food so gently and evenly, every bit of the flavor simmers in the pot. But there used to be a catch. Or two.

1. It wasn't such a beauty.
2. It was a pain to clean.

No more.

As for 1, each piece is sculptured with great purity of line.

As for 2, the Irish have figured out how to apply black Teflon II of such toughness, you can just about hit it with a shillelagh.

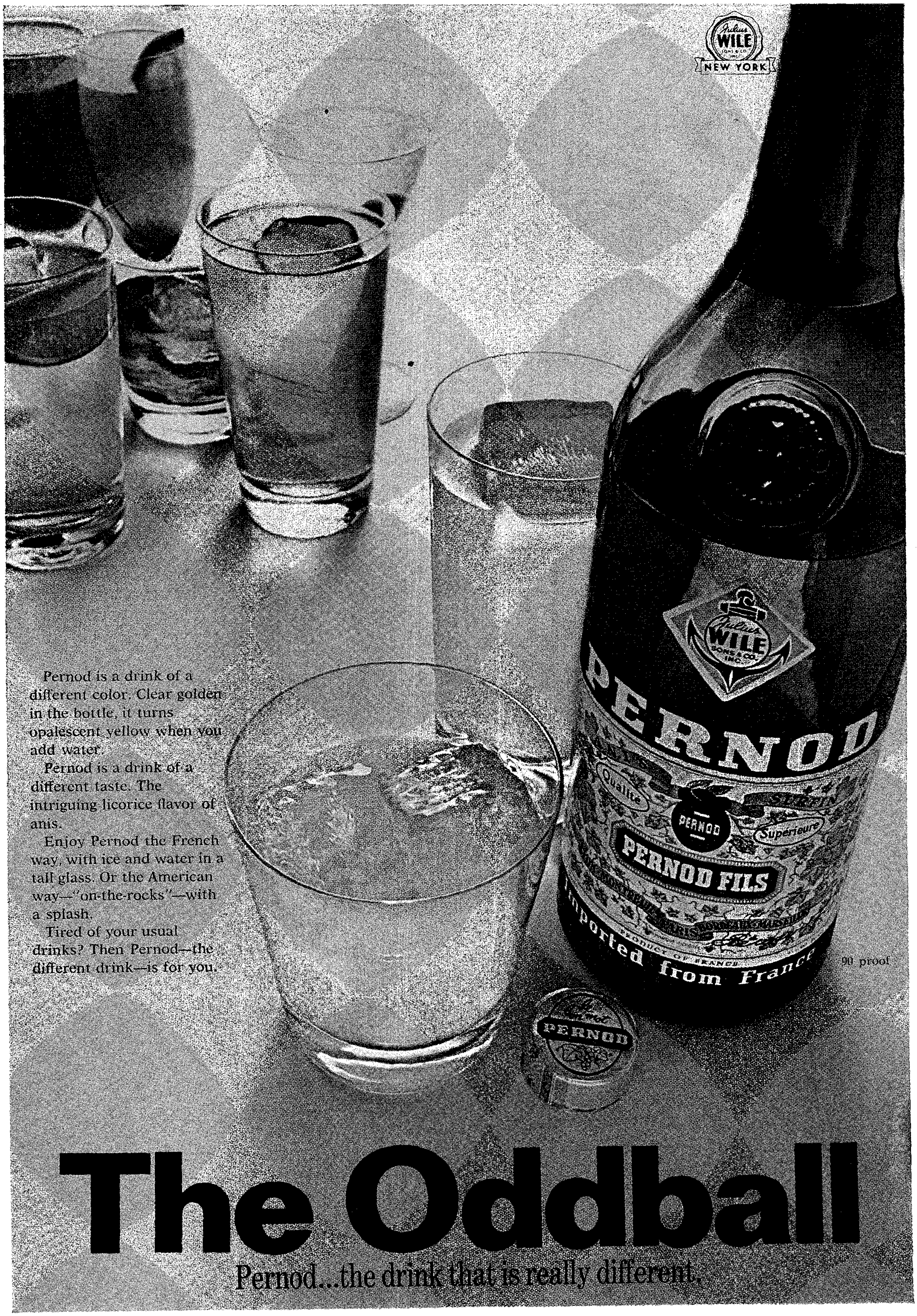
"Absolute bliss to possess," said the British Reader's Digest.

Give bliss to the gourmet you love. Where can you find bliss? At the stores adjacent.

Write for free full-color booklet, "Beauty and the Best."

Club Products Company,
9205 Detroit Avenue,
Cleveland, Ohio 44102.
Division of Standard International

Waterford Club Colorcast from Ireland


Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK
PERNOD
Qualité Supérieure
PERNOD FILS
Imported from France
PERNOD
The Oddball
Pernod...the drink that is really different.

Pernod is a drink of a different color. Clear golden in the bottle, it turns opalescent yellow when you add water.

Pernod is a drink of a different taste. The intriguing licorice flavor of anis.

Enjoy Pernod the French way, with ice and water in a tall glass. Or the American way—"on-the-rocks"—with a splash.

Tired of your usual drinks? Then Pernod—the different drink—is for you.

90 proof

Our new stereo won't add any distortion to their sound. And it won't take any away, either.

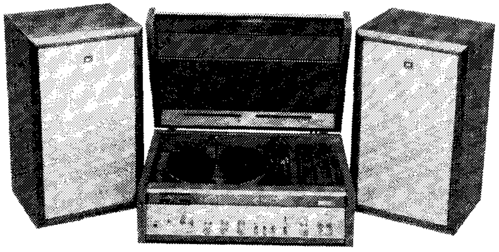
When you listen to hard rock, it's not the easiest thing in the world to tell where the sitar ends and the distortion begins. But we at Sony have a new stereo that can help slightly. It's the HP-580.

With it you get FM/AM and FM stereo in the tuner section, 8-inch woofers, 3-inch midranges, and 2-inch tweeters in the speaker section, and a Pickering cartridge in the cartridge section.

It has a Dual 1210 turntable, extremely sensitive FM stereo separation, a high filter switch, loudness control, and specially designed Sony transistors that fit our specially designed electronic circuits. (Niceties you don't usually get from a stereo short of going out and buying components.)

So the Cream won't sound sour. The Strawberry Alarm Clock won't sound piercing.

And because of its built-in dust cover and dustamatic brush, the Rolling Stones will gather no moss.



Nothing-but-the-truth Stereo.
The Sony® HP580

©1969 Sony Corp. of America. Visit our showroom, 585 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

How Andy Granatelli from a movie

A lot of Big Names are making a lot of big money these days endorsing products they know nothing about.

So if you've seen Andy Granatelli in Avis ads and commercials, you may have concluded that Avis has gone out and bought itself just another Big Name.

Then read on.

We got Andy Granatelli — one of the world's foremost automotive experts — because we wanted someone who really knows, to help us write a checkout manual for our mechanics. Someone whose words would be respected and followed by a mechanic.

Granatelli has been in, under, and hovering around cars for years. He has raced them, repaired them, created them,

working for Avis differs star selling soap.

and built a business (STP) around them. All with great success.

His latest success is a success for us as well: the Avis Checkout Manual. Andy stands behind it. And our mechanics swear by it. (It does something for a mechanic's pride to know he has checked out a Plymouth or other fine Avis car, the way Andy Granatelli himself would have checked it out.)

Because of our manual, we will rent you one of the most dependable cars you can rent today.

You can be sure of that.

Not because Andy Granatelli's name is behind it.

But because Andy Granatelli is.

If you think Avis tries harder, you ain't seen nothing yet.

© AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC., A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

From Scandinavia, health.

Ø Strong, firm, proud, young—healthy, to put it in one word. That is how a man should look.

Looking like this is not very difficult when you live in an outdoor land like Scandinavia. But when, as with the American male, a man has to spend the better part of his life tucked away in a business office and a business suit, then it is not so easy.

But now, as an aid in the simple art of clean-living and self-regard, we present you with Kanøn.

For your face we have Astringent Face Scrub, Face Tone-Up Mask, Face Tan, and Face Conditioner, things that will make your face look and feel like it has spent the day in the middle of a trout stream.

For your body, to make it feel, look, maybe even act ten years younger, Body Rub, Kooler, Hand Rub, Sauna Soak.

And, for a healthy head of hair, we have everything from Rich Shampoo to Hair Spray with Protein to our new Man's Hair Color.

Then, to complete the job, all the things you are used to. Aftershaves, colognes, deodorants.

From Scandinavia, Kanøn. For the care and preservation of the male body for living, loving and enjoying life to its full.

kanøn

Kanøn, created by Scannon, Ltd., 666 Fifth Ave., New York 10019. Essential oils imported from Sweden.

kanøn
Konservera
Relaxing
sauna soak
7 FL. OZ.
kanøn
Konservera
Rich
shave foam
kanøn
Konservera
face scrub
kanøn
MAN'S COLOGNE
7 FL. OZ.
kanøn
Konservera
body rub
7 FL. OZ.
kanøn
Konservera
hair groom
with Protein

THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, IMPORTERS • NEW YORK, N.Y. • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED 86 PROOF

ESTABLISHED IN THE XVII CENTURY
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD LONDON
Distilled and Bottled in Scotland under British Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
Blended &
Bottled by
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD
3 ST JAMES'S STREET, LONDON
Product of Scotland

TEXT FROM "THE LOG OF THE CUTTY SARK" REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION OF BROWN, SON & FERGUSON, LTD., PUBLISHERS, GLASGOW.

"Cutty Sark first...
the rest nowhere"

1886.
CUTTY SARK
was the best.
She was number one.
Then, as now, you
had to be best to be first.
This distinguished Scotch
carries on her name
and her tradition.

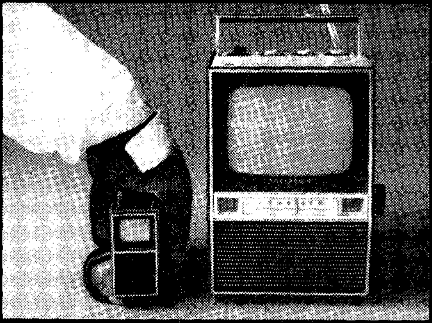
America's No. 1 selling Scotch.

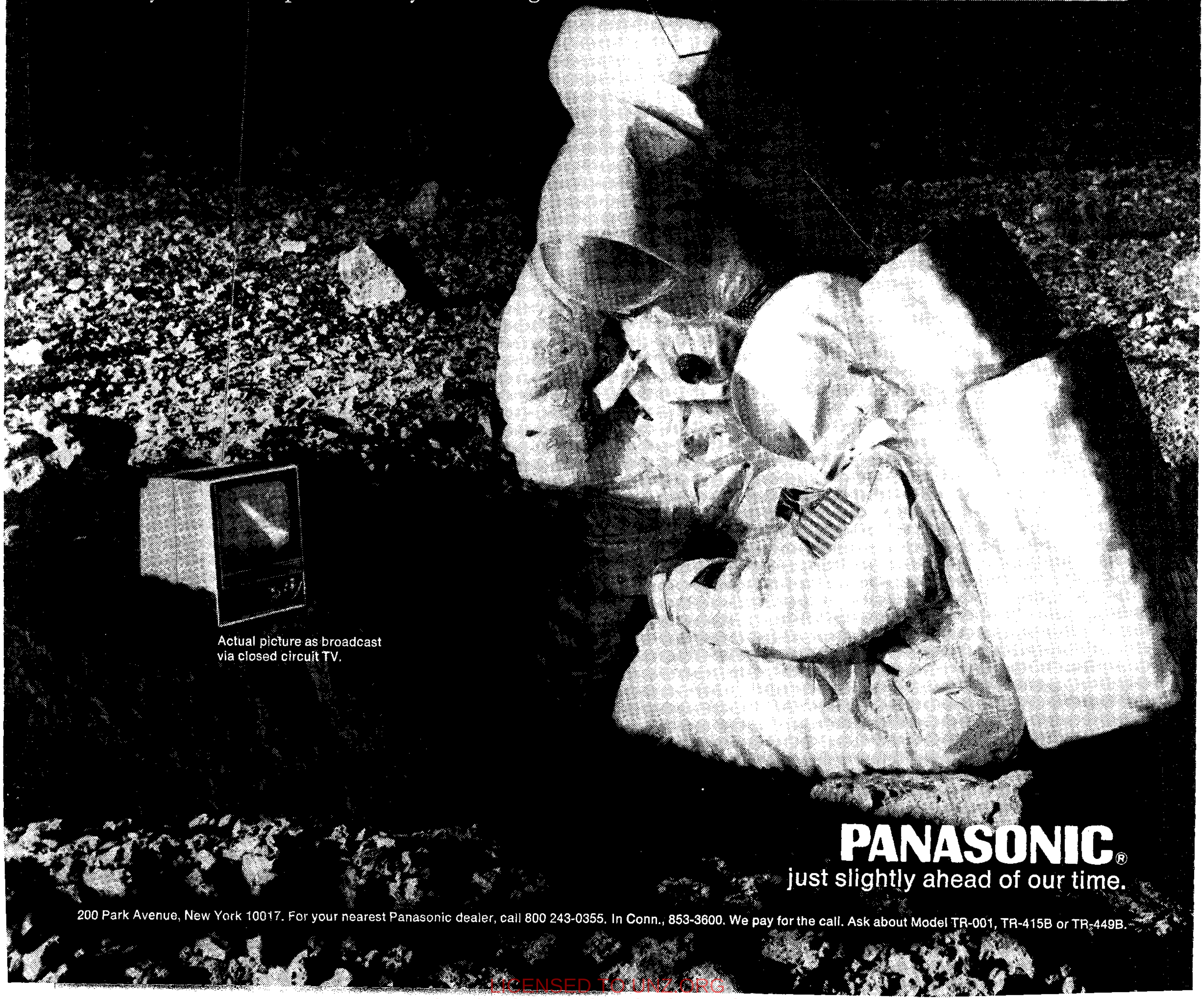
Now you can watch the Russians coming even if you're 250,000 miles from home.

Our new portable TVs never let you miss a great event. Even when there's no place to plug them in.

Because we made them as portable as portable radios. So they could play even on the moon. We did it by inventing a special pair of powerful batteries. Not a bulky battery pack, but batteries small enough to work right inside the sets. You don't pay extra for them. In fact, you get something extra. Almost twice as much battery life as the separate battery packs other portables have to use. What's more, our batteries are protected from overdraining and overcharging by special circuitry built into each of our Solid-State sets. Like the Panasonic "Stonybrook," Model TR-449B being watched by our spacemen. And the slightly smaller "Oakridge," Model TR-415B. (All sets also run on house current.)

See this new kind of TV at any dealer we permit to carry the Panasonic line. Including the "Wrist Watch." A portable TV small enough to fit right into the palm of your hand. You'll find you don't have to be 250,000 miles from home to enjoy them.





Actual picture as broadcast via closed circuit TV.

PANASONIC®
just slightly ahead of our time.

200 Park Avenue, New York 10017. For your nearest Panasonic dealer, call 800 243-0355. In Conn., 853-3600. We pay for the call. Ask about Model TR-001, TR-415B or TR-449B.

Soft Link-up . . . criss crossed chain pattern on slithery nylon jersey. This "must have" in navy with taupe, white and green, 8 to 16. 46.00. Sports Dresses, third floor, Fifth Avenue, at 34th Street, and branches.

B Altman & Co

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AT three-twenty last Thursday afternoon, we opened our lower left-hand desk drawer and extracted from it a bulging manila folder marked "Don't Forget." Actually, it should have been marked "Try to Forget," for it contains (*used to* contain) only reminders of obligations unmet and affairs unsettled—scraps of irresolute business collected from the endless paper chase of life. Within the folder lay: five pieces of correspondence with the Telephone Company regarding a mysterious long-distance call to Utah last May; two unanswered letters from a spinster aunt in Sarasota; a pencilled and indecipherably signed note that was tucked under our windshield wiper by the person who bashed in the left taillight of our parked car in July; an advertisement for a series of Baroque-music concerts we meant to subscribe to; the announcement of the birth of a niece's child, to whom we still owe a gift; an expired European driver's license; six unanswered invitations to publishers' cocktail parties; a fund-raising letter from a junior college; four expired-subscription notices; the address of a West Side veterinarian; much, much more. In a matter of minutes, we ripped every one of these incriminating documents and the folder in half, threw open our office window, and flung them to the autumn air, where they took joyful wing, instantly mingling with six startled pigeons and a million other papers already in fluttering descent toward the roof of the Princeton Club. Then, also afloat, we hung out the window, listening to the exultant cry of horns from the street and smiling and waving at the celebrants in all the usually faceless windows that surround us. We must have been wearing that same smile later in the day, for a man we met at dinner that night took offense at it. Politely but firmly, he called us boyish; admirably, he proclaimed his uninvolvement; responsibly, he suggested the glumness of our times and the obduracy of our problems; sensibly, he pointed out the commercial and parochial source of our happiness. Wait, he said, for a better occasion for joy. He was right, of course (he *must* have been right), so we tried to put away the smile, but we couldn't help feeling sorry for him. We can't help feeling that he may have to wait too long—that none of us may see the shift of this cold running tide of concern, and that while we wait for it our business folders may grow too thick to rip and we may grow too grave to smile. A small joy, a sudden foolish dance at the windows, is still permitted, isn't it? Yes. Yay, Mets!

THAT night, as on the preceding night, when we came out of our office building, which is a block from Bryant Park, the streets were white with paper. On Wednesday, the evening of the Vietnam Moratorium, the pavements were covered with ticket stubs, candle holders, leaflets reading "Work for Peace!"—traces of the perhaps fifty thousand New Yorkers who, like us, had made for the area around the park earlier that day to hear Mayor Lindsay and others call for an end to the war. But as the peace leaflets swirled past us in the night wind, what we found ourself remembering was not the speeches but the voices of eight or ten people—a cluster of long-haired college men, two suburban-looking ladies in their forties, one old gentleman in an American Legion cap—whom we had encountered afterward on the steps of the Public Library. They had been reading aloud the names of the nearly two thousand men from New York State who had died in Vietnam—a ritual repeated in many places throughout the city that day. The listeners near the Library lions had looked tense and puzzled. They seemed to be struggling, as we were, to put faces to the names of young men they had never seen. After we had listened for a while, we began to notice that every tenth name or so ended in "Junior." Though you still could not quite imagine the lost faces, you knew how it must have been the day such a boy was born—the joy over the arrival of what was probably a first son (perhaps long waited for), the backslapping, the phone calls, the proud mother and father filled with splendid, amorphous plans for the newcomer which were never meant to end with his name being read on a street corner by strangers.

When we left for home the following night, the paper on the streets was nearly ankle-deep, flung from windows high and low (including our own) in the wild citywide rejoicing over the incredible triumph of the Mets. Antic streamers of ticker tape hung from office buildings and from the frail trees on Fifth Avenue. It had been a marvellous day. In the distance, from the direction of Times Square, we could still hear rhythmic shouts of "Mets! Mets! Mets!" But as we paused in front of the Library, we still heard from behind us those hoarse voices ("William Richard Turner, Jr. . . . Martiniano Valentin, Jr. . . . Harry L. Van Alst, Jr.") telling over the names of those who, if things had been better managed, might well have been among the shouters and the jubilant litterers—might have been on hand to celebrate the glorious victory.

Moratorium

AT seven-forty-five on the morning of the Vietnam Moratorium, Mayor Lindsay and Mrs. Lindsay entered St. James' Episcopal Church, at

Seventy-first Street and Madison Avenue, where a Communion service was just beginning. Outside, it was the snappiest and clearest morning of the season. The early sun beamed directly down the cross streets of the city, lighting both sides of them with a pink brilliance, but the avenues were still in dark shadow. Inside the church, Mayor Lindsay slipped quickly into a back pew as a priest was reading from Matthew. The interior was dark and richly decorated. About fifty people were present, and, when the time came, the Mayor and his wife went up to the altar and knelt with the others to receive the bread and wine. Near the end of the service, the congregation read aloud the hymn called "Old Hundred Twenty-Fourth," which has the verse:

> Earth might be fair, and all men glad and wise.
> Age after age, their tragic empires rise,
> Built while they dream, and in that dreaming weep:
> Would man but wake from out his haunted sleep,
> Earth might be fair, and all men glad and wise.

When the service was over, Mayor Lindsay and his wife walked out with the rest of the congregation, stopping at the entrance to shake hands with the rector, Dr. John B. Coburn. Rush hour had begun, and a crowd made up of newsmen and of children on their way to school was waiting for him. Television lights bathed the Mayor's face in a green glow, and the newsmen rushed forward with cameras clicking and microphones outstretched.

At eight-thirty, in Trinity Church, at the end of Wall Street, an all-day service began. It began with a reading, in five-minute stints, by prominent Wall Streeters, of the names of the United States servicemen killed in Vietnam. The first reader was William J. vanden Heuvel, a downtown lawyer, a former candidate for Congress, and one of the heads of the October 15th Moratorium Committee for Wall Street. Mr. vanden Heuvel, looking serious and wearing a black tie, mounted the pulpit, said that this was a day of conscience, and began reading names. Some of the first he read were Almanzo, Alpieri, Alvarez, Andersen, Anderson, and Andrews. There were about thirty-five people, most of them very young, in the pews, and perhaps twice that number standing in back. After Mr. vanden Heuvel had finished, the reading was taken up, at the lectern across the nave from the pulpit, by Michael Burke, the president of the New York Yankees—a Lincolnesque man, who read softly and thoughtfully, as if to himself. He was followed, from the pulpit again, by Clarence Jones, an earnest-looking young Negro investment counsellor. After Mr. Jones, there was a break, in the form of a prayer by a Trinity clergyman, who said, "May our young still rejoice to serve our people with valor . . . but may we find more effective ways to give our lives for our country." Then the reading of names was resumed, by John Westergaard, an investment adviser. It was after nine now, the pews were half full, and the back of the church was jammed.

Toward noon, when the church was still about half full—the young, decked out with their usual field marks, still made up most of the congregation—and Roswell L. Gilpatric, a leading Wall Street lawyer and a former Deputy Secretary of Defense, was reading names, a huge, raucous crowd had gathered at Broad and Wall. A Walk for Peace from there to Trinity was to start at twelve-thirty. In front of the Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, someone was holding up a placard reading "Pace College Supports the Moratorium." Nearby, another placard read "The College of Insurance for Peace." A Moratorium Committee member was shouting over a loudspeaker "Anyone wanting to participate in the walk please get in line along Broad Street!" but hardly anyone paid any attention. A bald middle-aged man in the crowd was vigorously exhorting the young people around him to greater fervor, and soon he had them rhythmically chanting "Peace Now!" and making the two-finger V sign for peace. Presently, Mr. vanden Heuvel appeared on the pedestal of the Washington statue in front of the Subtreasury Building. "At twelve-thirty sharp, we will go to Trinity," he said.

Suddenly, a file of a couple of dozen members of a construction-industry union, wearing hard hats and waving pro-Administration placards and an American flag, shouldered their way into the crowd.

Mr. vanden Heuvel shouted from the pedestal, "That is this country's flag and we honor it! We're going to end this war, no matter what you say!"

"Peace Now!" the crowd roared.

No one taunted or booed the construction workers, and they, equally punctilious, melted quietly into the crowd and became part of it, still waving their flag and their placards. "*Please* line up for the walk," the committeeman pleaded. The crowd had become enormous—a solid mass extending from building line to building line on Wall, south on Broad and north on Nassau, and all the way from the Subtreasury to Trinity. Probably there has never been a larger crowd on Wall Street.

MORATORIUM DAY was the first time that Bella Rosenberg, nineteen years old, had ever participated in a peace demonstration. At 9:30 A.M., she and fifteen hundred other students were standing in the quadrangle of Queens College. The low, buff-colored buildings surrounding the quad lent it a faintly Californian air, but the weather was so brisk that many of the students shifted from foot to foot against the cold as they listened to the speeches. Jimmy Breslin was the featured orator. He had brought along Jim Bouton, the former Yankee pitcher, and Bella and the other students were delighted. "Can you imagine what the Pentagon would be doing right now if they thought they had the support of the people?" Mr. Bouton asked rhetorically. "It's people like all of you here who are responsible for the fact that we're in Paris in the first place. Most of the country is coming to realize what you students knew instinctively all along. Now, today, is the time to go out and talk to your friends and parents, who are maybe kind of ashamed of how they supported the war, and show them that they can help to bring it to an end."

A table had been set up in each corner of the quad—one table for Jamaica, one for Long Island City, one for Flushing, and one for Forest Hills-Rego Park—and the students pressed toward them for instructions and supplies. Bella and a group of her friends—Amy and Janie Stiefel, Alan Crane, Stacey Mizl, Helaine Liebowitz, and Steve Ziperstein, whose friends call him Zip—picked up black armbands, petitions, and leaflets at the Forest Hills table and then headed for a nearby parking lot.

By eleven o'clock, they were on the sidewalk of 108th Street, where many residents of Forest Hills do their shopping. The girls passed out leaflets, and the boys asked one passerby after another, "Would you like to sign a petition asking for an end to the Vietnam war?" About half the people signed without hesitation, and many of the rest said they had signed one earlier. A few offered arguments. "You're playing into the hands of the enemy," a tiny lady with a large shopping bag said. "I'll tell you one thing: None of that S.D.S. will ever get *my* support." Alan looked at Zip with an expression of mock exasperation.

The lady with the bag was an exception. Most of the shoppers on 108th Street returned the smiles of Bella and her friends. "I've been against war for fifty years," an old man in a baggy suit said as he signed a petition. He pulled a worn piece of metal from his pocket. "My dog tag from the first war. I was an aviator."

A young woman in a crisp tan suit said, "I have a brother in Vietnam, so this means something to me."

A man chewing a cigar and wearing a cardigan over a T-shirt tapped Bella on the shoulder. "May I have one of those leaflets?" he asked. "I really want to read about this Moratorium thing. I mean that."

Late in the afternoon, the group retired for sandwiches to the Rosenbergs' apartment. (Like most Queens College students, Bella still lives with her parents.) As they ate, Zip looked up from the pile of petitions. "We got four hundred and two signatures," he said. "Not a bad day's work."

"I can't get over how friendly people were," said Bella. "Especially the old people—they were fantastic. This isn't the Forest Hills I know. It's funny. You live in a place all your life and never do anything, and then you do something like this and you suddenly see it in a new way. Maybe I like it here better than I thought I did."

AT 11:20 A.M., Mayor Lindsay, standing on a platform erected for the occasion south of the Washington Square Arch and facing a large crowd of serious people, made his first speech of the day. His face was pale, his expression tense, his figure, as usual, extremely upright. He wore a navy-blue suit with white pinstripes, a light-blue shirt, and a dark-blue necktie. His first words were:

> "We learn from history," a cynic once said, "that men learn nothing from history." We are here today because we have learned from history. We have learned that the war in Vietnam has divided two nations. We have learned that it has brought us neither a sense of victory nor a sense of pride. We have learned that the American people are brave enough, strong enough to change a mistaken course. And we have learned that the time has at long last come for this war to stop. . . .

At 12:18 P.M., Mayor Lindsay walked from his office to the top of the steps of City Hall, which was draped in black-and-purple bunting. In the street below stood another large crowd, mostly people who were as conservatively dressed as the Mayor. As the Mayor spoke, he was applauded, conservatively. There were some boos and jeers. A few young men held up hand-lettered signs decrying the Moratorium. One sign read "Moratorium Day Is for Commies and Pigs." The Mayor waited for the hecklers to become quiet. They continued heckling. Without raising his voice, the Mayor read a proclamation into a battery of microphones:

> The face of the war in Vietnam is haunting New York City.
>
> Our children have fought and killed and died in it.
>
> Our families have grieved for it.
>
> Our people have searched their consciences, seeking meaning and purpose in bloody conflict—finding confusion, doubt, sorrow, and torment. . . .
>
> Now, therefore, I, John V. Lindsay, proclaim October 15th as a Day of Observance in New York City. . . .

At 12:32 P.M., the Mayor made the peace sign with both hands. Then he turned and walked quickly in at the front entrance of City Hall, through the lobby, and out at the back entrance, and got into a black car. Pat Vecchio, a thin, dark young man, who is a police sergeant, sat in the front seat with the driver. Sid Davidoff, a heavyset and heavily sideburned young man, who is a Mayoral assistant on leave to work as a deputy campaign manager, and who was wearing a light-gray suit with white pinstripes and with a double row of white buttons, got into the back seat with the Mayor. The car crossed the Brooklyn Bridge on its way to Brooklyn's Borough Hall. The Mayor took some notes from his coat pocket and studied them.

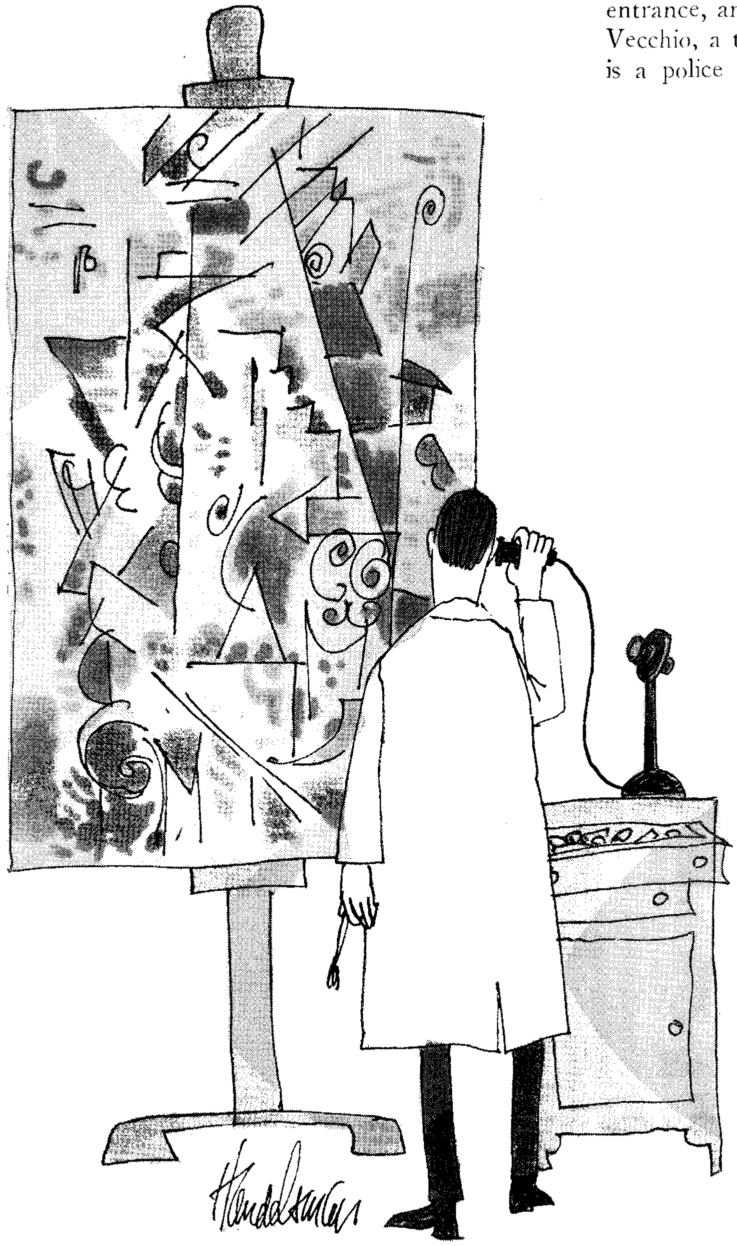
Vecchio half turned to speak to Davidoff. "The Mayor's supposed to eat a sandwich," he said, pointing to a green paper bag on the floor near the Mayor's feet.

"What is there?" Davidoff asked, picking up the bag and looking inside.

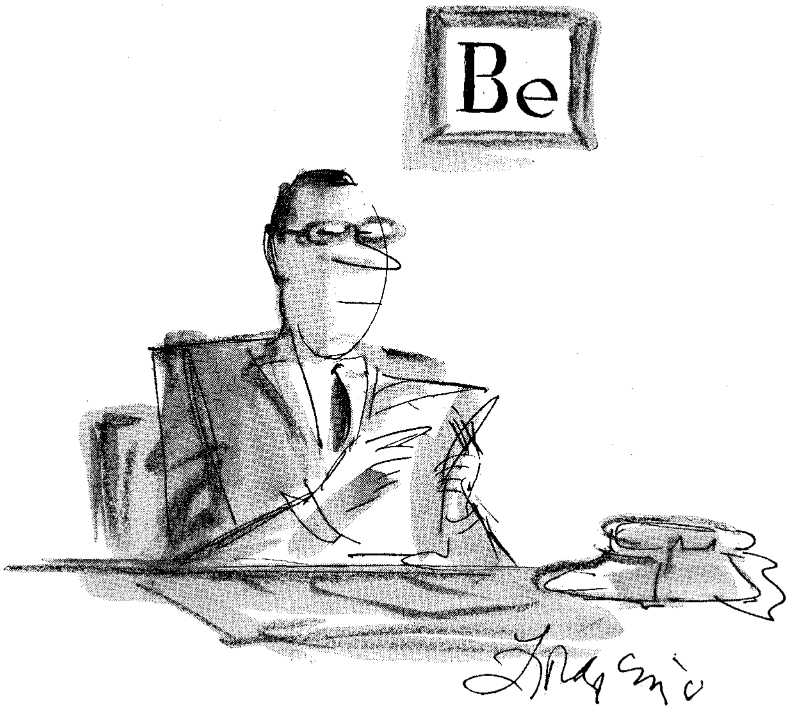
"Ham and Swiss, cream cheese and lox, peanut butter and bacon—everything," Vecchio said.

"I'll have something later," the Mayor said, putting his notes back in his pocket.

"All set with the



"Hello, Braque? Picasso here. Cubism is out."



speech, Mr. Mayor?" Davidoff asked.

"I finished the last draft at seven this morning," the Mayor said. "It's all right now."

"What's with the schools?" Davidoff asked.

"All quiet," the Mayor said. "The reports started coming in at six-forty-five this morning. I checked all morning on the schools, and on the police, with the Urban Action Task Force. Everything's quiet."

At 12:45 P.M., Mayor Lindsay got out of his car about a block away from Borough Hall and walked toward a crowd of about five thousand people, mostly young men and women, every second one of whom, it seemed, was wearing ancient-looking blue jeans and a homemade-looking black armband, and a lot of whom were carrying books. As the Mayor made his way through the crowd, the young people turned to look at him as seriously as he looked at them. Hardly anyone smiled. Even the applause sounded serious. A speaker was saying over a public-address system ". . . an end to loss of life." There was some subdued chanting of "We want Lindsay!" The Mayor was introduced quietly, and he was applauded quietly. Not far from where he stood was a casket draped with a red flag. The Mayor started speaking, very slowly: " 'We learn from history,' a cynic once said, 'that men learn nothing from history.' We are here today because we have learned from history. . . ."

At 1:08 P.M., Mayor Lindsay got into his car again and headed back to Manhattan through the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel.

"Give me half a sandwich, Pat—O.K.?" the Mayor said.

Vecchio reached back into the green paper bag without looking into it, and handed the Mayor a sandwich wrapped in paper.

The Mayor unwrapped the sandwich without looking at it, and took a bite.

"Some milk?" Vecchio asked.

The Mayor nodded. Vecchio reached into the bag again, took out a half-pint container, and passed it to the Mayor.

"Big turnouts at the rallies," Davidoff said. "Amazing. Very moving."

"Washington Square was colossal," the Mayor said.

"They like what you're saying," Davidoff said.

The Mayor opened the cardboard spout of the milk container and poured some milk into his mouth. "The first speech I made about getting out of the war in Vietnam was in April, 1965, shortly after we started bombing," he said. "I'll never forget it. It was at Oakland University, in Michigan. I went there for an honorary degree and made the speech. It startled everybody. Then I never stopped."

A voice came over the car's two-way radio to City Hall: "Red Room to MO One."

Vecchio picked up a microphone and replied, "MO One to Red Room."

The radio voice said, "The president of the Board of Education has reported that everything seems to be O.K. in the schools."

"Good," the Mayor said, and he poured some more milk into his mouth.

At 1:20 P.M., the Mayor's car pulled up at Seventh Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street, where a crowd of hundreds had gathered near the Fur, Machine, and Leather Workers Union headquarters. On the speaker's platform, a man said over the public-address system, "I see Mayor Lindsay, and I welcome him here."

The Mayor got out of the car and made his way slowly through the crowd toward the speaker's platform. A number of people—elderly, round-shouldered, tired—reached out to shake the Mayor's hand. Others applauded, looking very serious.

"Nice going, Mayor," one elderly man said. "Lots of luck, Mayor."

"Thank you," said the Mayor. "Thank you. . . . Thank you very much."

At 1:35 P.M., the Mayor's car started up Broadway toward Columbia University, so that he could make his speech there.

"Everything is on schedule," Davidoff said. "No rush."

"Apple turnover?" Vecchio asked the Mayor, offering him another paper-wrapped item from the paper bag.

"O.K., thanks," the Mayor said. He unwrapped it, looked at it for a moment, and took a small bite.

"Kind of a quiet in the city, Mr. Mayor," Davidoff said. "Everybody seems to feel what's going on. I've never seen anything like it."

The Mayor took another small bite of the turnover. "I'll tell you something comparable," the Mayor said. "We had the same feeling of quiet when Martin Luther King was killed. And there was the same feeling with the deaths of both John Kennedy and Bob Kennedy."

At 2:05 P.M., Mayor Lindsay stepped out on the speaker's stand in front of Low Memorial Library. The sky was clear and blue. The sunshine was brilliant. The grass, where it could be seen—there were many thousands of young men and women standing and sitting in the plaza facing Low Library—was still green, and it had the smell of being freshly cut. A stocky black man at the microphone, who wore a white-and-blue paper overseas-type cap bearing the words "Local 1199," which indicated that he belonged to Local 1199 of the Drug and Hospital Union, was saying forcefully, "We must say in no uncertain terms to our public servants today that our troops must be brought home and brought home *now!* Let our politicians know." The Mayor looked across the plaza to Butler Library. The inscribed names seemed more sharply etched than ever: "HOMER HERODOTUS SOPHOCLES PLATO ARISTOTLE DEMOSTHENES CICERO VERGIL." The windows of Dodge Hall and Kent Hall—red brick buildings on either side of Low Library—were wide open, and every window had several students sitting on the ledge silently watching the platform. President Cordier rose and said he was glad to introduce Mayor Lindsay, who was greeted with an ovation and a little heckling.

AT Columbia, the Moratorium had begun that morning with another reading of the names of the men killed in the war. At the beginning of the memorial service that followed, a sizable knot of young men and women, most of them dressed informally and nearly all of them wearing black armbands, seated themselves on the ground around the speaker's stand. They formed the nucleus of the throng that later greeted Mayor Lindsay.

Following the Mayor at the microphone was a young man identified only as a Socialist spokesman. He made a strident attack on the Mayor and "the pigs," which drew more heckling than Mr. Lindsay had drawn.

Then Jimmy Breslin arrived, and delivered a gentle address that dampened the earlier partisan political tone. Breslin said that to him the Moratorium was "a very depressing, gloomy, moody wake for a lot of kids that got killed in a place called Vietnam."

Another writer who spoke was David Halberstam, the winner in 1964 of a Pulitzer Prize for reporting in Vietnam, who recalled that "seven years ago, at the briefings in Vietnam, American military spokesmen were saying they could see the light at the end of the tunnel." A new generation of Americans, who oppose the war, "has given us a new definition of patriotism," he concluded. "Perhaps our leadership can now give us a new definition of courage and tell the truth to us as a nation—that this war was a tragic mistake."

The final speaker was the Reverend Mr. Andrew Young, the executive vice-president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and by the time he reached the microphone—to receive a standing ovation—it was well past the time when the Columbia students should have begun their planned march downtown to join the rally scheduled for four-thirty in Bryant Park. "I have been here since the beginning. I know what has been said, and I think you can remain standing," Mr. Young said. "Unless you see this as the beginning of a ten- to twenty-year struggle, you're wasting your time. Let's not make this a one-shot deal, let's make this a total commitment to make this nation worth living in." Mr. Young concluded his address—the shortest of the afternoon—at four-ten, with the words "As Dr. King would say, 'Let's walk together, children. There is a great camp meeting waiting in the promised land.' " A few minutes later, the Columbia participants lined up outside the campus gates to march downtown. They filled the west side of Broadway from 116th Street to Cathedral Parkway.

AT the New York State Theatre, a young cellist named John Goberman had organized the New York City Opera Orchestra string players into a continuous chamber-music vigil to last from twelve noon to twelve midnight. Shortly before noon, four musicians—two violinists, a violist, and Mr. Goberman, with his cello—assembled on the low balcony at one end of the marble-paved theatre lobby, tuned their instruments, and smiled at each other nervously. To the left of the group stood an American flag (provided by the management); to the right was a bridge table piled high with chamber-music scores borrowed from the New York Public Library. Hanging over the edge of the balcony were two large hand-lettered signs, reading "New York City Opera Orchestra" and "Vietnam Moratorium."

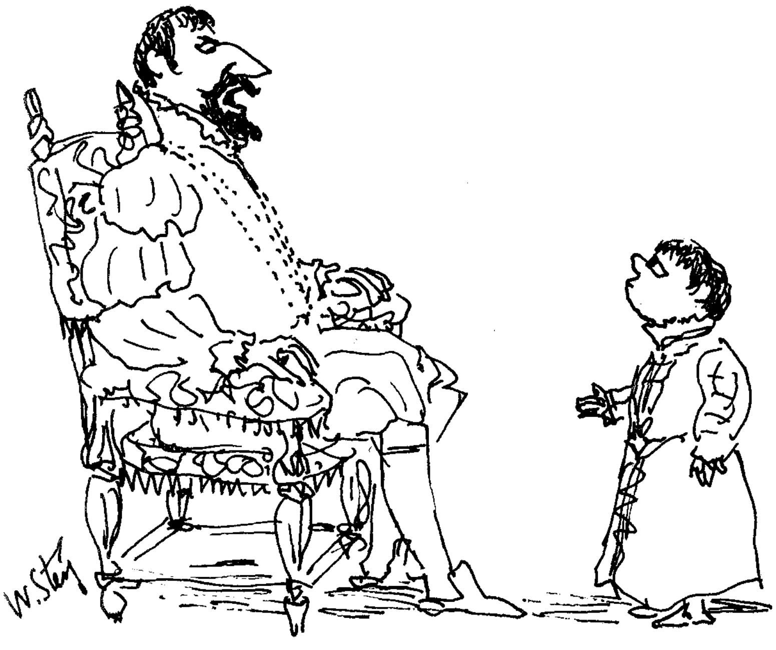
"Have you played this before?" asked the first violinist, turning to page 1 of a Mozart quartet.

"Not for years and years," the second violinist replied.

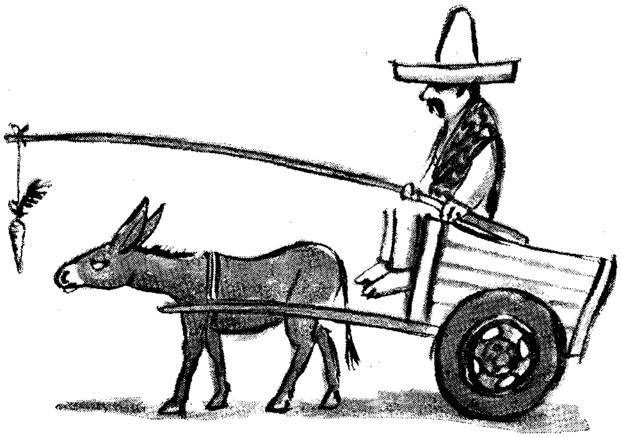
"If you've been wondering about the acoustics in *this* hall," said Mr. Goberman, a cheerful young man with a drooping turn-of-the-century mustache, "this is your chance to find out what they're like." He propped his cello against a chair, produced a list of musicians, and informed the two violinists that they would be replaced at a quarter to one, so they could play the afternoon opera rehearsal.

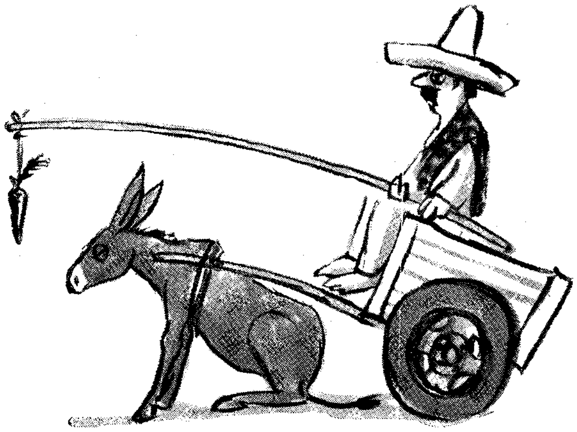
As the crisp, clear notes of Mozart cut through the noisy lobby, several middle-aged women who were standing in line at the box office drifted over to find out what was going on. "Is this a well-known group?" asked a tall, gray-haired woman in a green tweed suit.

"They are our musicians," replied Norman Singer, the City Center's general administrator, who was standing on the steps wearing a large "Peace" button. "They're left over from two demonstrations ago." Mr. Singer waved toward the outer doors, where a petite brunette—the wife of one of the City Opera musicians—was distributing handbills that explained the orchestra's position. "We're proud to have helped them out by printing that statement," Mr. Singer told the woman. "Take one." The handbill was clear and to the point. It said, in part, "We musicians are absolutely opposed to any continuation of United States involvement in Vietnam. This music is our way of giving voice to our horror and outrage that the war has continued virtually unabated for so long. We hope you will join with us in making clear to the political establishment that the will of the American people



"I gave you a ducat this morning."





is that this tragic war be ended immediately. . . ."

"I don't think musicians should get involved in this sort of thing," said the woman in the tweed suit.

ON the Mall in Central Park, at one o'clock, a rally of thousands of high-school students got under way. The students were seated on benches and on the ground around the concrete shell associated, in drowsier days, with aldermanic music from the Goldman Band. Today, it was offering a performance by an ardent rock group from the High School of Music and Art. The audience of young people was a densely packed half circle, with a thick outer fringe of standees, against a backdrop of orange- and red-flecked foliage brilliant in the clear sunlight. There was enough blue denim in sight to create an effect almost of haze among the students. The rally was the result of two weeks of strenuous effort by high-school students to organize a demonstration of their own. The idea for the rally had originated with Don Reeves, president of the student organization at Music and Art, and he had called in a number of other student leaders to help him. They had gone to the Moratorium headquarters, explained to the people there what they wanted to do, and asked the people to provide them with speakers. They expected to have eight or ten speakers, including Jimmy Breslin, Jim Bouton, and Adam Walinsky, and all the entertainment in between the speeches was to be by students from Music and Art and from the High School of Performing Arts.

A group onstage began singing "John Brown's Body," and the audience joined in.

A television cameraman, followed by a trainbearer carrying sound equipment, stepped in front of the stage apron, aimed his camera, and muttered, "I'll shoot right into the sun." He panned over the crowd, and antiwar signs bobbed above the heads like ripples flowing across the area traversed by his viewfinder. Simultaneously, hands shot up and fingers spread to make a small forest of V's.

A different group onstage began to sing "We Shall Overcome," and the whole audience rose and joined in enthusiastically.

Jim Bouton spoke, and then Breslin, who was greeted as a hero. His speech ended with the words "You've got forty thousand dead—remember them while you walk the streets. God bless you," and there were loud cheers. A group from Performing Arts sang the canon "Dona Nobis Pacem," and, following that, the audience, clapping out the rhythm, joined still another group in singing "All We Are Saying Is Give Peace a Chance." In the midst of the singing, Lorna Tomlinson, a black girl wearing a white blouse and jeans, who goes to James Monroe High School, in the Bronx, said to her friends, "Man, this is *beautiful*. I think it's beautiful because people should stop the war in Vietnam. I had a cousin who died there last year. We should stop—"

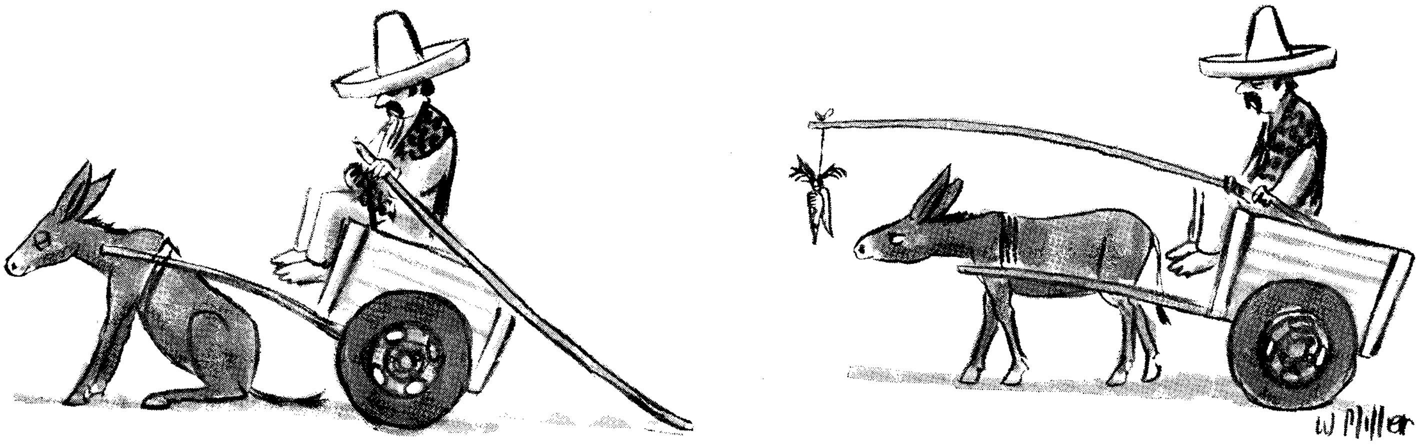
Another black girl interrupted Lorna to say, "The only way is for us to be together. Everybody's so *friendly* out here. White and black together. We have more power that way. We have to fight for peace for both sides. What about these *Vietnamese*? *They're* being killed, too. We have to stop *war*."

A third black girl added, "I feel that the boys should be brought home. It may seem *elementary*, but what *are* they doing over there?"

A GOOD part of the Moratorium activity was taking place "in the streets," to use a phrase favored by the Moratorium's critics, but at one-thirty in the afternoon another part of it began high above the streets—in an office on the twenty-eighth floor of a building on Pearl Street, where about twenty lawyers from a large, long-established law firm sat down at a long conference table to discuss the war with about a dozen law students and a professor of law. This was one of perhaps fifteen meetings taking place in large New York law firms in observance of the Moratorium. At this particular meeting, all the lawyers were wearing suits, of course, and they sat at the table with their chins in their hands, or with their arms folded, or in other grave postures characteristic of lawyers at a conference. The students, more surprisingly, were similarly attired, except for a few flashes of color in shirts or ties, but their hair was generally longer and more straggly. Most were second- or third-year law students who would soon be joining large New York law firms. About half the people present were wearing Moratorium buttons.

The meeting began with a talk by the professor. He said that he was completely opposed to the war, but not because he sympathized with the Communists and their fellow-travellers or because he was a pacifist. He had supported both the Second World War and the Korean war, he said. He deplored the tendency of some conservatives to condemn liberals by lumping them with Communists and pacifists. The reason he opposed the war was that it was "a completely losing proposition"—not worth the loss of any more American lives. He then described America's failures in Vietnam since 1965, and wound up with a description of the unfortunate effect the war had had on youth at home.

The professor asked whether anyone else would like to say anything, and after a minute a tall, light-skinned Negro student from N.Y.U., who had a huge, bushy Afro and a confident smile, spoke up in a high voice. He, too, gave his reasons for opposing the war. He said that economic aid was a better weapon than war in the fight against



Communism. He concluded, "To summarize, there are two principal reasons I am in opposition to the war: one, the unpopular character of the government in South Vietnam, and, two, the cost factor."

Another silence followed. It was broken eventually by a young lawyer who had helped organize the meeting. "This is supposed to be a dialogue," he said.

Another young lawyer, who pressed his chin down onto his collar as he talked, and who spoke from the back of his throat, said, "I think we're just saying that we want peace, and we're skirting the issue of how to accomplish it. How do we terminate the thing? If we just leave, isn't this a form of coercion on the South Vietnamese government? If you say you want peace, this is only five per cent of the pie, in my view, and you've got the rest of the pie to hack away at."

"I would compare it to a business venture," the professor said. "I don't know precisely *how* we are to get out, but I do know that if you own a business that is failing, and you know that it is going to keep on failing, you *liquidate* the damn thing."

"Yes, but the corporate analysis breaks down at a point," the lawyer replied. "By law, there is a cutoff point in your losses in case of bankruptcy, and this doesn't apply in Vietnam."

"Yes, but since there's no hope of winning, we'll lose just as much later as now, so we might as well cut our losses now," said the professor.

A young lawyer wearing a wide brilliant-yellow-and-blue tie, who had once worked for the firm and was now involved in the Moratorium activities, said he wanted to discuss what lawyers could do to help the cause of peace, and he went on, "We tend to think too much within the confines of our Western legal minds, but this problem has gone beyond that. The public is ready to work outside this system. I think that we have some ideas here for some action."

"But that presupposes that there is a consensus here," said a lawyer.

A discussion followed on the question of how much agreement existed within the group. One lawyer said that in order to decide whether there was any agreement on the question of how to get out they would first have to decide whether the United States had been justified in going in. Then there was a discussion of whether it was necessary to decide this first. One lawyer brought up a number of points that seemed to throw doubt on whether any agreement at all could be found, whereupon the lawyer with the yellow-and-blue tie cried out, "Well, it must mean *something* that we're all meeting here like this! It's never happened before!"

AT 4 P.M., almost unnoticed amid the early rush of commuters heading for Scarsdale, White Plains, Pelham, Tarrytown, Larchmont, Rye, Danbury, New Canaan, and other sanctuaries north and east, an advance party of what would eventually number about two hundred seminarians began assembling in the concourse of Grand Central Terminal to hold what one of them emphasized would be a memorial service, not a protest meeting. The young ministers—some recently ordained, some still students—were from Union Theological Seminary and from the Woodstock Jesuit College, which is now based in Maryland but shares facilities with Union in New York. They occupied a square area, marked off by police barricades, to the east of the passenger-information booth and the Investment Information Center of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith and surrounded by large, bright advertisements for Miller High Life, Kodak, Astroflash, and Westclox. While they were waiting for their colleagues to arrive, and for a crowd to gather, some of them held up signs reading "Peace I Leave with You, My Peace I Give Unto You," some handed out leaflets and song sheets to passing commuters, and a few—huddling together like a neighborhood ensemble on Christmas morning—began singing:

"One man's hands can't bring an
end to war,
But if two and two and fifty make a
million,
We'll see that day come round."

The square filled slowly, men seeming to outnumber women by about three to one. Several commuters, hastening by, changed direction briefly, stuck their heads over the barricades to find out what was happening, and hastened on again. One young lady tugged at a male companion's sleeve and said, "Oh, my God, forget it! What a bunch of nonsense! Come on." Several other commuters stopped and listened for a little while before resuming their journey. One of these, a middle-aged man wearing a brown felt hat with a green-and-red feather pluming out of the side, walked away smiling, and commented to no one in particular, "They're singing. That's good. As long as they don't get rough." But several stayed.

By four-thirty, the little square was packed, and the Reverend Mr. Sidney Skirvin, an assistant professor of practical theology at Union—a bespectacled young man with a solemn face and an equally solemn voice—got up on a small platform and began to speak. "As citizens in a free society, we know that, while some are guilty, all are responsible for the continuation of the war and its consequences," he said. "As members of the religious community, we do not consider ourselves more righteous or less responsible than others. On the contrary, because of our failure to speak and act against this destruction of our fellow-men, we stand more defenseless than most under the judgment of God. We are here today to mourn the dead, to pray for peace, and to dedicate ourselves to the cause of brotherhood. . . . We witness to our faith and our convictions in public to enable as many people as possible to share in this act of repentance and remembrance."

AT 4:30 P.M., approximately two thousand doctors, nurses, medical students, nursing students, and employees from Columbia-Presbyterian, Mount Sinai, and Flower Fifth Avenue Hospitals had reached the southwest corner of Central Park in the course of a march that would take them around the western edge of Columbus Circle, down Broadway to Forty-second Street, and east to Bryant Park. Nearly every one of the two thousand was wearing white. The doctors were in long white coats and the students in short white jackets; the nurses looked crisp and competent in starched white uniforms and caps. Most of the marchers who were not in white wore blue-and-white caps bearing their union local's number, "1199." The marshals, who were identifiable by red armbands, started the marchers down Broadway in columns of six. A short, fat, red-headed boy of about fourteen ran up and down the line of march shouting "What do you want?" "Peace!" roared the crowd. "When do you want it?" shouted the boy. "Now!" cried the crowd, waving signs in the air. The marchers streamed south on Broadway. One of the marchers was a young man wheeling a frankfurter truck, which bore a sign saying "Bring the Troops Back Home." Another marcher was a boy on crutches, proceeding at a remarkably fast pace. At five-twenty, when the parade turned east on Forty-second Street, a student nurse from Mount Sinai tried to present a handbill to a soldier who was wearing a green beret. He declined it, with a grin, but gave her the peace sign in return. The nurse stopped dead in her tracks. "He did it," she said incredulously. "A Green Beret gave me the peace salute." The soldier waved and disappeared in the crowd.

AT about the same time, Moratorium marchers from all over the city were converging on Bryant Park, which lies almost precisely in the middle of Manhattan, for the main rally of the day. By late afternoon, tens of thousands of men, women, and children had squeezed themselves, their banners, and their black Moratorium balloons into it and had settled down on its grass or in its ivy for the rest of the afternoon. The sun was still bright, and most of the people seemed to be having the kind of happy time that comes from being together on a fine fall afternoon with a sense of community and shared purpose. Some of the more agile young men and young women had surrendered their bits of squatting-ground to people they referred to kindly as "the old cats" and had climbed into the trees around the park walls. Young girls were standing in the bushes and gently admonishing businessmen not to step on the helpless ivy. And students, soldiers on leave, housewives, and hippies were shaking hands and talking to each other. ("I really love your hair, man, but would you mind bending just a bit so I can see?" a bald man asked a boy with a luxuriant mop of light-blond hair who was sitting on the grass in front of him.) There were black armbands everywhere, and black flags, to symbolize the day of mourning, but a mood of hope, and even of celebration, seemed to prevail. A bespectacled student perched on the Fortieth Street wall called to a friend that the scene reminded him of the Yeats poem "Lapis Lazuli," about the courage and the wisdom of gaiety. His friend was standing on the sidewalk outside the park, along with thousands of other marchers who had come too late to get in.

Inside the park, Shirley MacLaine and Tony Randall, who were going to introduce the speakers and the entertainers, welcomed everybody to the rally from a small platform that had been set up at the top of the steps leading to the grass. They were surrounded by a crowd of reporters, photographers, and television cameramen, and, despite a jumble of microphones on the platform, only a few thousand people near the steps could hear them. The rest of the demonstrators clapped and occasionally called out "Louder!" but no one really seemed to mind the fact that he was missing something. A rabbi and a Jesuit priest joined Miss MacLaine and Mr. Randall on the platform, and each of them read an invocation. Afterward, the priest called for a minute of silent prayer, and in the course of it a young Vietnam veteran pushed his way up the steps, took one of the microphones, and said, "I believe in what Mr. Nixon is doing. He's not doing anything to hurt the country." There were some boos, and a few people near the platform shouted "Let him speak!" but most of the people in the park prayed.

Judy Collins came onto the platform next and sang a song. Rod McKuen made a little speech. Peter and Mary, from the folk group Peter, Paul & Mary, followed McKuen with a song titled "The Times, They Are A-Changin'."

After that, the first real speaker of the rally, a young student organizer named Joanna Misnik, came up to the microphones. Miss Misnik, who had long brown hair and a scrubbed, brainy-looking face, made a speech that ended, "We're going to keep it up. We're going to stay in the streets until every last G.I. is brought home."

Finally, Mr. Randall came to the microphone, and introduced Helen Hayes, Woody Allen, Ben Gazzara, Lauren Bacall, and a number of other "stars for peace," who took bows.

"What's with all this show business?" a Black Panther on the platform shouted as he was bumped and jostled by a mob of photographers zeroing in on the celebrities. "I'm getting out of here! I'm going home!"

"Cool it," a wire-service photographer said, patting the Panther's arm. "Don't you know it takes a lot of this stuff to get the middle classes civilized?"

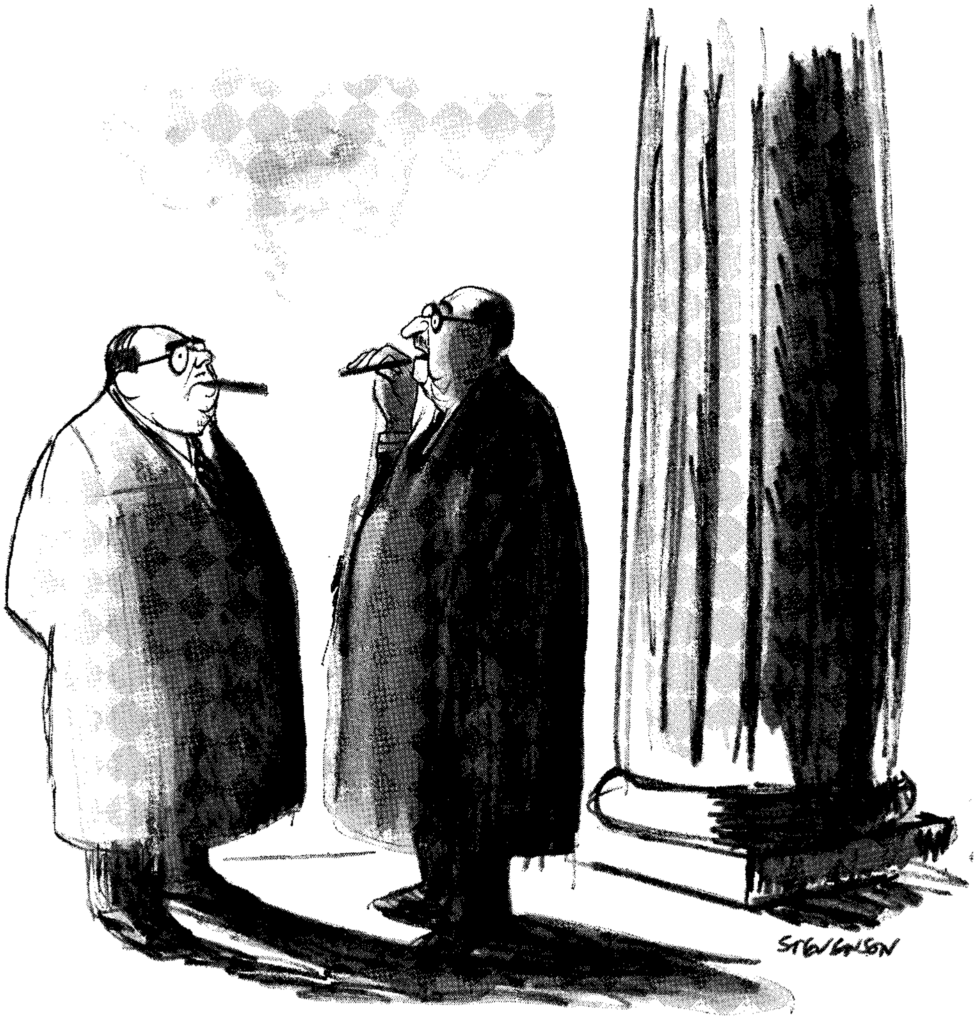
The speakers kept on coming. Senator Eugene J. McCarthy made a speech, during which a group of local Krishna worshippers in saffron robes chanted "*Hare Krishna*" and danced their way around the fountain at the other end of the park. Senator McCarthy said, "Our effort in the Congress and I think what may come of these Moratorium rallies around the land is to indicate to the President that he can quite freely make decent judgments about the war." At the end of his speech, Senator McCarthy made the peace sign, endorsed Mayor Lindsay for reëlection, and told the crowd, "Carry on."

The Reverend Dr. William Sloane Coffin, Jr., spoke next, followed by Senator Jacob K. Javits, who warned the demonstrators not to be misled by their own numbers and solidarity. "If you want a factual report, here it is," the Senator told them. "Thirty-five senators have just supported a resolution that seeks to commit us to Nixon's policy. *That* is the other point of view, and the people behind it are strong. So it's really up to all of you to make yourselves heard, to bring your impact to bear."

Mayor Lindsay got up to speak after Javits was through. There were shouts of "We want Lindsay!" It was his seventh speech of the day. The Mayor said, "This dissent is the highest form of patriotism. And those who charge that this is unpatriotic do not know the history of their own country. . . . I will join with you to help save the country, to help save the lives of our men, and to turn our time away from death, back to the business of life, for that is true to the best within us—and that is what we must make real." He flashed a quick V to the crowd. The students cheered. The housewives and the businessmen and the hippies cheered. Even the cameramen put down their gear and cheered.

Senator Charles E. Goodell spoke, saying, "We want a peace that will bring peace with pride and honor—the pride and honor that come when a country recognizes that it has made a mistake, and gets out of that mistake."

Shortly after six, the cast of the musical "Hair" came up on to the platform to end the rally with a song. Then people began to leave the park to march up Fifth Avenue for a candlelight vigil. The sun was setting, and lights were going on in all the tall gray buildings that surround the park. Pretzel venders had rolled their wagons into the park, knowing that most of the demonstrators would have no time for dinner that night, and a lone Frenchman with a ukulele was wandering about shouting, "*Vive la France! Vive la paix! Vive l'amour!*"



"My entire portfolio is predicated on the assumption that I won't be elevated to a higher bench."

• •

THE last big event of the day in Manhattan was the candlelight vigil and ecumenical service in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral, which began at about eight o'clock. Thousands upon thousands of people jammed the front steps of the cathedral, filled Fifth Avenue for several blocks, and spilled over into the side streets and into the Mall at Rockefeller Center. Most of the thousands, seated and standing, held flickering candles. A small, insistent breeze was blowing—not enough to sail a ship but enough to make its presence felt, and certainly enough to blow out a candle. People struggled to keep their candles going—cupping them with their hands, coddling them. The candles guttered, and dripped onto Fifth Avenue. The giant bronze doors of the cathedral were flooded with white light from searchlights on a truck parked on the west side of the Avenue. A small group huddled around microphones in front of the doors to conduct the ceremonies. Some of them held peace signs. Those in charge called for songs, and the huge crowd sang "We Shall Overcome," swaying back and forth, and holding their free hands up high in the V. Suddenly, the doors of the cathedral swung open. "We have no idea why those doors opened," a man at the microphone said. "But we will not quarrel with their opening. It may be a sign of something." Then there was some gentle rock from a shadowy combo in front of the open doors. "Peace Now!" cried the crowd. "Peace, Peace, Peace Now!" "Give Peace a Chance," sang the crowd.

A young man shinnied up a lamppost in front of the cathedral and planted a blue peace flag at a jaunty angle directly in front of the doors. A great cheer went up. "Peace, Peace, Peace Now!" cried the crowd. The people were pleased with this young man: his impulse had been peaceful, his approach direct, and his performance superb. Modestly, he shinnied down the lamppost.

A middle-aged man at the microphone called for "America the Beautiful." "For purple mountain majesties . . . From sea to shining sea!" sang the crowd.

An intense young man in gray took over the microphone. "It's not enough to talk peace!" he cried. "You must *think* peace! You must *feel* peace, in your heads—up here in your heads. You must *feel* what war is like, you must try and *understand* what war is like."

The doors of the cathedral closed as suddenly as they had opened.

Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish clergymen read softly and briefly from the Bible.

"Where have all the flowers gone . . . Long time passing," sang the crowd.

"I ask you to let us have absolute silence for a minute," said a man at the microphone. "Absolute silence. Please turn off the searchlights."

The searchlights were immediately turned off. There was only the yellow candlelight now, and silence, in front of the cathedral. There was total silence, with thousands of hands held steadily up in the V sign. When the minute of silence was over, a cry of "Peace, Peace, Peace Now!" rose from the crowd. People who looked down at their feet saw that Fifth Avenue was covered with a thin white layer of wax.

GREEN GRASS, BLUE SKY, WHITE HOUSE

As I sit here, Floyd's mother mows the lawn. The whine of the mower can be heard above the noise of her grandchildren at their horseplay. If I close my eyes the sounds are like those we see in comic strips, WHAM! BAM! POWIE! rising in balloons, or exploding like firecrackers. All in fun, of course. They are healthy, growing animals and have to work off their energies somehow. Why not with the mower? Mrs. Collins likes to mow her own lawn. Any day but Sunday, either Franklin DeSpain, or Lyle, or even Melanie, would pop up from somewhere and do it for her, but Reuben DeSpain insists that his children keep the Sabbath holy. The Lord rested, and so do the DeSpains.

A farm girl to begin with, Mrs. Collins likes to get her hands on a machine that works and work it. The blades spin free when she nears a tree and uses short, choppy strokes. The whine of the mower makes its way around the house, and on the long run at the back it is almost gone. It stops when twigs from the elms catch between the blades. I can tell she likes to work around the tree trunks where the short, hard strokes set the blades to whirring. That's a sound from my boyhood. The whirring blades of a mower pushed by somebody else. I would wait for the thump as it hit the house at the end of its run. People in this country once might have been divided into those who knew that sound and those who didn't; those who liked it and those it made almost sick. All summer long, freshly cut lawn grass weighted the cuffs of my father's pants.

One of Franklin DeSpain's boys walks by with a skateboard he carries around looking for sidewalks. Not all the streets in Ordway have them. The lawns slope down to bleed into the weeds, and the weeds into the crumbling blacktop. Most of the walks in town are of brick heaved into waves and troughs by tree roots. The only walking people do is from the door at the back of the house to the car parked in the drive.

The town of Ordway, in Missouri, is one where no line is drawn between what is rural and what is urban. A cow is tethered in the lot facing the square, where the sidewalk bristles with parking meters. I've seen no pigs, but the older residents, like Floyd's mother, keep a goat, or a cow, or a few fenced chickens. Everything is here to make the good life possible. Mrs. Collins at one point gave up the chickens but Mr. Collins missed their cackling. The silence disturbed his rest in the morning. If she forgets to collect the eggs, they soon have an old hen with a fresh batch of chicks. Almost an acre of lawn surrounds the house, and there is sometimes snow in the yard till Easter, the first spears of spring grass pale as winter wheat. At the back it's hard to tell where the lawn ends and the fields begin.

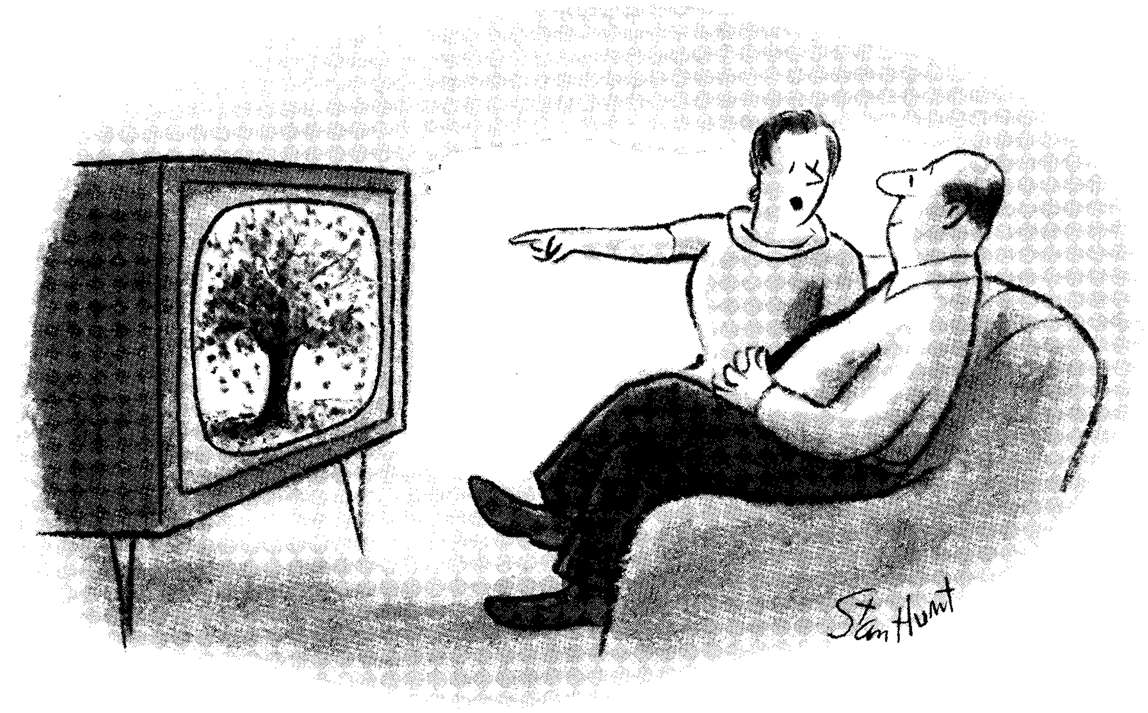
"Somehow I always thought Howard Hughes was an older man."

One thing I have learned is that small-town people have a pallor you can seldom find in the city. If they roll up a sleeve, or tuck up a pants leg, the bit of skin that shows is white as a flour sack. Mrs. Collins wears a pair of Floyd's unlaced tennis sneakers on her bare feet. His sweaters also fit her. Her overalls, however, once belonged to Mr. Collins, and the seat and knees are patched with pieces of quilting. That makes for more comfort when she kneels to weed, and less dampness when she sits to cut greens. A faded gingham sunbonnet sits back on her head to let the sun warm her face.

In the fall the yard is so bright with leaves Mrs. Collins tells me it's almost painful to look at. They have to pull the shades at the windows to sleep at night. Both a fact of that sort or a death in the family Mrs. Collins reports with an appealing smile. If my eyes are on her face I often miss the gist of what she is saying. Her expression remains the same: a beaming smile, an affable, open good nature. If I hear her laughing, it is usually at herself. This can be disconcerting when it signals something is wrong. She laughed, her daughter tells me, when she fell and broke her hip. Of Scotch descent, with a long Quaker family background, Mrs. Collins believes "the slings and arrows of misfortunes," as she says, are as much to be experienced as anything else. Nothing has diminished her appetite for life.

The Collins house is *substantial*, as my father would have said, with a run-around porch that is tilted like a ship's deck, the spacious lawn shaded by sycamores and elms. There's a cleared spot at the back, hard as blacktop, where the trash and the leaves are burned. The two-board gap in the fence indicates a shortcut that connects the Collins house with the one across the alley. Her daughter Ruth lives there, but Ruth's three teen-age boys spend most of their time in the Collins kitchen, or roughhousing at the back of the yard. A trough is worn into the yard where a tire swings from the limb of an elm.

The Collins kitchen is big, and uncluttered with modern conveniences. Mrs. Collins makes my toast under the flame in the oven, then scrapes the



"Look, it's __*autumn*__ *already!"*

• •

char off at the sink. She does not believe in anything, as she says, "that you have to plug in." The crackle of her long hair, worn in a loose bun at her neck, is her daily assurance that her health is in order and her battery is charged. In the house she wears a simple grey frock with touches of faded lace at the wrists and throat. I've no idea if she knows how much it does for her corn-yellow hair. She prefers to stand, rather than sit, her hip inclined on the stove rail, or the sink, with one of her brown freckled hands holding a loose wad of her apron, cupped like a bird. She tests heat and flavor with her finger, spits on the skillet before making hotcakes. Into the first pot of percolator coffee she puts a pinch of salt and one fresh eggshell, preferably white. I'm told that the house swarmed with cats until her daughter Ruth married and took most of them with her. Mrs. Collins says, "I don't mind having pets, but I don't like the pets having people," meaning Mr. Collins and his old dog Ruby, now dead three years. Every day in his life, which proved to be a long one, Ruby would walk Mr. Collins to the railroad crossing, look up and down in both directions, then lead him across if it was safe. When Mr. Collins stopped making the walk, Ruby went under the house porch and refused to come out. It was the end of the run for both Ruby and the St. Louis & Troy.

Although it is fifteen years since a train entered Ordway, Mr. Collins still wears the striped overalls preferred by trainmen, and one of the high-crowned, long-billed brakeman's hats. This he leaves on his head until Mrs. Collins says, "Papa, your cap." All members of the family speak of him as Papa, but not often to his face. His skin is smooth, as if dampened and then stretched on his skull. The abundance of his hair gives the impression that his head is not fully developed, or with time has shrunk. His pale blue eyes have a focus just beyond the object of his attention. Before speaking he nervously fingers the bill of his cap. The two subjects Mr. Collins never loses sight of are Norman Thomas and the old dog Ruby. A picture of Ruby, a gourd-shaped little terrier with his head almost swallowed by his thickening neck, is among the family portraits on the sewing machine. More recent snapshots, featuring the grandchildren, Waldo, Luther, and Clarence, are on the piano. Waldo and Luther take after their father, a huge, affable man in the road-construction business. The younger boy, Clarence, is small-boned like his mother, but almost six feet tall. He has grown too fast, and his movements are those of a boy on stilts. The boys like to roughhouse and can usually be heard clopping up and down the stairs of the Collins house, chased by Clarence, or mawling like dogs at the back of the yard. Waldo has picked up such lingo as "Sock it to me!" supplemented with cries of "Wham! Bam! Powie!" The trouble starts when Clarence, wearing one of Melanie's aprons, helps her wash and dry the dishes.

It is a point of pride with Mrs. Collins that she has no keys; the house is never locked. Back in the Depression, when they took in roomers, the keys disappeared in the pockets of strangers, and Mrs. Collins has never troubled to replace them. Mr. Collins pads through my room, while I sleep, because it has always been his way to the bathroom. If he took another route, strange to his habits, he might easily stumble or bump into something. To close a door so that it clicks is to imply that you have something to hide. It has been years since the bathroom door actually latched shut. If it is closed, the draft nudges it open. During the night the light provides a beacon, and the drip in the tub is like the tick of a clock. Unless the bathroom door stands open wide, it is safe to assume there is someone behind it. Most members of the family make a characteristic sound when steps approach. Mrs. Collins hums, Melanie turns on a faucet in the bowl and lets it run. Mr. Collins, however, is absolutely silent. He sits dreaming on the stool, his brown hands on his white knees, his gaze on the leaf-clogged gutters of the porch visible from the bathroom window. An intruder need not disturb him. The boys shower while he sits there. Privacy can be had by going up one floor and using the small water closet, but the flush of the water when the chain is pulled seems designed to clean out miles of plumbing, and burps in all the sinks.

If this were not Sunday, or if the grass had been mowed, Mrs. Collins would be seated in the porch rocker. It is of wood, the rungs turned by hand, the cane seat so new it resembles plastic. Layers of green and brown paint are visible where Mrs. Collins grips the chair arms. She takes a strong grip when she rocks, as if she feared the chair might take off. The spreading legs are reinforced with baling wire still fuzzy with the hair of the Collins cats. They used to retire there to get away from Ruby, and one of the toms had his tail amputated. Never again did he set foot on the Collins porch.

At one time as many as eight or ten

THE FREE

So far from the murders
the ruts begin to bleed
but no one hears
our voices
above the sound of the reddening feet
they leave us the empty roads
they leave us
for companions for messengers
for signs
the autumn leaves
before the winter panes
we move among them
doubly invisible
like air touching the blind
and when we have gone they say we are with them forever
—W. S. Merwin

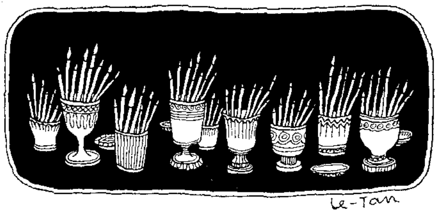
• •

children ran in and out of the house, and sagged the rails of the porches. The chain swing had to be taken down to keep them from wearing a hole in the clapboards. They *had* to rock it sideways, or swing it so high the whole house leaned one way, then the other. The hooks for the swing are still there in the ceiling, but who would swing if they put it back up? Not the new generation. The porch stoop used to sag with the DeSpain children, who were too polite to use the hammock. They were noisy, but they had breeding and refused to do a lick of work on Sunday. Mr. Collins would torment them by offering them money to run down and buy him his White Owl cigar. The other days of the week they had to offer to do it for nothing. For every biscuit that was eaten at the Collins table, two biscuits went out the door with Rosemary DeSpain, Reuben's wife, along with what she loosely defined as "leftovers." She in turn donated her coffee stamps during the war, when Mr. Collins began to suffer his withdrawal headaches. He was accustomed to eight strong cups a day, and that was what he got. Sunday being the day of rest, the DeSpains liked to spend it where they could watch other people work. Rosemary is gone now, but Mrs. Collins tells me she got up early to sit in the Collins kitchen, watching Ruth and Mrs. Collins prepare the Sunday meal. In case she ever had to do it, she wanted to be sure she knew how it was done.

Reuben DeSpain tells me that his wife was black and blue as a new stovepipe, but their children and grandchildren are best described as "golden oak." DeSpain claims that it comes from his French and Castilian ancestry. The boys have their father's light copper tan, but Melanie is so pale out-of-town people take her for an Italian, like Sophia Loren. She has Sophia's big, half-popped eyes and wide full mouth. Mrs. Collins likes to tell how Floyd would ask her why his own tan peeled and Melanie's didn't. Unless she smiles, or talks, her impassive expression appears to be sullen. Melanie is inclined to be accident-prone, and wears Band-Aids on her fingers and arms from stove burns. The burn soon heals, but the print of the adhesive leaves a visible pattern. Mrs. Collins says to her, "Melanie, that stove bite you again?" Melanie's chores are to cook, tidy up, make the beds, and hand-wash Floyd's dress shirts in case he dirties any. She leaves the ironing board standing, blocking the pantry, to show that a woman's work is never done. She smokes Camels as she works, dropping the ashes on the ironing and between the sheets.

"One day you're going to burn this house down," Mrs. Collins says, and both women laugh. Melanie leaves the butts resting on the ashtrays, the edges of the bureaus, windowsills, and cereal cartons, or they slow-burn holes in the oilcloth or char a hole in the plastic soap dishes, or burn down till they tilt off something and drop to the floor. When Melanie laughs she turns her back and you see the top of her head rather than the roof of her mouth. She takes shame in her dark laughter, and wipes it off her mouth before she turns to face me. Around the house, as a dust cap, she wears a shower hat in which she stores her matches and pack of Camels. Thinking up things to keep Melanie "busy" is one of Mrs. Collins' endless chores. While Melanie wanders around tidying up, Mrs. Collins prepares for her the well-balanced lunch she never gets at home. Left to herself Melanie will eat nothing but creamed canned corn and chipped beef in a white sauce. She loves diet cola spiked with a spoonful of chocolate syrup. The two women eat together, discussing samples of cloth Mrs. Collins receives from a store in Chicago. She has in mind a dress for herself and a new winter coat for Melanie.

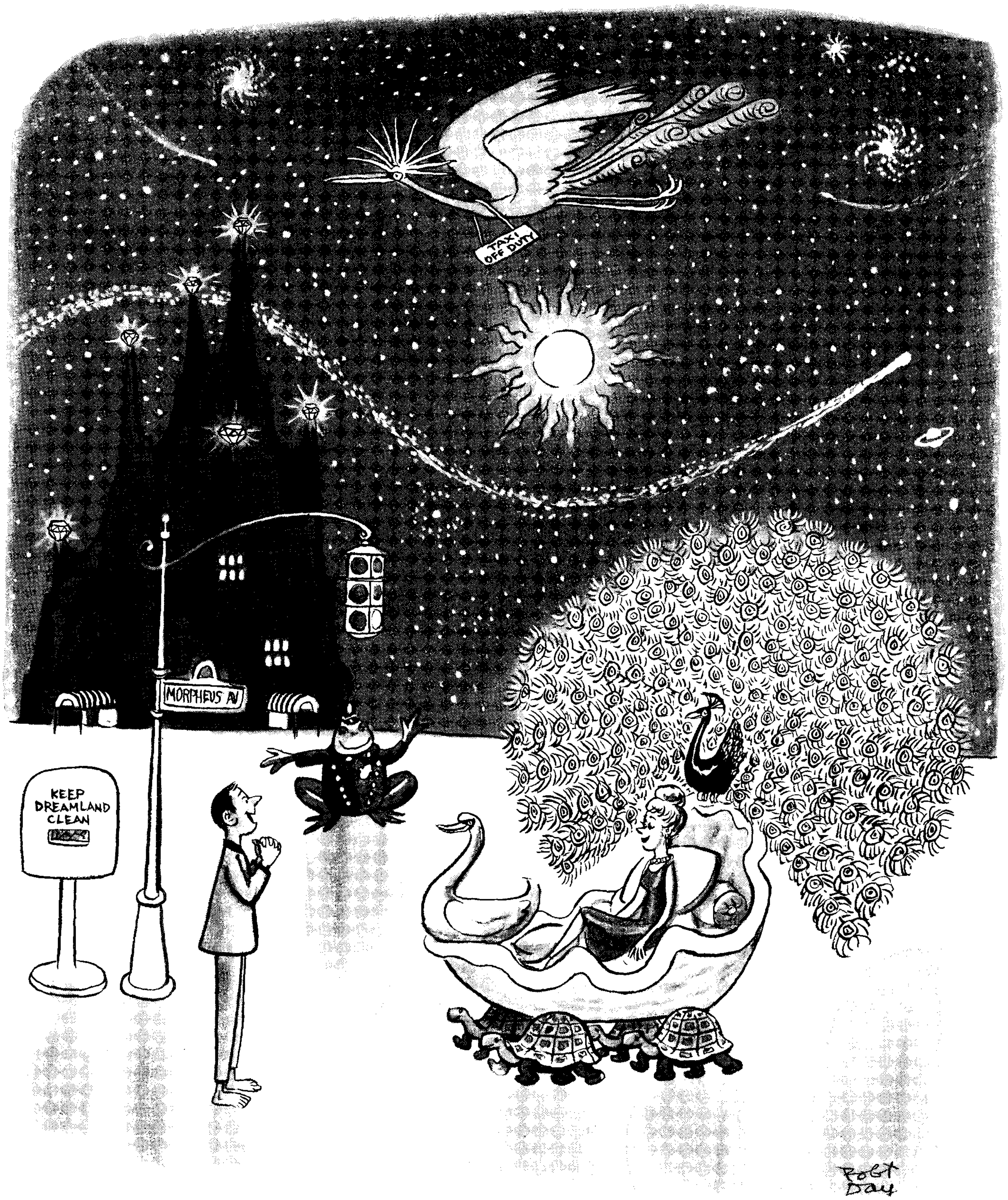
One of Floyd's chores, when he was at home, was to pick up Melanie in the morning and get her home to make her father's supper in the evening. On arriving, Melanie calls out, "Here I am, Mrs. Collins," and waits until she is told what to do. They both have a cup of coffee while they plan her day's work.



"What'll I do now?" is perhaps the one thing that Mrs. Collins hears the most. Finding work to do for Franklin, Lyle, and Melanie gets Mrs. Collins up early and often keeps her awake. "Before I ever make a move," Mrs. Collins tells me, "the first thing I think of is Franklin and Lyle." They don't like to be idle, but they like her to tell them what to do. Mrs. Collins has never gone to some of the places she would like to, because the DeSpains take so much looking after. Especially Reuben, who can't stand to be idle now his wife is dead. This being Sunday, however, he is willing to sit in front of the barn under a new painted sign that reads

REUBEN DESPAIN
I buy junk and sell antiques

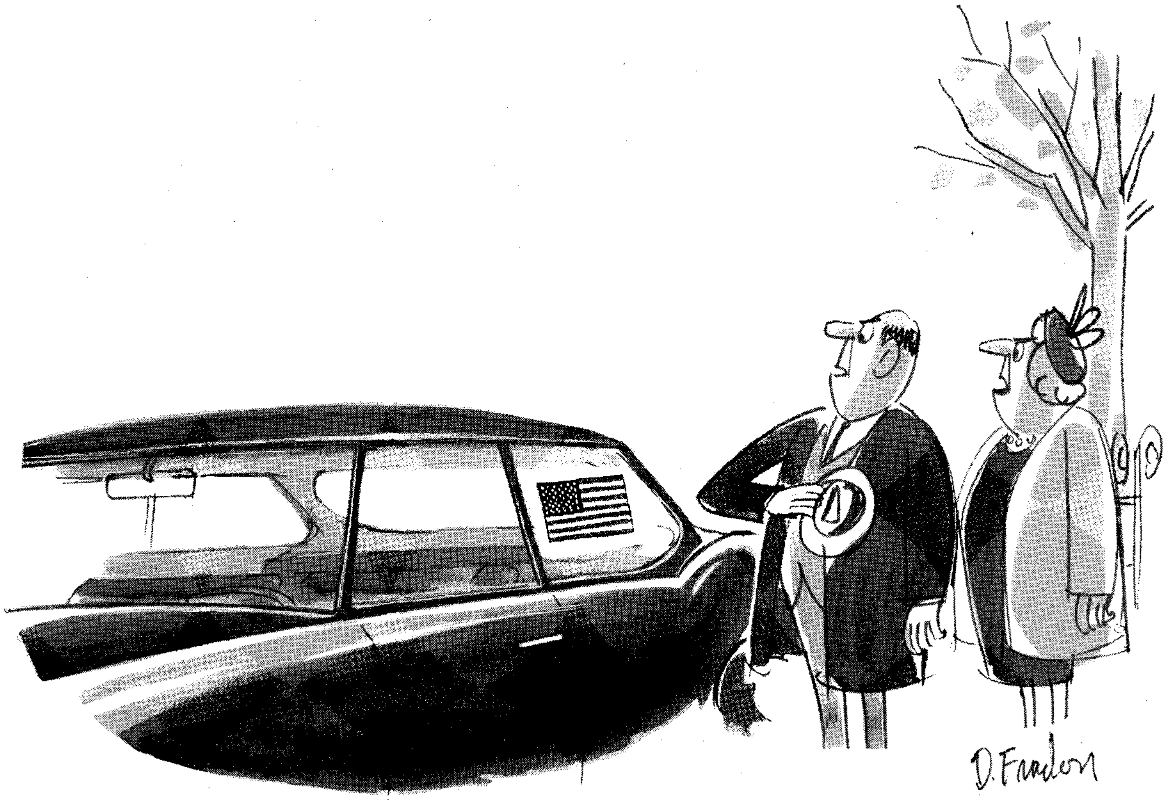
He doesn't buy junk, of course, he gets it all free, but one of his clients thought the remark would make a good sign. DeSpain came to Ordway in the early years of the Depression, when some of the whites, as well as the "coloreds," took their pay in milk and eggs and leftovers. His children wore the clothes the Collins children grew out of. He never complained. For twenty-five years he walked a horse and wagon—the horse wearing a bonnet to ward off sunstroke—up one street and down the other collecting whatever people had to throw away, or believed they had worn out. After the war it began to add up. The software, so called, Rosemary DeSpain cleaned up and sold once a year in the Methodist basement; the hardware Reuben DeSpain stowed away in the Collins barn. The government didn't want it, you couldn't eat it, or sell it, and it



"Oh, Marion, when I hoped I'd meet you in my dreams, little did I imagine you'd actually show up."

• •

wouldn't burn. To make room for such stuff one of the Collins cars had to sit out in the yard, splattered with bird droppings, or in the freezing winter weather over one of the grease pits in the Collins service station. The other car, a Model T Ford with a brass radiator and a California top, had become so old it belonged in the barn as part of the junk. It had never actually been *given* to Reuben DeSpain, but, as Floyd liked to say, it had been *ceded* to him. It had been *thought* to be junk, and if it was junk it belonged to DeSpain. A gentleman in Des Moines has an option on the car, and pays five dollars a month for DeSpain to store it for him. He doesn't seem to mind that the price of the car goes up and up. Two or three times a year a woman from St. Louis comes over in her station wagon for DeSpain's old bottles, beaded lampshades, wall and mantel clocks, oil lamps, and old records. A Philadelphia



"Listen, I love my country and I'm proud of the flag, but do we have to pledge allegiance every time we get into the car?"

• •

firm that makes stoves will buy anything good DeSpain lays a hand on, including the old Mayflower coke burner he warms his house with over the winter. It has a "sold" tag on it, but he is free to use it while he is still around. There's more people than DeSpain can keep track of to collect the buttons he snips off old clothes. Mrs. Collins has explained, and DeSpain has grasped, that as money gets cheaper his junk gets dearer. He lets it sit. DeSpain won't sell his records or his clocks to people who impress him as careless in such matters. Clocks run for him. Once off the premises they stop. There's an account at the bank for Reuben DeSpain and family that will pass on to his heirs if they can bother to be troubled. Money is something they don't understand, and have always left to Floyd. Besides Melanie, Franklin, and Lyle, there are Franklin's three children. In the mid-fifties Franklin, a year older than Lyle, took fifty dollars from the bank and went to Chicago, where he planned a new start. He left in June and was back in October. A few years later Lyle went to St. Louis, where he enrolled in a Peace Corps program. He learned to type, and returned with a machine on which he still owed thirty-eight dollars. Both boys were noncommittal, but according to Mrs. Collins they were shocked by people's behavior. They were also homesick, and tired of people who called light-colored boys black.

Finding work for them to do was a strain for Mrs. Collins until Floyd thought of installing a car wash at the back of the service station. Running the station is a family enterprise, and all members of the family contribute to it. When Floyd was at home, he ran it; and Ruth's husband runs it in the slack season for road work; and there is always Mrs. Collins, or one of Ruth's boys, to help at the pumps on a busy weekend. The car wash occupies space once used for parking, and does a good business with college boys from Mason City. Franklin and Lyle are good workers, but they seem to lack initiative. They work better when Mrs. Collins is around, and they like her to handle the accounts. Franklin's two oldest boys are very good with a wax job, but it doesn't help matters that one has the name *Floyd*. This seemed very touching when Franklin's son was born, but it led to nothing but complications. When someone hollered "Floyd," both Floyds answered. The result was that Floyd Collins would seldom answer when his name was called. He didn't mean to be rude, or insist on *Mr.* Collins, but what could he do?

From where I am seated I can't see but I can hear the hiss and spray of steam at the car wash, and the sound of the gong as a car pulls into the station. Until just recently Reuben DeSpain took care of such things as the tires, windshields, etc., but all that stooping and bending didn't help his back any, and his right arm, especially his "windshield elbow," seemed to get worse. All he had to do was pick up a rag and he would feel the twinge of pain. Mrs. Collins thought he'd better just sit and take it easy, before it got so he couldn't use his arm to eat with. There's nothing harder for Reuben to do than just sit, but that's now what he does. His platform rocker, covered with plum-colored velvet once popular on train seats, sits under a beach umbrella in the dappled shade at the front of the barn. The arms are too low, the back is too high, and the angle is all wrong for comfort, but DeSpain has never lost his taste for elegance. His ancestors, by published account, were influential pirates and patrons of the arts. He has the nose, forehead, and melancholy eyes of the clergy painted by El Greco. He also has the style. If DeSpain is asked if he has something or other, he will reply, "I shall endeavor to ascertain it," then go and look. For seven years he was one of the servants close to Governor Huey Long. He considers the Governor one of the country's great men. Five weeks following the assassination, DeSpain and his family, on their way to Chicago, were towed into Ordway by a Mason City milkman. The car had broken down. It proved to be an Essex, of a year and a model for which parts were no longer available. Mr. Collins let them camp in the railroad station, where they could use the lavatories and the drinking fountain, while Reuben DeSpain considered his next move. That proved to be into the barn behind the Collins house. In a few weeks' time Mrs. Collins hardly knew how she had ever got along without him. "Ma'am," he said, "all Reuben DeSpain aims to do is please."

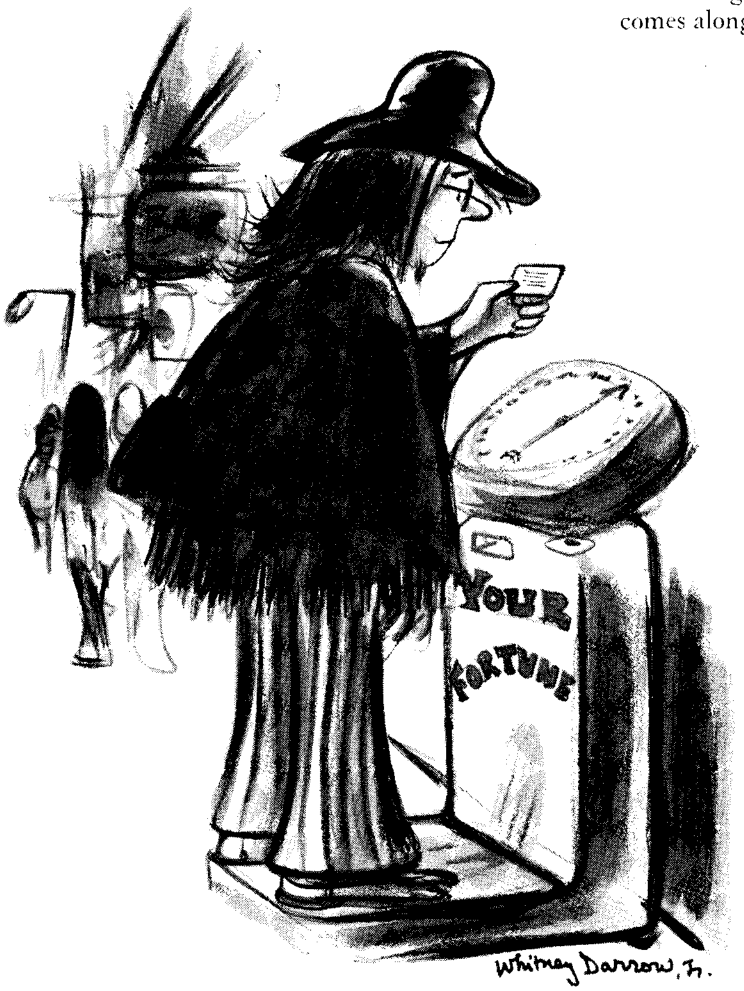
Some of the younger generation

think of DeSpain as a swami, thanks to his remarkable elegance of speech. He need say no more than "Consider the lilies—" to gather a group of teen-age loafers around him. On warm sultry days, between his neck and his collar he slips a clean white kerchief scented with insect repellent. He claims it keeps him free of pests while he naps. He wears a carpenter's apron with the big nail pockets full of unsorted parking-meter pennies. He gets them from the Ordway police department. Sorting them carefully by hand, he turns up the coins he sells to a collector in Independence. Real copper pennies are so close to DeSpain's color you feel they got it from the rubbing he gives them to bring out the dates.

On weekdays you can see Franklin or Lyle seated at the barn door tinkering with something that doesn't work. There is never an end. Just putting up the house screens and taking them down takes two or three weeks. Reuben DeSpain sits in his chair brushing off the rust with a whisk broom, his gesture that of a railroad porter dusting the lapels of Huey Long. In the winter he sits inside the barn and mends the holes. Mrs. Collins likes to feed her own chickens and collect the eggs (when there are any), but without Lyle around to milk her, the cow, Bessie, won't give her milk. In the spring the sheds need to be fumigated and the fourteen trees on the lot pruned and sprayed. In the dry spells everything has to be watered, which means dragging the hoses from faucet to faucet, the pressure sometimes getting so low it won't operate the sprinkler: Franklin's boys will have to water the tomato plants with the watering can. Both Franklin and Lyle dislike spray nozzles and prefer to stand, using their thumbs, soaking up the water with their shoes and pants legs. When a toilet bowl in the house is flushed, the pressure drops and the outside water goes off.

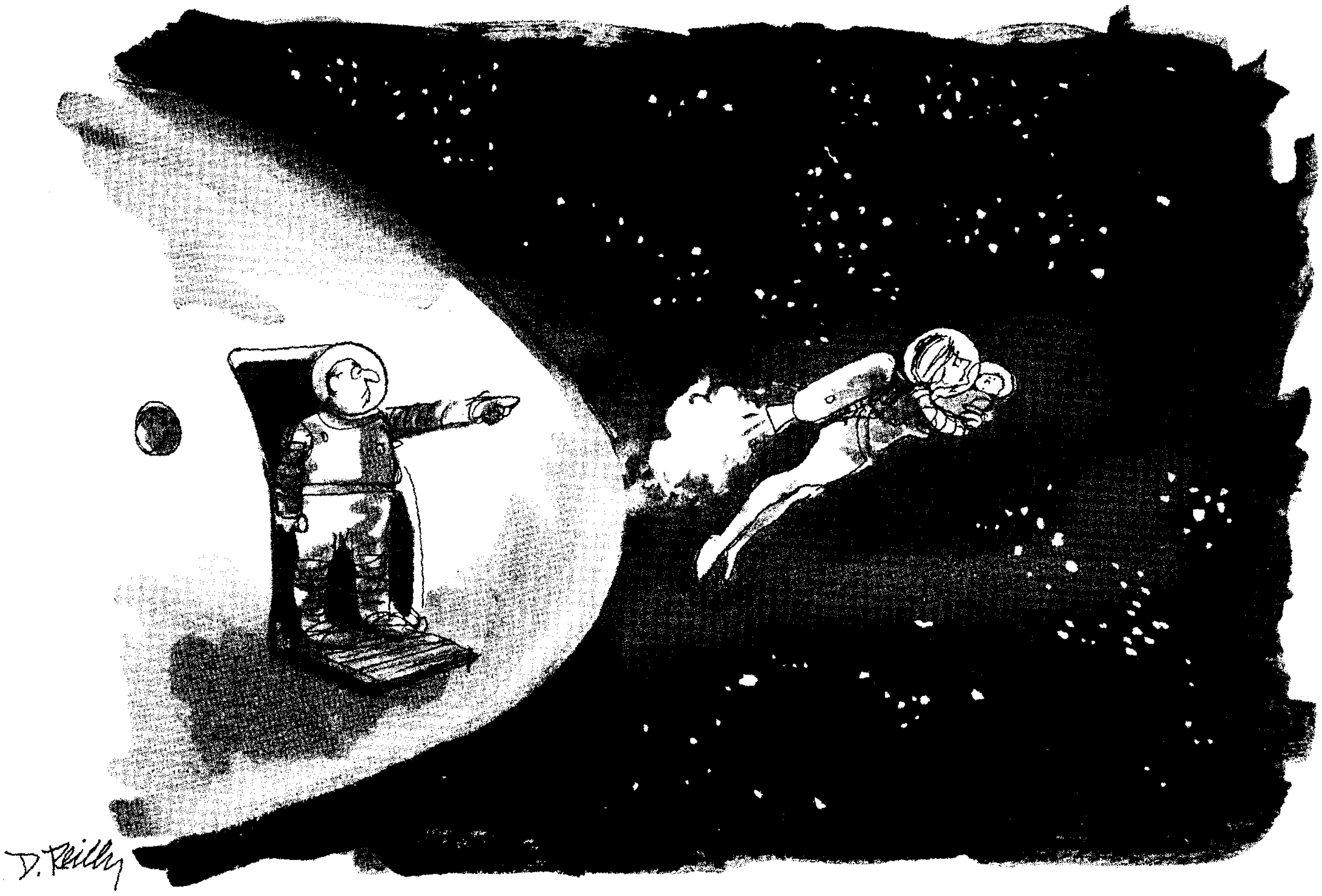
Inside the house the drains get clogged and water stands for days in the second-floor tub. Periodically roots close the lines to the cesspool although the nearest tree is forty-eight feet: what a root will do in its search for water defies belief. The lawn grass grows so thick right over the cesspool Mrs. Collins has to run at it with the mower, but she will not cut or use table greens from that part of the yard. Melanie has been warned not to do it, either, but somehow she forgets.

I've noticed the whole house shakes when the boys come clopping down the stairs. The pigeons kept by a neighbor, in a roost on his roof, go up on the sky like a cloud of smoke. There's always one that doesn't seem to get the swing of it, his wings flapping like a loose fan belt. Off where I can't see them, but I can hear them, Waldo and Luther are starting their horseplay. They go through the kitchen, slamming the screen, then clop around the house like cantering horses. Waldo is the one who strips the leaves off the lilac bushes as he makes the turns. These daily runs have not worn away the grass, but they have firmed it down so that it has a different color and texture, like the flattened wale of corduroy or the plush seat of a chair. Waldo is always first, a step or two ahead of Luther, and Clarence trails along like a caboose. If Luther stops suddenly, dropping to his knees, Clarence will stumble over him as if he were a bench. He never seems to learn. The green smear of grass will not wash off his elbows and bony knees. They all make about two hooting circles of the house, then Waldo heads for the clearing at the back. Where the tire swing dangles from the limb of an elm, he grasps the rope to keep from collapsing. He can't seem to stop laughing. Luther is so winded he trips on his own feet, and sprawls out on his face. He lies there giggling as if he were being tickled to death. Clarence comes along so many moments later he seems part of another scene. I first thought he had tired and run down, like a spring-wind toy. But he had merely paused to pick up a length of clothesline. He straddles Luther and flails at him with the rope—but it's too long. He can't bring it around with the proper snap. Waldo is so winded he can hardly breathe, but he hoarsely yells, "Sock it to 'im! Sock it to 'im!" Clarence tries to. The sound is that of someone beating a carpet with a small switch. Luther will not stop giggling, and Clarence cries, "I'm going to kill you! You hear me?" Waldo is still hooting, but he has sagged to drape his arms around the tire. In that position Clarence is able to flail him as if he were a slave clamped in the stocks or tied to a whipping post.



"Since you instinctively rap with those who are Now, you will always be more or less where it's at and should readily find your bag. There are cats who may think you're out of your tree for never jiving with squares for the sake of momentary advantage, but you're one of those who will never like cop out on the true scene and split for the Establishment bread."

From behind the house Mrs. Collins appears holding aloft one of her leather-palmed cotton work gloves. She wags it as she comes, with loping, silent strides, to where Clarence towers over Waldo. No word is spoken. Waldo and Luther are hooting, but it appears to be a scene



• •

on silent film. All my life, or so it seems, I have watched roughhousing boys interrupted in their play by the long arm of Tom Sawyer's Aunt Polly. With a practiced gesture she grips Clarence, wheels him about, and slaps him (POWIE!) with the glove. He straightens to stand like a machine with the power switched off. From his dangling hand she takes the rope and shortens it to give him a slap across the buttocks. With a hoot, he takes off. In an instant he is followed by Waldo, who lunges to avoid the swipe she gives him. Luther is last; he goes off howling with a gleeful shriek. I hear the screen door to the kitchen open and slam, and then the clop of their feet on the front-hall stairs. The house rocks. I feel it like an earth tremor in the boards of the porch. After a bout of such horseplay all three boys like to take long showers with their clothes on, then come down and sit in the lawn swing to dry off.

Mrs. Collins stands, her face to the sky, watching the whirring flight of the neighbor's pigeons. The disturbance has flushed her face with color; she idly slaps the shortened length of rope on her thigh. "My, how we all miss Floyd!" she says, coming toward me, and her smile is that of a priestess at the close of a ceremony. She feels better, the boys feel better, and she would like to assure me I should feel better. What is a little violence in the larger ceremony of innocence? She turns to gaze toward Mr. Collins, who stands in the garden, leaning on a hand plow. His straw hat is wider than his shoulders, and the wide limp brim rests on his ears. He looks more like a boy daydreaming at his chores than an old man resting. Nor does he move from his revery until he hears the whirring blades of the mower.

On my drive down from Chicago (I was given ten days to look into the Collins case) I stopped in St. Louis for a talk with Floyd. They're holding him there, as we say, for observation. He's a good-looking, rustically handsome boy with his mother's jaw and prominent features. I see they suit a man's face better than they do hers. He has the casual, cool manner of most young people, and lets his hair grow long at the back. While we talked he preferred to sit on the floor, with his knees drawn up. Off and on he toyed with a piece of cellophane from his pack of Camel cigarettes, blowing on it softly as he held it pressed, like a blade of grass, between his thumbs. The sound emitted is high and shrill, like a trapped insect or a fingernail on glass. I once made such a sound, or tried to, blowing through a dandelion stem.

To the President of the United States Floyd Collins wrote:

> I am obliged to inform you your life is threatened. I am a reasonable man. It is reason that compels me to take this action. I propose to take your one life to spare the tens of thousands of innocent men, women, and children. Please stop this war or accept the consequences.

I liked the "please." It showed his responsible Quaker breeding and will also help to commute his sentence, since no shot was fired. During my stay in Ordway, Mrs. Collins has treated me like "one of the family," and that is how I feel. One of the family. Some, if not all, of the emotions Floyd Collins has felt. I see a cow grazing, Reuben DeSpain napping, a blue sky towers above me and green grass surrounds me, and inside the white house I hear boys at their horseplay, training to be men.

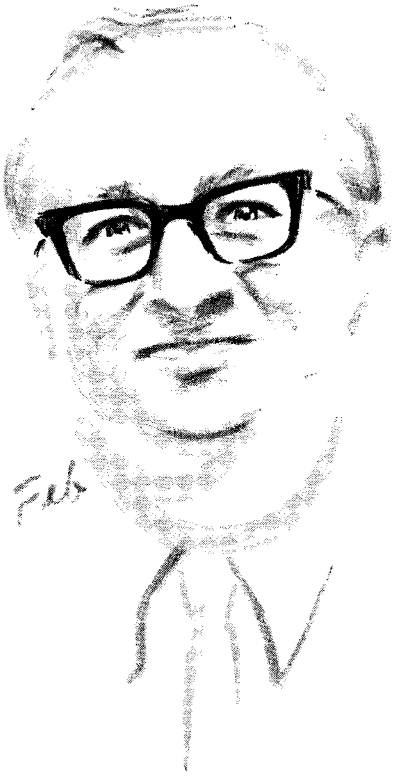
"I raised Floyd to believe anything is possible," Mrs. Collins says. As it is, of course. Here in Ordway anything is possible. Not necessarily what Mrs. Collins has in mind, or Floyd has in mind, or even the town of Ordway has in mind, but what a dream of the good life, and reasonable men, makes inevitable. —WRIGHT MORRIS

PROFILES

SOMETHING FOR A LAWYER TO DO

THOSE who have business at the University of Mississippi, in Oxford, may take a plane to Jackson and then transfer to a local airline called Southern Airways, which will fly them to Oxford's University Airport. This is the airport where James H. Meredith landed in September, 1962, on his way to take up residence as a student at the university, and where, shortly thereafter, a number of Air Force planes arrived with elements of the 101st Airborne Division and officials of the Justice Department to cope with what amounted to an armed insurrection—the direct result of the presence of Meredith, a Negro, on the campus of Ole Miss. Among the passengers who got off an old DC-3 operated by Southern Airways one winter morning several years after the Meredith incident was a heavyset blond man in his thirties named Charles Morgan, Jr., an attorney who is the head of the American Civil Liberties Union's Southern Regional Office, in Atlanta. He was met by two young men representing the Law School Speaker's Bureau, which had invited him to give a talk in the Law School's Moot Court Room that afternoon. The two students greeted Morgan politely, but it was obvious that their duties as hosts made them somewhat nervous.

Morgan had absorbed a good deal of hatred from some of his fellow white Southerners for some time preceding the visit—as, indeed, he has continued to do since then. He has frequently received anonymous threats on his life since September 16, 1963, the day after the bombing of a church in Birmingham, Alabama, in which four Negro girls were killed, when he publicly accused the white leaders of the city, in which he had lived most of his life, of not only allowing but encouraging an atmosphere of violence to develop. The accusation was made in a speech he delivered before the Young Men's Business Club of Birmingham, in which he also said that all white Southerners, himself included, bore a share of guilt for the bombing. He said, "We are a mass of intolerance and bigotry, and stand indicted before our young. We are cursed by the failure of each of us to accept responsibility, by our defense of an already dead institution. . . . Every person in this community who has in any way contributed during the past several years to the popularity of hatred is at least as guilty as the demented fool who threw the bomb." The reaction to that speech was such that Morgan felt it necessary to move his family out of Birmingham.



Charles Morgan, Jr.

Morgan has made many speeches and court appearances since, and the visit to Oxford was part of a long-range effort of his, in the South and elsewhere, to diminish the popularity of hatred, or at least to remove its statutory foundations, and to increase the popularity of the Bill of Rights. His effort has taken him into the Supreme Court on many occasions, before local courts more times than he can remember, and, in May, 1967, before an Army court-martial in Fort Jackson, South Carolina, where he defended Captain Howard B. Levy against charges of promoting disloyalty and disaffection among the troops by voicing critical opinions on the war in Vietnam. Morgan, who is used to going into places where he is not particularly liked, has said that a man's right to speak his mind must be not only defended but put to frequent use, whether in the United States Army or at Ole Miss.

During the ride from the Oxford airport to the campus, one of the young men from the Speaker's Bureau showed Morgan a copy of the student newspaper, the *Mississippian*, in which appeared the headline "Union Lawyer Speaks Today," and said that the Speaker's Bureau represented a desire on the part of some of the students and faculty members to improve the atmosphere at Ole Miss. Morgan smiled and said, "I guess a law school whose most famous graduate is Ross Barnett has to work pretty hard at that job." Barnett, who was the Governor of Mississippi at the time Meredith became a student at the university, had used the powers of his office in an attempt to prevent the desegregation of his alma mater. There were several Negroes among the students walking to their classes on the day of Morgan's visit, however, and one Negro attended his talk in the Moot Court Room.

The Moot Court was designed to look exactly like a courtroom, and it does, except for the fact that all the seats have hinged arms that can be used as desks. The floor is covered with asphalt tile in two shades of chocolate brown, and there are green venetian blinds at the windows. The flag of the United States and the flag of the State of Mississippi hang at the front of the room. At three o'clock, when about a hundred people had gathered in the room, one of the students walked up to a lectern and introduced the speaker of the afternoon. The student read off some facts about Morgan from an official biography prepared by the A.C.L.U. office in Atlanta: he has a B.S. in commerce and business administration and a degree in law, both from the University of Alabama; he was chairman of the Alabama speakers' bureau for the Kennedy-Johnson campaign of 1960, a past national committeeman for the Young Democrats of Alabama, a former legislative chairman of the Alabama Association for Mental Health, and a former president of the Jefferson County (Birmingham) Heart Association; and he has written a book about race relations in the South called "A Time to Speak." Then the student listed some of Morgan's legal activities in the fields of civil rights and civil liberties, including the success he had in a suit to bring about electoral reapportionment in Alabama, and added, "You might be interested to note that he has represented the National States Rights Party, which some people say is almost a Nazi organization, before the Supreme Court. So he has worked both

"I would have thought this was a bar where anti-Lindsay remarks would signal drinks on the house."

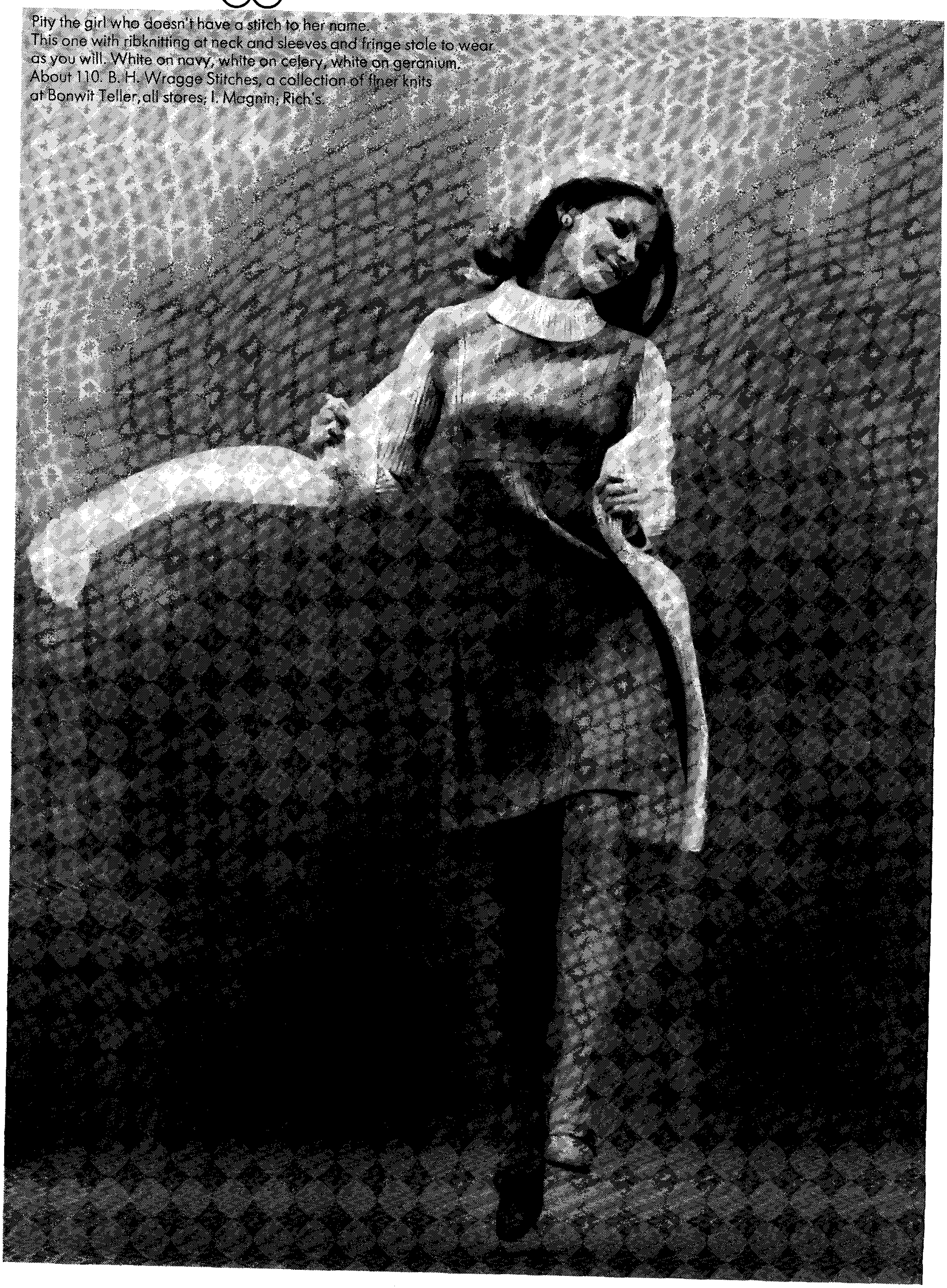
• •

sides of the street." The student's choice of words caused the flesh on Morgan's forehead to wrinkle in a barely perceptible frown, but he was smiling by the time the introduction was over and it was time for him to speak.

There was polite applause as Morgan took his place at the lectern and surveyed the audience. He drank some water from a paper cup on the lectern. As he put the cup down, his hand shook slightly. "Thank you very much," he said, in a Southern accent every bit as deep as that of the young man who had introduced him. "I'm going to chat with you rather informally, and then we'll afterwards open it up and you can disagree with me, if that's all right. I am, as you've heard, with the American Civil Liberties Union, but I noticed that the student paper said 'Union Lawyer Speaks Today.' " There were a few snickers. "Well, there's always some problem in the South when you mention you work for the American Civil Liberties Union, because, to be quite frank, the word 'American' isn't too well thought of in some places in the South, and 'Civil' isn't very well thought of in *most* places in the South, and 'Liberties' is rather suspect, too, and 'Union' there just ain't nary been none of never nohow anyway." The students all laughed, and Morgan, taking a deep breath, continued, "I'm very happy to be here in Mississippi for a couple of days. It's always nice to be in Mississippi *for a couple of days*, for some of us." With a smile, he reported that in the past year the A.C.L.U. had enjoyed a thirty-per-cent increase in its Mississippi membership. "We've got twenty more members," he said. The students laughed again, most of them settled more comfortably in their seats, and it was clear that the audience and the speaker were no longer nervous about each other. "But it's not that way in Georgia, where we're adding maybe fifteen new members a week," Morgan went on. "All over the South, we expect to grow in the next few years, so that we can abolish my job and I can get back to a civilized law practice." As a measure of how things were changing in the South, he said, "I'm quite certain three years ago you wouldn't have had me here as a speaker. Probably one year ago I wouldn't have been here as a speaker. I think it's a tribute to you—certainly not to my speaking ability—that people are coming to your campus and speaking here to open up what someone called the Cotton Curtain. In Birmingham, in the years I lived in it, you could see what happens in a one-sided community, where there's no debate and no discussion, where there's no conflict of ideas, where the American Revolution is dead." The closed society of Birmingham, he said, made civil-rights demonstrations absolutely necessary. "One thing to remember about the Negro revolution," Morgan continued, "and about the revolution going on all across the South, is that the struggle is not a matter of law and order. We've had order in the South for hundreds of years. The struggle in the South is a struggle of law *against* that order. It's new law against the harsh old order, and it's in the application of this new law that Negroes and the Negro movement are coming along under the protection of the First and Fourteenth Amendments. And in every little hamlet in Mississippi and every large city, when Negroes demonstrate, their rights are protected by the Constitution of the United States and *ought* to be protected by Mississippi lawyers. This revolution places upon lawyers and law students and law teachers a number of special responsibilities, because the two roots of governmental power, where a man really has discretion himself, are when you're on a jury and when you vote. The two instruments of democratic power are the vote and the equal administration of justice."

After citing several examples from his own practice to illustrate his contention that the laws are administered unequally in the South, not only in the more obvious ways but also in thousands of the most subtle details, Morgan said, "One of the major failings in the South has been in the field of jury discrimination. But beyond that, the President will have to appoint judges who will make sure that federal-court employment, as well as everything else in federal courts, is in keeping with the Constitution of the United

bh wragge Stitches

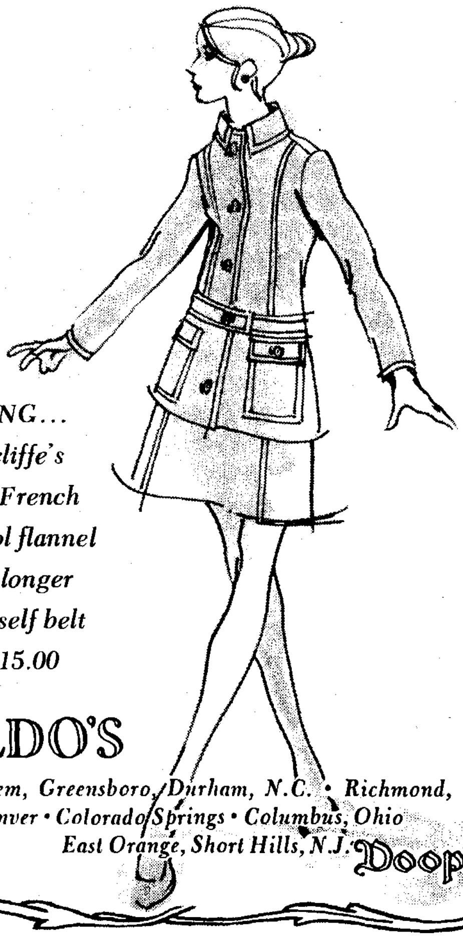


Pity the girl who doesn't have a stitch to her name. This one with ribknitting at neck and sleeves and fringe stole to wear as you will. White on navy, white on celery, white on geranium. About 110. B. H. Wragge Stitches, a collection of finer knits at Bonwit Teller, all stores; I. Magnin; Rich's.

States. We need judges more dedicated to the fabric of the Constitution than to the Southern Way of Life. The total exclusion of Negroes from the administration of justice has got to end. People keep telling Negroes to take their battle out of the streets and into the courts. But, you see, to the Negro the court may be the enemy, or the home of the enemy. It always has been. We talk a lot about *voluntary* voter registration. Well, you know what's often happened if that Negro comes strumming up with his banjo, eating watermelon and fried chicken and happy and gay, to see his friendly local registrar in the courthouse. He's not going to do that without demonstrations, or without an active civil-rights history in that community. He will do it with federal registrars, in maybe the post office, or a building that he's not afraid to go to."

Developing his attack on one of his favorite targets, the hypocrisy of people who pride themselves on being quite enlightened, Morgan said, "All of us in the South have a great capacity for rationalizing everything that happens, just as men do everyplace. You know what people said when those three civil-rights workers disappeared in Philadelphia, Mississippi. 'They've gone to Cuba.' 'It's a fund-raising stunt.' You heard it all across the South, right up until the time their bodies were found. In Birmingham, when the church was bombed and the four little girls were killed, it was so bad the sheriff had to be quoted in an article on the front page of the paper saying the rumors weren't true. He didn't say what the rumors were, but you know—the little girls were sneaking a smoke in the rest room and flipped a cigarette over into that dynamite they had been using to bomb themselves with all those years." This time, the students' laughter had a noticeably hard edge to it.

Morgan took up the question of what Mississippi lawyers could do to prevent "outsiders" from coming in, and suggested that the students assist the Lawyers' Committee on Civil Rights Under Law to clear its docket of civil-rights cases in Jackson. Speeding up, he said, "I look for great things out of the South, although many do not. I think, no matter what anybody says, that the political structure of the South is changing, and you young politicians—when I was at the Alabama Law School, we were all going to be governor someday, and I assume you're all like that—are moving into a society that you're going to be con-



SOFT SHAPING...
here in Towncliffe's
adaptation of a French
import; grey wool flannel
suit-dress with longer
jacket lines and self belt
insert. 6-16. 115.00

MONTALDO'S
Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro/Durham, N.C. • Richmond, Va.
St. Louis • Denver • Colorado Springs • Columbus, Ohio
East Orange, Short Hills, N.J. Roop's

Jeweled bracelet watches of fourteen karat gold with seventeen-jewel movements by Girard Perregaux. Left: Alternating sapphires and diamonds, $1,375. Also available: Rubies and diamonds, $1,450. Emeralds and diamonds, $2,100. Center: Diamonds with four rubies or sapphires, $1,600. Right: All diamonds, $1,750.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH ST.
CHICAGO HOUSTON BEVERLY HILLS SAN FRANCISCO

© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

An amazing new ingredient now comes in this familiar package.

It's called a longer-lasting engine.

Longer lasting than what?

Longer lasting than our old engine, which in case you didn't know, was one of the toughest engines around.

The new version is more powerful. (Top speed: 81 mph vs. 78 mph.)

It has better acceleration.

And most important, it weighs the same as the older version. So it doesn't have to work as hard to get you where you're going.

But that's where the generation gap ends:

The new engine will still give you a good 26 miles to a gallon of gas.

It still takes pints of oil instead of quarts.

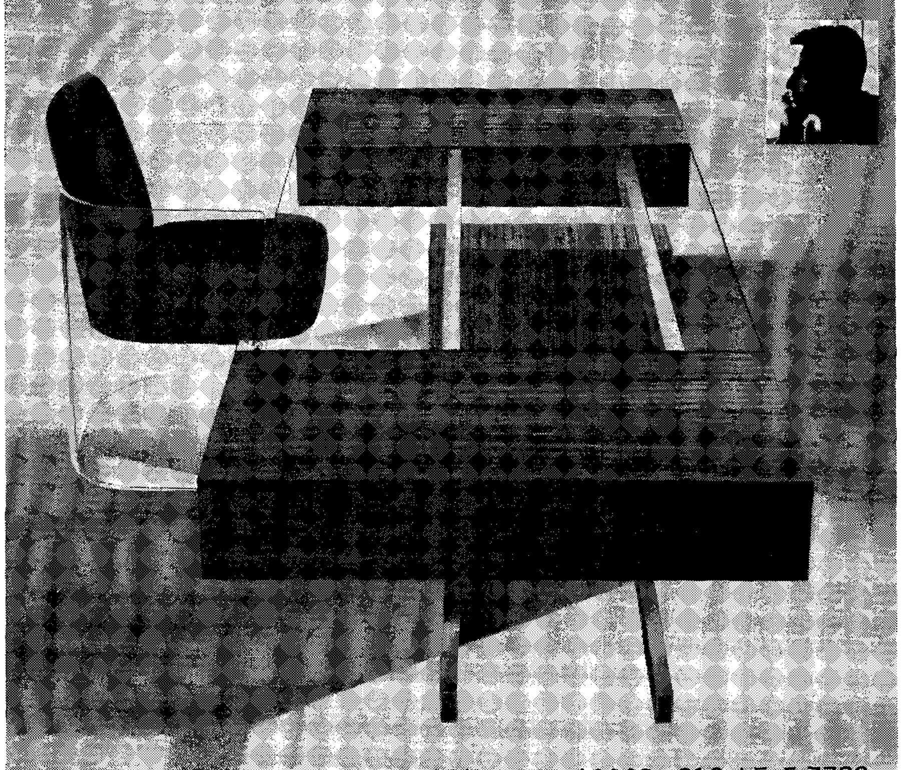
It still abstains from antifreeze.

And it's still conveniently located in the rear for better traction in mud and snow.

Yes, all the things that made our old package a hit last year are back again this year.

Including our old package.

VLADIMIR KAGAN
furniture for the connoisseur...designed for home and office



40 EAST END AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10028 212 LE 5-7788
eighty-first street near Gracie Square send for catalog $3.00

LOST PHONE MESSAGES? CLEAR IT UP WITH BONWIT LUCITE!

Just put your phone on this enlightened sheet of lucite, and use the rest for handy message-taking. Chalk pencil records all you need to know. A gentle wipe and you're evidently ready for the next call. Great gift idea, too. Our exclusive Meno Design for Creations measures 11" x 11", 8.00

STATIONERY

Mail and phone.
Please add .75 for delivery charge outside regular delivery area.
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street,
New York Manhasset
Westchester Short Hills
Philadelphia Chicago
Oakbrook Cleveland
Troy Palm Beach

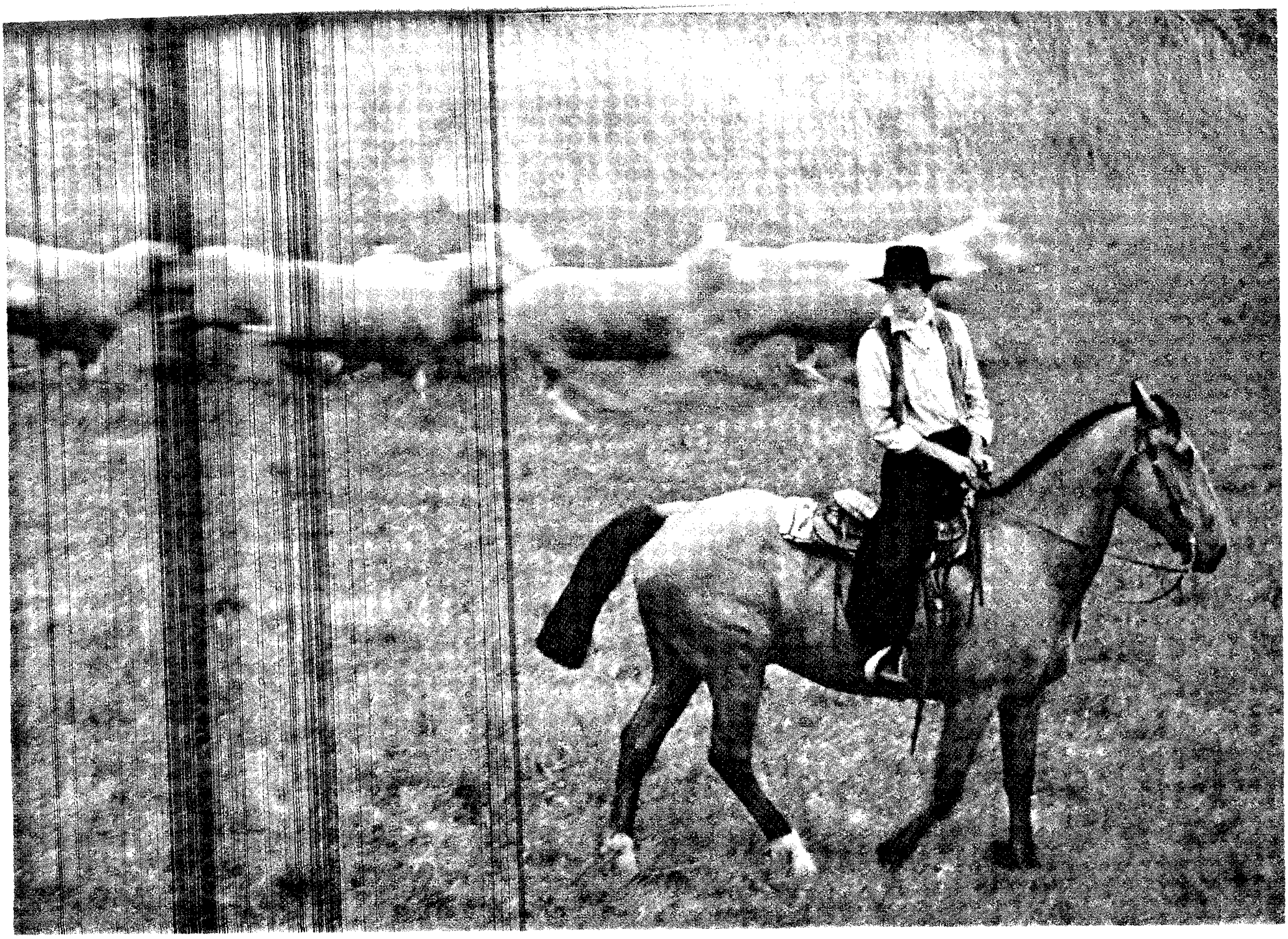
BONWIT TELLER

TELE NOTES
Call susan
before twelve
Tonight

stantly discovering new things about. In the first place, all across the north end of the state I come from, and, I trust, the state you come from, we have the Tennessee Valley Authority. We've got folks who put up a buck in taxes and get back two and a half. Every time one of these folks makes a speech against the United States government and goes on spending federal money, it sort of tickles me. But the one thing I know is that as race is eventually eliminated as the great divider of people in the South and of politics in the South, we're going to find a special brand of politics here, and a brand of politics that's going to be more fun and more interesting than what goes on anyplace else in the world."

Morgan paused, and then said that all kinds of people were finding the new politics broadening. "One of the funniest stories I ever heard is about Ross Barnett the day he became registrar for James Meredith," he went on. "Down in New Orleans were John Doar [then a Justice Department attorney, later the Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Civil Rights Division, and after that, for a while, the president of the New York City Board of Education] and James Meredith and James McShane [the Chief U.S. Marshal, who died late last year]. And they came up to Jackson, to the tenth floor of the new state office building, and there they met Ross Barnett, your illustrious governor. And the crowds were out front, and the bands were playing 'Dixie,' and the music was there and the noise was there. And they came walking along. There was John Doar, six feet two, a Republican from New Richmond, Wisconsin, looking like a young John Wayne. On the other side of him was James Joseph Patrick McShane, six feet, looking like an ex-New York prizefighter and an ex-New York policeman, both of which he was. In the center, James H. Meredith, five feet seven and a half, one hundred and thirty-five pounds, rather black. And as they walked through that crowd, the crowd surged. They got on the elevator, and they came up and they got off at the tenth floor. Way down at the end of the hall sat Ross Barnett. Newsmen lined the hall. They walked right up to Ross Barnett, who was there in a *severely* sincere black suit, and Ross Barnett rose halfway and he said, 'And which one of you gentlemen is James H. Meredith?' "

The law students laughed again, heartily. Morgan charged ahead. "Now, as a matter of fact, I think



Argentina $12 round trip

Get carried away. By Long Distance. You can call almost anywhere in the world, and the cost is low.

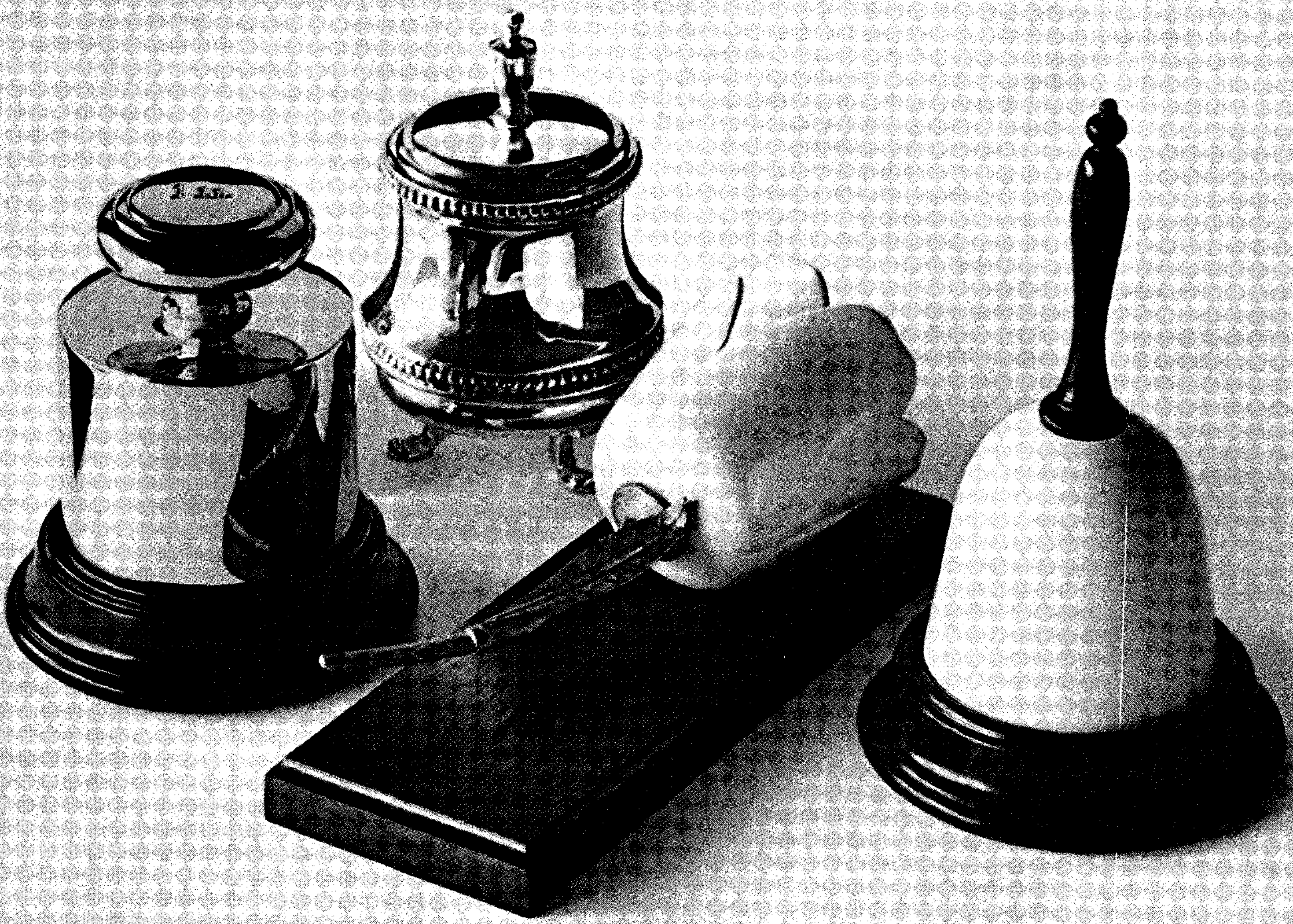
Argentina. Greece. Hong Kong. Monaco. Portugal. Spain. Italy. $12, plus tax, for three minutes is the person-to-person daytime rate to all these spots.

In many countries, even lower day rates and station-to-station and night rates are in effect. A three-minute call to England at the station-to-station night rate is only $5.70, plus tax. Via high-capacity underseas cables, communications satellites and radio facilities, your telephone can reach 96.8% of all the other telephones in the world.

See how easy it is to make yourself heard around the world. Long Distance is the next best thing to being there.

AT&T

Left to right: WEIGHT antique brass finish, $30.00. EMPIRE, silver plate, $35. TULIP, white enamel, gold plate, $25. BELL, white enamel, rosewood, $25.
Suggested retail prices. ©Ronson Corp., Woodbridge, N.J. Also available in Canada.



Ronson's Hidden Lighter Collection... table lighters for people who hate table lighters.

Most people like the look of table lighters. But there are some who don't. To each his own. For people who don't like the look, but like the convenience, Ronson® offers the Hidden Lighter Collection.

What hides the table lighter? Four of Ronson's newest and most unique designs created to complement most any room or office decor. The Weight—in antique brass, the Tulip—white enamel petals, gold plated stem, the Empire—classic heavy silver plate, the Bell—rich enamel, hand-rubbed rosewood stand.

Now that we've told you what's hiding it, let's talk about why the Ronson Varaflame® table lighter is so great.

The Varaflame uses butane, a gas.

You don't pour it.

You inject it using a Ronson Multi-Fill® Injector (buy them anywhere). It's clean, safe, easy—takes just seconds.

The Varaflame uses fuel only when lit. (Other table lighters dry up when they are not in use.)

It's done by an ingenious system of patented valves. These valves let you fill the lighter to capacity at any time. (But you can't overfill.) And the valves seal it shut, so the fuel cannot evaporate.

The patented valves also make possible the adjustable flame. Just touch a dial, and adjust it to low for cigarettes, medium for cigars, or high for pipes.

And that brings us to the other reason for having a Varaflame table lighter.

It hardly ever has to be refilled.

It's already filled when you get it and it holds more than a year's supply of fuel.

And now you know why people who hate table lighters that look like table lighters want the Ronson Hidden Lighter Collection. Great to own! Great to give!

RONSON®
The people who keep improving flame.

what you as younger people are going to have to show is that it *doesn't* make much difference which one is James H. Meredith," he said. "I think that's what we're setting out to do, and we'll do that in a free society. And once we do that, you and your children will be free to live in a section of this country that can produce more social experimentation, that can do more to lead this nation, than any other section of the country. I'm quite convinced of that. We have tremendous problems, but we're in the process of getting over our greatest one. You live in the youngest, most revolutionary of all societies. Our nation has ideas that can sweep the world, if we can only show the world that we in the South truly, and in this nation, mean what we say when we say we guarantee to all men equal rights and freedom under law. Thank you."

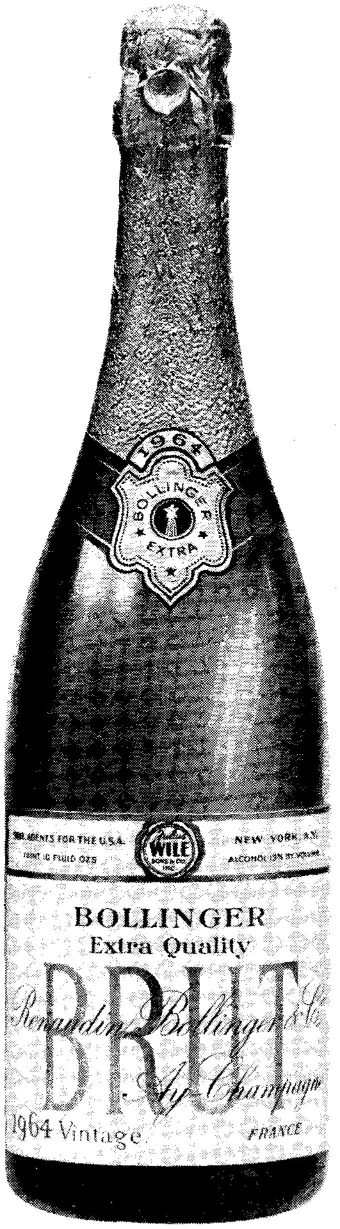
The applause was hesitant at first, but it grew louder and louder. Morgan smiled, poured himself a cup of water, and gulped it down as the student who had introduced him asked the audience if there were any questions. After a silence that was long enough to be slightly embarrassing, a student rose at the back of the room and asked what the A.C.L.U. was doing for white folks.

Morgan lit a cigarette and sucked the smoke deep into his lungs. He replied that he, personally, was doing as little as possible for white folks just then, "because what I'm trying to do is change a few structures." But the A.C.L.U. generally, he said, was doing a lot. It had opposed the investigation of the Ku Klux Klan by the House Committee on Un-American Activities. "With respect to our operations in Georgia," he said, "I can tell you that just recently here we've defended prostitutes and nudists, and we're getting ready for a stand on homosexuals, saying that they've got a right not to be harassed."

There were several other questions, and finally one student got to the question that is asked most frequently of Morgan. The student said, "You've been very frank this afternoon. I'd like to ask you a personal question. What's your motivation? What made a Southerner like you change? Is it that you love the colored man, or is it a hatred for the Southern white man, the redneck?"

If what the student said was intended as an accusation, Morgan did not show that he took it that way. "It's probably neither, to start with," he said. "In the first place, I look at television

Very few grapes qualify for the Bollinger way of making great French Champagne



The grape makes the difference.

Bollinger uses grapes from only the Grands and Premier Crus Vineyards.

Bollinger inspects each bunch and discards every imperfect grape.

Luscious Black Pinots give Bollinger Champagne its body and bouquet. White Chardonnays impart delicacy.

Grapes used by Bollinger average a 97% quality rating—one of the highest ratings accorded any champagne maker.

BOLLINGER BRUT

The Aristocrat of French Champagne

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK Let this seal be your guide to quality

For a beautiful complexion at any age, use a Tawashi (Nature's wash cloth)

ONLY AT DRUG STORES/OUTSIDE NEW YORK: SEND $2.00 TO TAWASHI CLUB, INC., 305 7TH AVE., NYC

Wash your way to beautiful, healthy skin. Each TAWASHI is an untreated, hand-sized section of the tropical gourd that softens in water: the Luffa plant. These natural wash cloths are imported from the land of beautiful complexions—Japan.
WASHCLOTH
TM
Tawashi
(Nature's wash cloth)

(THE 4x5 INCH TAWASHI COMES INSIDE THIS ATTRACTIVE VINYL POUCH.)

Susan Gail...
I saw you yesterday
in Central Park

Or was it Saks Fifth Avenue, Marshall Field & Co., Julius Garfinckel, J.W. Robinson, or one of their branches. All I know is that you come in fine imported Swedish lizard on calf, or leather, in black, brown, navy or white at $33. **Susan Gail Handbags, Inc., 33 East 33rd Street, N.Y.C.**

and I see a fellow named Collie Leroy Wilkins being sentenced because a lady from Detroit named Mrs. Liuzzo, who was a civil-rights worker, got killed in Alabama. And he looks like a kid that I went to high school with, and I don't like that. I feel consciously sorry for him. I never changed. I just grew up this way. I think it's a simple thing. Through the process of life, you develop a certain course of what actions you're going to take. Sometimes it's thrust on you. Sometimes it's not. You take that course of action and you just keep taking it, that's all. I love the Constitution, and I love the law, and I have no dislike at all for Southern rednecks, some of my ancestors having been them. I guess I'm one of the few folks who had some ancestors who were *privates* who fought in the Confederate Army. With *most* folks, of course, it's *generals*."

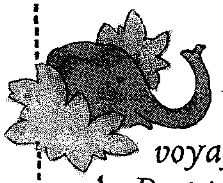
There was more laughter, and a few minutes later, as the audience made its way out of the Moot Court, a young man wearing chino trousers and a sports coat over a white shirt with no tie was heard to remark, "You know, I disagreed with a lot of that, but you've got to hand it to him—this is obviously a man who believes in being himself and saying what he thinks."

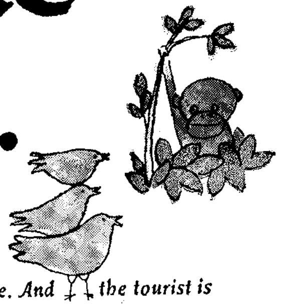
THE speech Morgan made before the Young Men's Business Club of Birmingham after the four Negro girls were killed was not his first venture into controversy in his home town. "It was widely interpreted as being a great turning point," he said of it much later. "And I got all the letters asking when did I change, and all the congratulatory messages from people, which I appreciated very much, of course. But I hadn't changed at all. I just don't remember ever changing." Long before that speech, Morgan was known in Birmingham for his strong views on racial matters, and was known among newspapermen covering the civil-rights movement in the South as one of the most knowledgeable, most reliable, and most gregarious sources of information in the State of Alabama. Morgan himself has said that he doesn't remember a time when some of his fellow-lawyers in Birmingham didn't involuntarily look to one side and then the other to see who was watching before they spoke to him in a courthouse corridor or at The Club, an eating and drinking place on a mountain overlooking the city which is a favorite of successful white people there.

Morgan is fond of saying, with a smile, that he has been in trouble most

One in a Series

The Parisian's guide to African safaris.





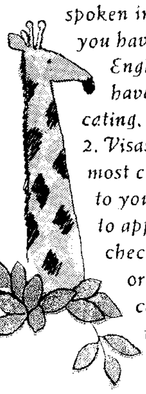
Votre voyage à la Parisienne

We give you Africa. Its ancient history. Its modern civilization. The most diverse forms of art, culture, religion and people found anywhere. See it all on the most comprehensive luxury safari ever. A 69-day escorted tour that takes you in air-conditioned comfort from Dakar to Timbuctoo, down through the Ivory Coast, across the Victoria Falls, and on to Pretoria. Then over the tip of Africa from Capetown to Port Elizabeth. You'll visit the mystic cities of Zanzibar, Mombasa, Dar es Salaam, Khartoum, Addis Ababa, and last but not least, a final stop in Athens.

Sixty-nine days filled with excitement, adventure and Africa for as little as $2595. Air France will help you experience it all,* à la Parisienne, *with nothing but French-style luxury and comfort. We'll give you nothing but the very best. In other words, we'll give you* le bon voyage.

Renseignements

A few things to know before going to Africa:



1. Language. There are over 200 different languages and dialects spoken in Africa. But, if you have a smattering of English or French, you'll have no trouble communicating.

2. Visas. You'll need them in most countries, in addition to your passport. In order to apply for a tourist visa check your travel agent or the consulates of the countries you'll want to visit.

3. Inoculations. Get smallpox, typhoid, para-typhoid, typhus, cholera and tetanus. It doesn't hurt to have them all.

4. Weather. It's mild and pleasant in almost every region you'll visit, all year round.

5. Photography. Bring a bag of Silicagel for protection against moisture. And pack as much film as you have room for. Color film can be scarce.

le Wildlife

Africa. The last great animal hangout. Visit Royal Nairobi National Park, where you can see lions, giraffes, hippos and hyenas living as they do in the bush. Shooting is done only with cameras, from inside your car.

Visit Amboseli National Reserve at the foot of Mount Kilimanjaro. See rhinoceros with horns a foot long, bull elephants so old even they can't remember their age, zebra, wildebeest, impala and warthogs.

In Kenya, at Treetops, a lodge built high atop a huge tree, you can sit up all night to watch the animals come to water. It is, perhaps, the only hotel in all the world that overlooks a salt lick.

See one million feathered flamingos on Lake Nakuri. Stop at lovely Lake Albert, an animals' Atlantic City, where elephants swim and play, water buffalo do their thing, and the sky is not cloudy all day.

le Good Life

The best things in Africa aren't all outdoors. You'll find some of the world's most luxurious and modern hotels. The finest restaurants, serving the finest of every possible cuisine. Comfort is the rule. And the tourist is king of the jungle in Africa. Mozambique has dancing and cafe life. Johannesburg has a lively night life, legitimate theatre (productions from London's West End) and California style drive-in restaurants. Athens, for nightclubs, cabaret and even the opera.

Vocabulaire

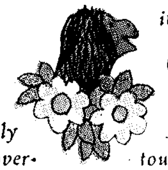
do you take travelers' checks?: est-ce que vous acceptez des chèques de voyage?

do you call that a bargain?: vous appelez ça bon marché?

are there any dangerous animals about?: est-ce qu'il y a des animaux dangereux près d'ici?

what a big cat: quel gros chat.

it isn't a cat: ce n'est pas un chat.



les Autres excursions africaines

Air France has many marvelous tours of Africa. One of them (for only $895) gives you three weeks in South Africa, Rhodesia, Kenya, Tanzania and Uganda—with Paris and Athens for good measure. Contact your travel agent or Air France. Africa is waiting for you.*

Air France
P.O. Box 707
New York, New York 10011

KNY-27

I want to go to Africa. Don't start the safari without me. Please send me your booklet on African tours so I can decide which one to take.

Name____________________

Address____________________

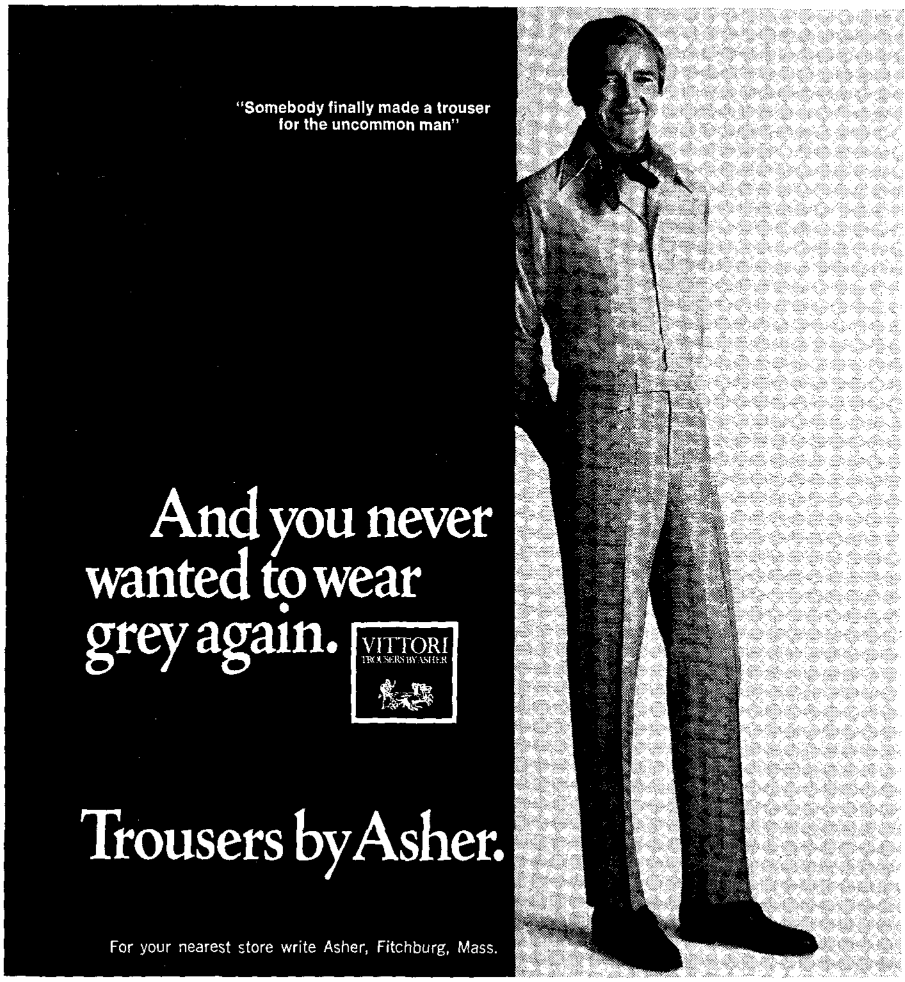
City__________ State________ Zip______

My travel agent is____________________

AIR FRANCE
le bon voyage.

*Plus air fare.

Découpez ici



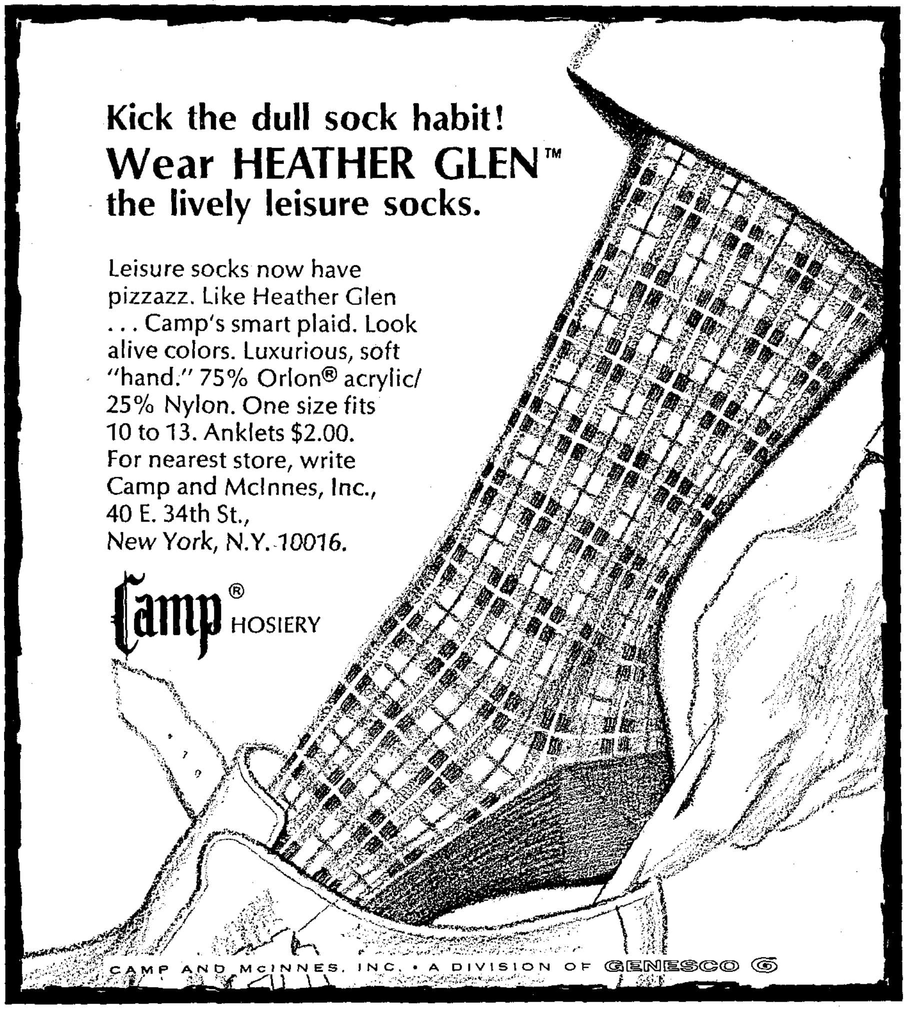
"Somebody finally made a trouser for the uncommon man"

And you never wanted to wear grey again.

VITTORI
TROUSERS BY ASHER

Trousers by Asher.

For your nearest store write Asher, Fitchburg, Mass.



Kick the dull sock habit!
Wear HEATHER GLEN™
the lively leisure socks.

Leisure socks now have pizzazz. Like Heather Glen . . . Camp's smart plaid. Look alive colors. Luxurious, soft "hand." 75% Orlon® acrylic/ 25% Nylon. One size fits 10 to 13. Anklets $2.00.
For nearest store, write
Camp and McInnes, Inc.,
40 E. 34th St.,
New York, N.Y. 10016.

Camp® HOSIERY

CAMP AND McINNES, INC. • A DIVISION OF GENESCO

of his life. Shortly before his birth, on March 11, 1930, his parents, both native Kentuckians, moved to Cincinnati, and so Morgan was born north of the Mason-Dixon Line, but when he was an infant his family moved back across the Ohio River to Fort Thomas, Kentucky. His maternal grandmother was from Paducah, Kentucky, which was slaveholding country before the Civil War, and she buried the family silver when the Union Army came through; his father's people were from the more anti-slavery mountain section of the state. When Morgan was fourteen, his parents sent him to the Kentucky Military Institute, a school near Louisville, because, as he has explained it, "I had been running around with a sort of youth gang in a residential suburb." In his second year at military school, he went A.W.O.L. for a brief hitchhiking trip around the country, and upon his return he was suspended for a semester. (Later on, as his involvement in the case of Captain Levy grew, and Morgan went through the tedious process of appealing the court-martial's guilty verdict up through the military and then the regular federal courts, he was given to recalling his experiences at K.M.I. "It was there," he said, "that I learned the workings of the military mind. I ran away to get free of it, and they brought me back to kick me out.") At the time of the suspension, Morgan's parents had moved from Fort Thomas to Mountain Brook, a suburb of Birmingham, where his father was manager of a company that specialized in what is called "industrial" insurance—that is, the insurance of poor Southerners, most of them Negroes, by agents who call on their clients once a week to collect small premiums. "Being suspended was all right with me," Morgan has recalled. "I didn't like the school at all. I took the train to Birmingham, and I remember dragging those duffelbags off the train at the station and thinking about what my father would say. He said something to the effect of 'I've been expecting you,' and I said something like 'For how long?,' and he said, 'Ever since you went off to school.' Next semester rolled around, and I went back, and again I rebelled at the whole system, and they wrote my parents and told them they didn't think I was properly qualified for the Kentucky Military Institute, and I told them I didn't think so, either, and so I came home and went to school in Birmingham."

Morgan graduated from the Birmingham school system, where he infuriated an English teacher by sug-

12-YEAR-OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Did you know that the average income of the readers of this magazine is in the country's top 20% bracket?

12
CHIVAS REGAL
1801
BLENDED SCOTCH
WHISKY

This reminder of your financial status is brought to you, with ulterior motives, by Chivas Regal.

HOW LONG WILL YOU BE SINKING INTO IT ...AND LOVING IT?

KHALABAR
India Hand-Made Carpet

This is the stuff of which great investments and glowing heirlooms are made: hand-woven, long-staple new woolen yarns (no waste cotton here!) fabled colors and designs to live with. All enduringly crafted for the years to come, and then some!

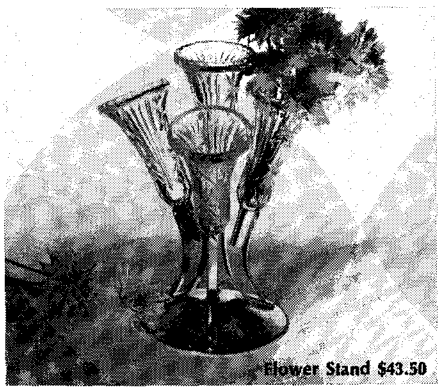
All wearing the gold-and-black hallmark that guarantees a genuine...and permanent...Khalabar*.

Whet your appetite at a fine store near you. Feast your eyes on Khalabar (Bengali* and Chindia* too). And write for our full-color, illustrated book. It's yours for 50c to **Pande, Cameron and Company of New York, 295 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10016.**

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

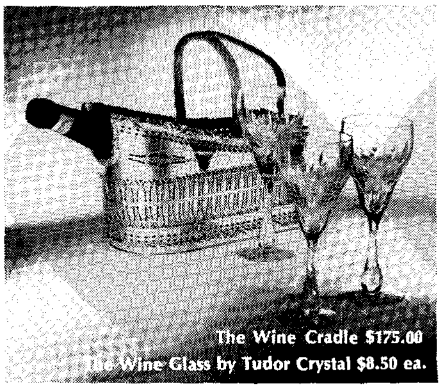
gesting that an idol of hers, Lord Byron, had slept with his half sister. (Morgan's high-school adviser told him, "Listen, if your teacher tells you that Lord Byron stacked BBs, you agree with her that Lord Byron stacked BBs. I don't care what you've read.") Morgan says that he wanted to be a lawyer for as long as he can remember, and that when he finished high school he was faced with the choice of whether to continue his education at the University of Alabama, in Tuscaloosa, or to go North to one of the Ivy League colleges. "I was always interested in politics," he has recalled, "and so I decided, 'Well, I'll go to the University of Alabama.' "

At Tuscaloosa, Morgan joined a fraternity that was about thirty-five thousand dollars in debt and ranked close to the bottom of the university's twenty-six fraternities in terms of influence on campus politics. Morgan got together with several other students and decided, as he later recalled, "to build the fraternity and, besides building the fraternity, to build ourselves a campus political operation." Within a few years, the fraternity, which had quickly become known as the House of Morgan, was pulling itself out of debt and had provided two presidents of the student body. Although Morgan himself did not run for office, his influence on campus politics was pervasive, and whenever there was student agitation against some university policy it was generally taken for granted that Morgan was involved. ("What time will the spontaneous demonstration be tonight?" university officials were likely to ask him when they encountered him on the campus.) In the early fifties, as Morgan was about to enroll in the university law school, the Korean war broke out and he was called up for induction into the Army. Before leaving the campus, he went to say goodbye to the university president, who at that time was Dr. John M. Gallalee. Some of Morgan's spontaneous demonstrations had employed the slogan "Gallalee Must Go," but in their farewell chat Dr. Gallalee said, "Well, son, let's let bygones be bygones. Do a good job in the war and come on back when it's over." Somewhat to his embarrassment, Morgan found himself back in Tuscaloosa almost at once. At his induction physical examination in Birmingham, he was declared 4-F because of some minor back trouble. When he returned to the Alabama campus, he found a panty raid in progress. "I got off the bus and there was Dr. Gallalee, whom I had said good-

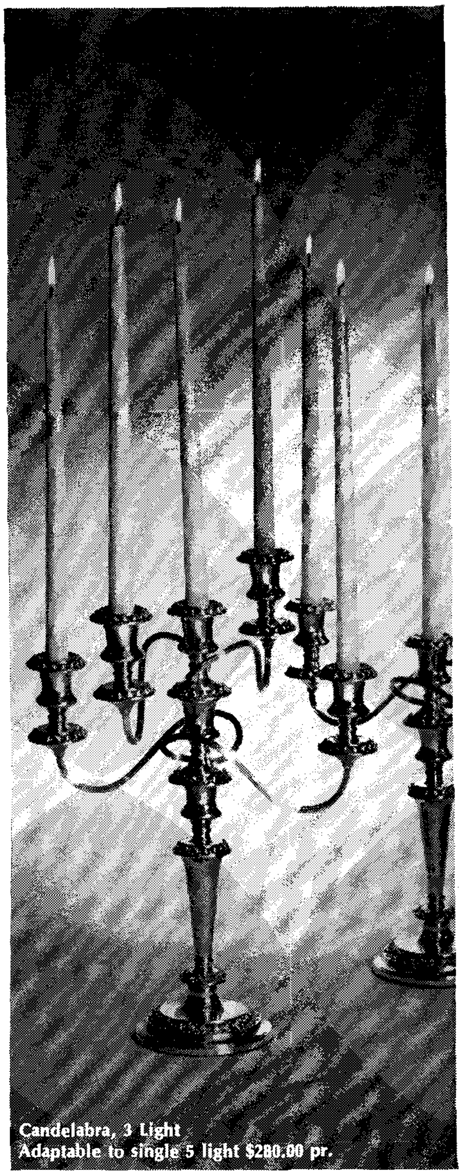


Flower Stand $43.50

The Jam Jar $12.50
The Berry Spoon $8.00



The Wine Cradle $175.00
The Wine Glass by Tudor Crystal $8.50 ea.

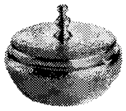


Candelabra, 3 Light
Adaptable to single 5 light $280.00 pr.

There is no substitute for Ellis-Barker, Legendary English Silver

Since 1820, Ellis-Barker has created masterpieces of silver that will be found in the homes of leading personages throughout the world. In conjunction with Exclusive China Company, its affiliate, Ellis-Barker is pleased to present an outstanding collection of tableware for your perusal. You will find Ellis-Barker silver at the stores listed below and other fine stores throughout the world.

Ellis-Barker
SILVER COMPANIES
LEGENDARY ENGLISH SILVERSMITHS



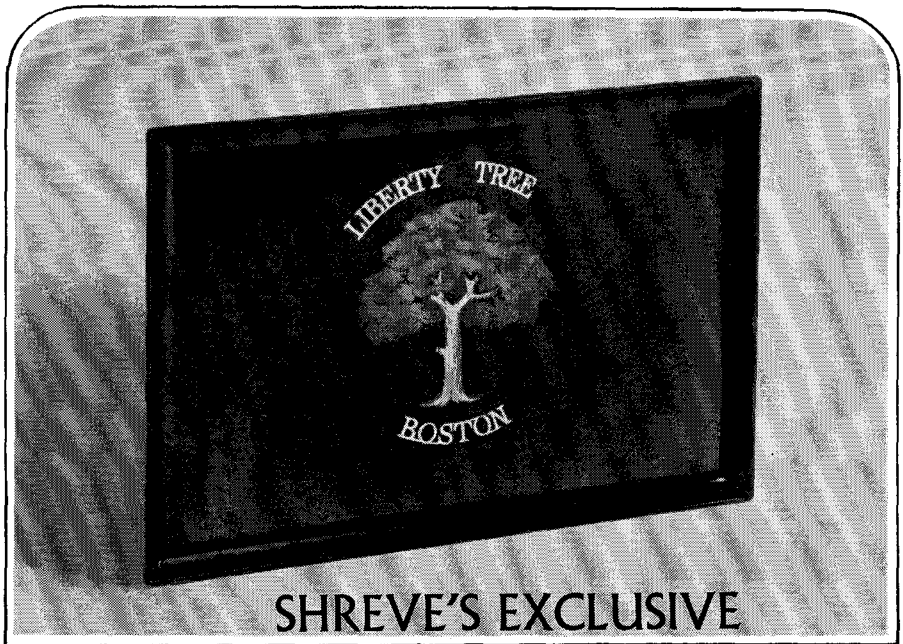
The petite sweetner container shown at left may be regarded as representative of Ellis-Barker's unique craftsmanship. It is available for $5.50, at stores listed below or on direct inquiry from Ellis-Barker Silver Companies, Dept. N22, 11 East 26th Street, New York, New York 10010.

Ellis-Barker silver is available at these fine stores:
ALA.: Anniston Morefield's; **Birmingham** Bromberg's; **Decatur** Austin's Jewelry; **Mobile** Charles Crane Silver & Gifts, Claude Moore Jeweler, Maurine Haas; **Montgomery** Klein & Son Inc. **ARIZ.: Phoenix** Rosenzweig's **CAL.: Arcadia** Betty Willis Interiors; **Berkley** Morrison's Jewelers; **Burlingame** Rorke's; **Los Angeles** Slavick's Jewelry Co.; **Menlo Park** Allied Arts Guild; **Oakland** Ward Cobb Inc.; **San Diego** J. Jessop & Sons; **San Francisco** Fredericks, Gump's; **Santa Barbara** Gilchrist Jewelers **CONN.: Darien** Shop For Good Living; **Hartford** Lux Bond Green & Stevens **DEL.: Wilmington** Chappell Jewelers, Lloyd-Walsh Inc. **D.C.:** Shaw & Brown Co., Jeweler **FLA.: Boca Raton** Pink Pony Gift Shop; **Naples** The Gallery; **Pensacola** Elebash Jewelry Co.; **Tallahassee** Moon Jewelry Co.; **Southern Florida** Mayer's Jewelers **GA.: Atlanta** Charles Willis Inc. **KY.: Lexington** Lafayette Galleries **LA.: Lake Charles** Navarra Galleries; **Monroe** The Pillars **MD.: Baltimore** S. Kirk & Son **MASS.: Holliston** Temple Galleries **MICH.: St. Joseph** L. D. Huber & Co., Inc. **MO.: St. Louis** Mermod, Jabcard & King Jewelry Co. **N.J.: Millburn** The Silver Shop; **Montclair** Henke's Inc. **NEV.: Reno** R. Herz & Bro. Jewelers **N. MEX.: Albuquerque** Mindlin Jewelers **N.Y.: Huntington** East Norwich House Inc. **N. CAR.: Charlotte** Pound & Moore; **Winston-Salem** McPhail's **OHIO: Cincinnati** A. B. Closson Jr. Co.; **Cleveland** The Danford-Lowell Co.; **Columbus** Argo & Lehne Jewelers; **Pepper Pike** Schreibman Jewelers **OKLA.: Oklahoma City** B. C. Clark Inc.;**Tulsa** Miss Jackson Shop **ORE.: Portland** Zell Bros. **PENNA.: Abington** Fred H. Straub, Inc.; **Allentown** Appel-Jeweler; **Paoli** Walter J. Cook Jewelers; **Philadelphia** J. E. Caldwell Co.; **Pittsburgh** Kaufmann's Vendome Shop, John M. Roberts & Son Co. **S. CAR.: Greenville** Hale's Jewelers, Smithwick Jewelers **TENN.: Chattanooga** Fischer-Evans Jewelers, Inc.; **Knoxville** Andrew Marton, Inc., Kimball's Jewelers; **Memphis** Robert Crump's Hancock House **TEXAS: Houston** The Carlton House **VA.: Charlottesville** Keller & George; **Portsmouth** Mary Perkins **WASH.: Seattle** Friedlander & Sons, Italian Shop Inc.; **Tacoma** Gunderson Jewelers **WISC.: Milwaukee** George Watts & Son, Inc.

bye to maybe forty-eight hours earlier," Morgan has recalled. "He was standing in the midst of two or three thousand students, all racing toward the girls' dormitories. Dr. Gallalee looks at me and says, 'Charles, you'd better take your people and send them back to the fraternity houses and dormitories, because if you don't send them back they're going to be expelled from school.' And I said, 'Thank you very much, Dr. Gallalee,' and I took my stuff off the bus and started to work." He soon had the situation under control.

Campus politics occupied so much of Morgan's time that he found his grades slipping. "As a matter of fact," he has said, "one semester I had to drop out, owing to a case of 'acute malaise,' as they called it. My father decided that 'acute malaise' meant that I was lazy as hell, but it wasn't that. I was just working on other things." In addition to keeping up his political activities, Morgan was spending a good deal of time with a pretty fellow-student from Birmingham named Camille Walpole, and was trying to earn enough money so that they could get married. (The marriage took place in 1953, two years before Morgan graduated from law school.) One of his money-making ventures involved his serving as the front man for a beer-distribution company. The owners of the company had connections with the university which made them reluctant to have their names associated with the enterprise, so Morgan, as the firm's nominal president, drove a beer truck on a hundred-and-fifty-mile delivery route. He also held the post of campus representative for Chesterfield cigarettes, collected a ten-per-cent commission on a campus laundry concession (for what he readily admits was a minimal amount of work), and taught an eight-o'clock class in American economic history—a course in which he himself had received a D. (The D was apparently only a temporary setback in Morgan's academic career. He made the dean's list at Alabama five times in a row, went through law school in twenty-seven months, finished as a top student, and was a member of both the scholastic and the leadership honorary societies.)

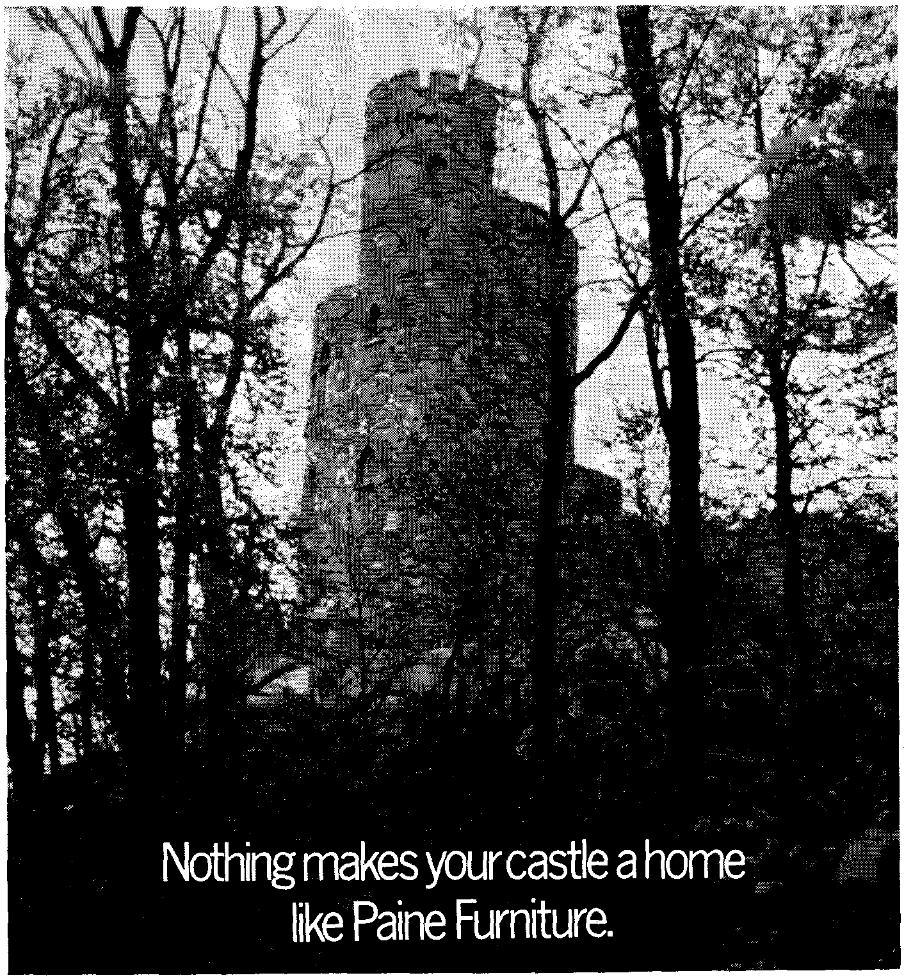
At about this time, Morgan attempted to set down in writing some of his feelings about the way people lived in the South, and his wife later typed up the handwritten text as a Christmas present in their first year of marriage, heading the manuscript "Ideas and Ideals as Expressed in Essays by



SHREVE'S EXCLUSIVE
LIBERTY TREE TRAY

Our Country's first symbol of freedom. Here in 1765, under this tree, on Boston Common a group of patriots assembled and called themselves "Sons of Liberty." The Liberty Tree then became the rallying place for the "Free Men" of Boston and neighboring towns. The tray is black lacquered with green and gold, alcohol proof, 17" x 12", $20. Mass. Residents add 3% tax (or if delivered in Mass.) Please add $1. for shipping.

SHREVE
Crump & Low Company
of BOSTON Boylston at Arlington, Boston, Mass. 02116 (617) 267-9100



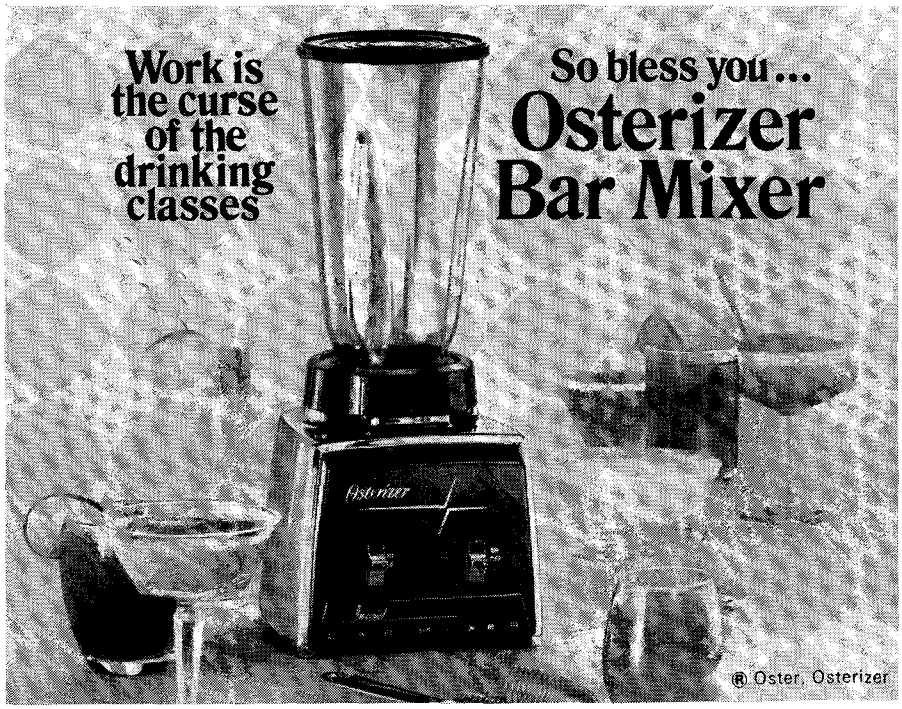
Boston • Hartford • And Branches.

To live.
To laugh.
To forget time.
Cointreau.
COINTREAU
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
SPÉCIALITÉ
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR SPÉCIALITÉ
80 Proof. Produced and Bottled by Cointreau Ltd., Lawrenceville, New Jersey

Charles Morgan, Jr." In one of these essays, he wrote:

> In 1620, a sailing vessel appeared in Jamestown. In the hold of that ship were the first Negro slaves to reach the Northern half of our continent. Some two hundred and forty years later a shot was fired at Sumter. For five years a young nation was stretched upon the rack of war. Our section of this nation has never rendered itself complete recovery.
>
> We have alternately suffered physical and moral hunger and have emerged from our diseased state with a bad case of moral leprosy.
>
> The war did away with the ugly picture of men being bought and sold as chattels. But the result of that war was to reframe the South with the white man voluntarily moving into the position of involuntary servitude.
>
> I submit to you that we, the white population of the South, have become slaves to our ignorance.
>
> We, due to the complex enigma of pride and prejudice, have paradoxically placed ourselves on the sacrificial altar that only prejudice could erect and only knowledge can destroy.
>
> *The evil in man is nourished mainly* by ignorance and lethargy.

Some of Morgan's ideas were put to the test while he was at Tuscaloosa, when the young Negro woman Autherine Lucy filed a lawsuit demanding that she be admitted as a student at the University of Alabama. The lawsuit, as it turned out, dragged on for a couple of years, but at the time Morgan felt that there must be no delay on the campus. This is how he has described the events that followed: "I went to Oliver Cromwell Carmichael, who had replaced Dr. Gallalee as president of the university, in 1953, and I took with me the president of the student body and the presidents of other organizations, and I said, 'This woman's filed a lawsuit, and these are the presidents of the student organizations. We know what the student body will do, and we're willing to prepare the student body. We think we ought to do it peacefully, the way they've done it at the University of North Carolina and at L.S.U.' Carmichael said, 'Fine, fine, thank you very much for coming.' And we never heard from him again. We never heard about anything to prepare the student body. And when Autherine Lucy arrived, in 1956—the year after I left—there was no preparation at the University of Alabama for her. I was practicing law in a corporate firm in Birmingham then, and I got the first edition of the afternoon paper. I looked at it, and there were the riots. She was being stoned. And I got physically sick. I looked at the paper and I said to myself, 'If they'd ever done the right thing, then it would



NO MORE need you dilute the drinks with hot, salty tears of frustration at your failure to mix.

NO MORE need you skulk away when someone asks you to whip up a frappé.

NO MORE need you mutter, "How about a bourbon and water?" when guests order exotic drinks.

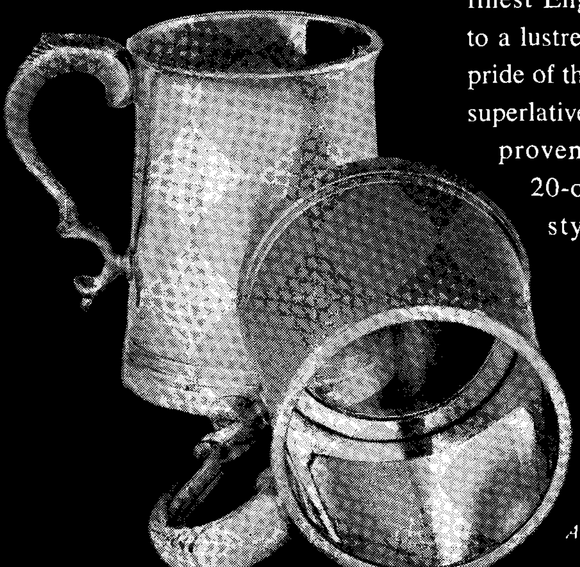
NO MORE! Our Osterizer Imperial Bar Mixer makes perfect Drinksmanship simple—with Hi and Lo speed control. 5-cup stainless steel container opens at both ends. Recipe book included. Use it to whip up great hors d'oeuvres, too. Even when it's not doing anything, it adds an ineffable distinction to your bar.

It's one of the full Osterizer blender line, among other Oster products designed to make you a hero in the do-it-yourself-and-drink-it set. At better stores everywhere.

© 1969 John Oster Manufacturing Co., Dept. NY
5055 N. Lydell Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 53217

Imbibe tradition with your brew

Observing tradition from Cromwell's England, Worcester presents a collection of exceptional glass-bottom tankards. Each is crafted in finest English pewter brought to a lustre of classic taste. The pride of the Worcester group, a superlative tankard of historical provenance: GEORGE I, 20-ounce Imperial Pint, style #8965. $17.50.



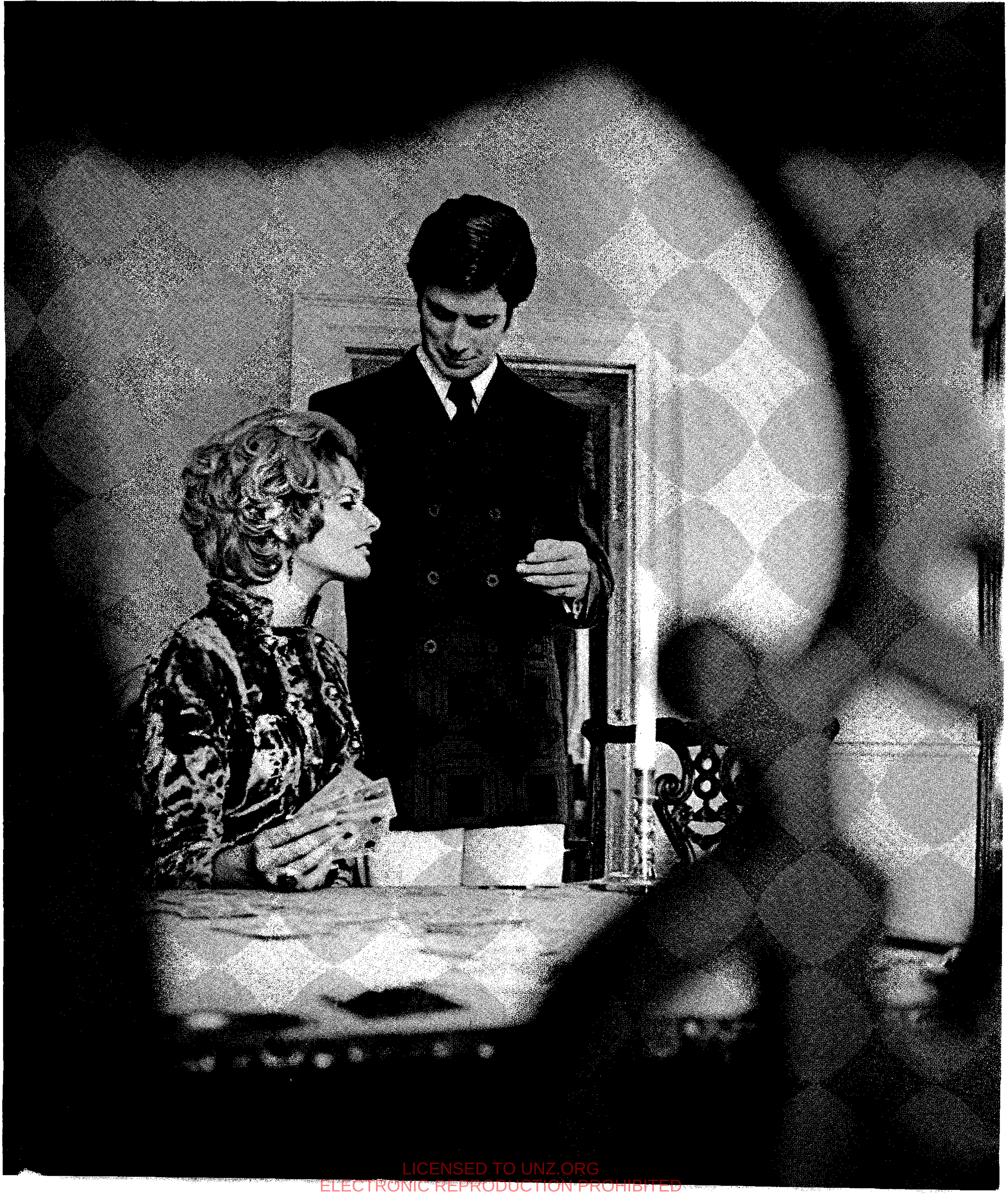
Also half-pint size, $13.50
At your jewelers or write

ROYAL WORCESTER PORCELAIN CO., INC.
11 East 26th Street, New York, New York 10010

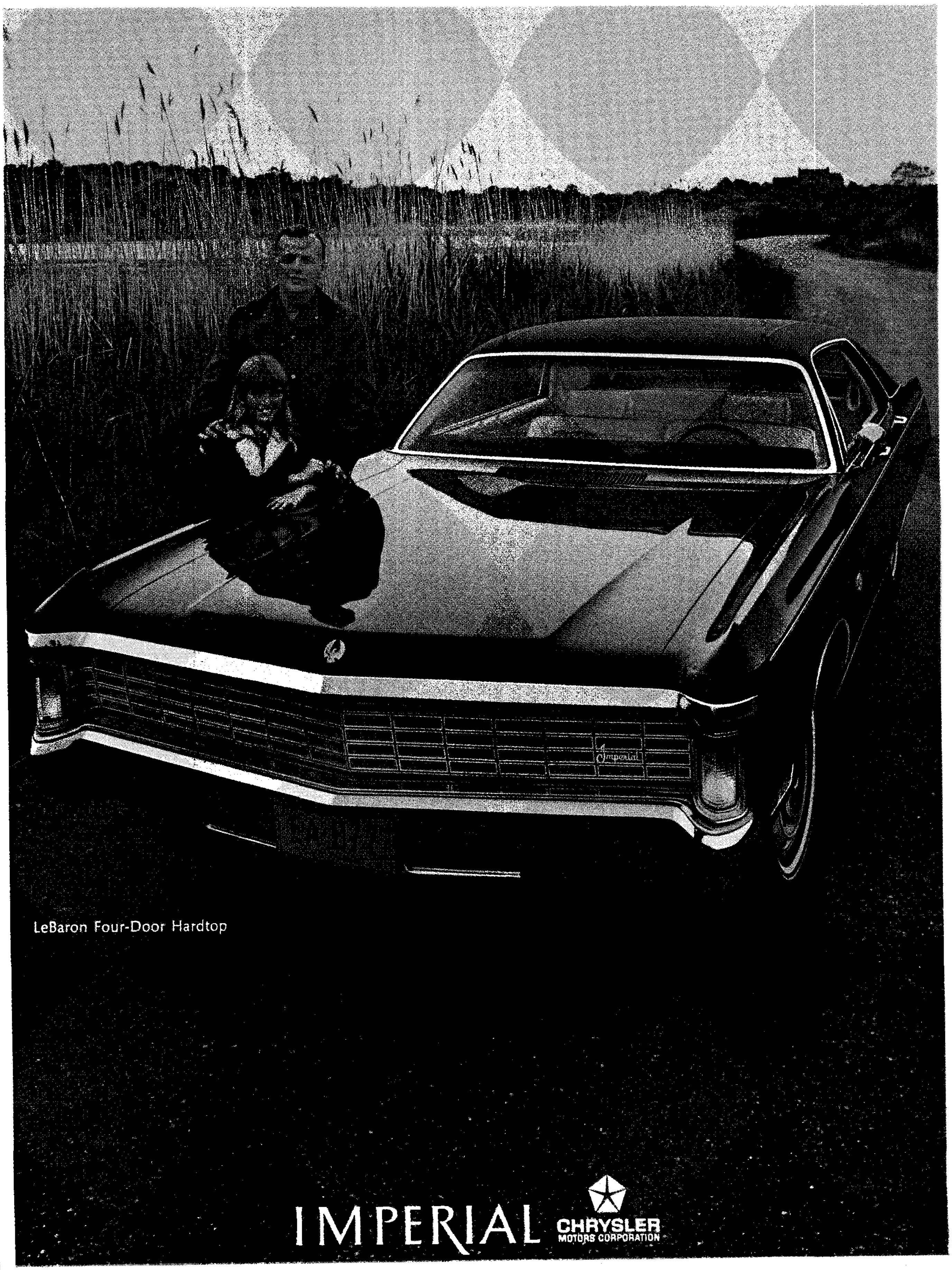
bonny.

ONE FROM A COLLECTION: THE AUTHENTIC "MENZIES HUNTING" TARTAN IN CLAN COLOURS OF ANCIENT MADDER AND HEATH RECOGNIZABLY NOBLE IN PUREST WOOL THAT SPEAKS BREEDING AND SUPERIOR TASTE WHEREVER PROMINENT ATTITUDES GATHER. ABOUT SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS. GENTEEL, PROUD AND EXCLUSIVELY BY **clubman**®

1290 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS • N.Y 10019

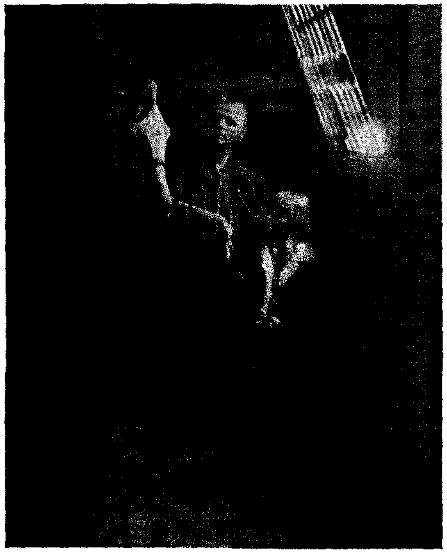


The Imperial ride has been imitated on another luxury


LeBaron Four-Door Hardtop
IMPERIAL
CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

car. One of our competitor's most expensive models.

A man is understandably proud of the things that please him most.



Ride. What Torsion-Quiet means. It means, in short, an unexcelled highway ride. For, among the three U.S. luxury cars only the new Imperial has a torsion-bar suspension on every model. (Although, as mentioned, one maker puts torsion bars on one of his most expensive models.) Torsion bars, combined with unibody construction and the Sound Isolation System, deliver a *Torsion-Quiet Ride, the ideal* combination of quietness, stability and control. A prime consideration in your choice of a luxury car.

Size. What inches can mean. The new Imperial measures 229.7 inches in overall length. We have designed a long, large automobile for one reason alone. To give you an extraordinary amount of room inside. There's noticeably more head, leg, and shoulder room in Imperial than you've probably ever experienced in a luxury car of this type.

Options. Unexpected airs. When you order Chrysler Airtemp air conditioning, you still have four choices left. You may order a single unit for the entire car, or two separately-controlled units for front and rear. And you may order either of them with our Automatic Temperature Control (maintains a pre-set temperature automatically). Of course, we offer the expected, too. Such as adjustable steering columns and 6-way power seats.

Performance. Big can be nimble, too. Thanks to Imperial's standard 440 4-bbl. V8. It's the largest production passenger-car engine ever put out by Chrysler Corporation. We don't even offer an optional, more powerful engine, simply because you don't need it.

Price. Not the deciding factor. Model for model, the three American luxury cars are similarly priced. However, when you consider that the standard LeBaron Four-Door Hardtop comes with a formal vinyl roof and a 50/50 split bench front seat, the new Imperial may well be the best value in the price class. It's only a three-car field. Study them all.

1970 Imperial. The new choice.

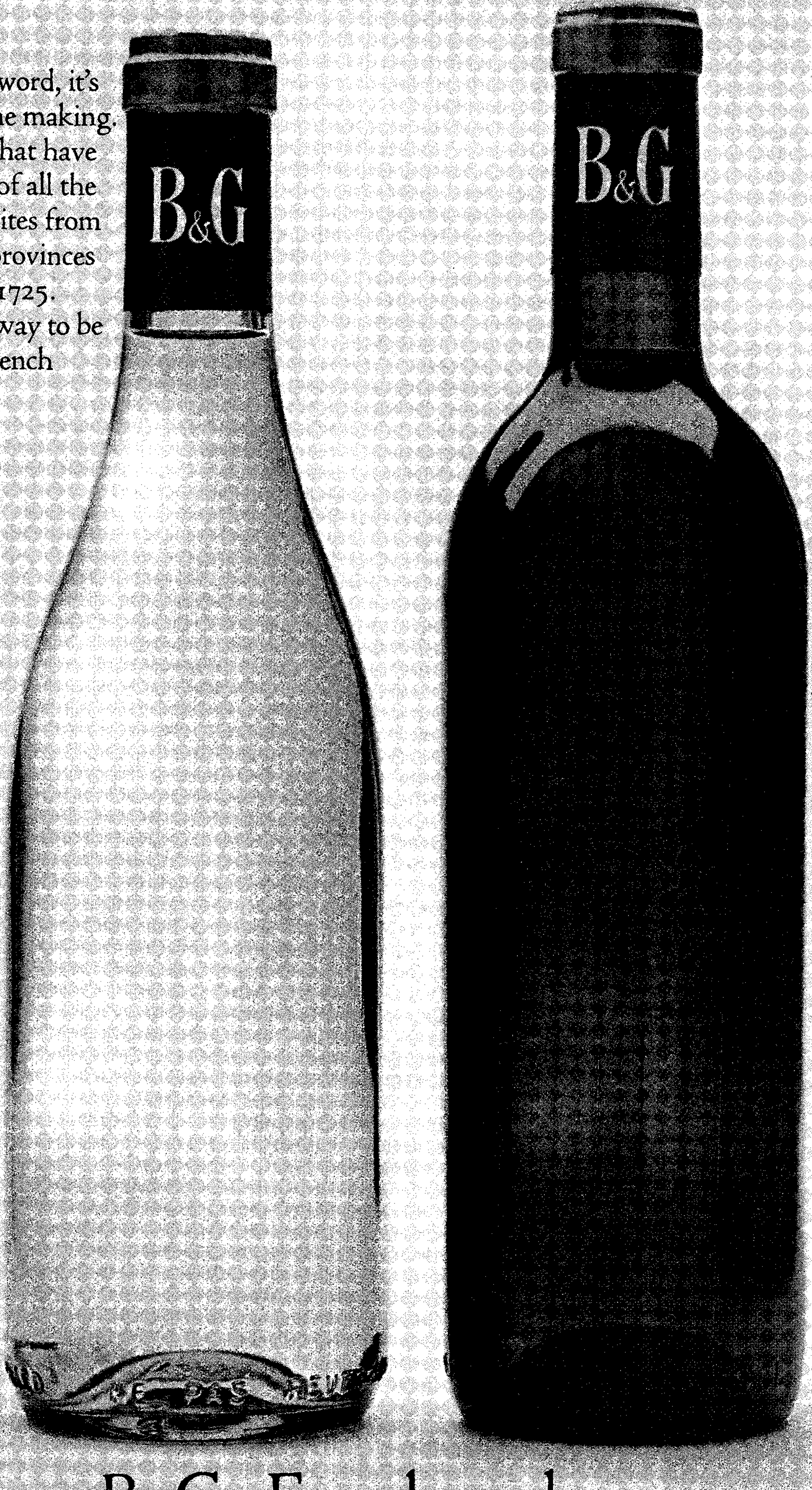
A Two-Letter Course in Fine French Wines.

B. & G. In a word, it's 244 years of wine making.

Two letters that have meant the pick of all the reds and the whites from the great wine provinces of France since 1725.

It's the easy way to be choosy about French wines.

In a word.



B&G. French made easy.

BARTON & GUESTIER. 36 FINE WINES IN ONE FINE FAMILY.

Imported by General Wine and Spirits Company, Browne-Vintners Division, NYC.

have worked out.' " There were tears in Morgan's eyes as he spoke these last words. He paused heavily, then went on, "They didn't do the right thing, and the message from Tuscaloosa was 'Violence works.' Nobody was found in contempt. Autherine Lucy would not be going to school. The message flashed across the South that violence still works."

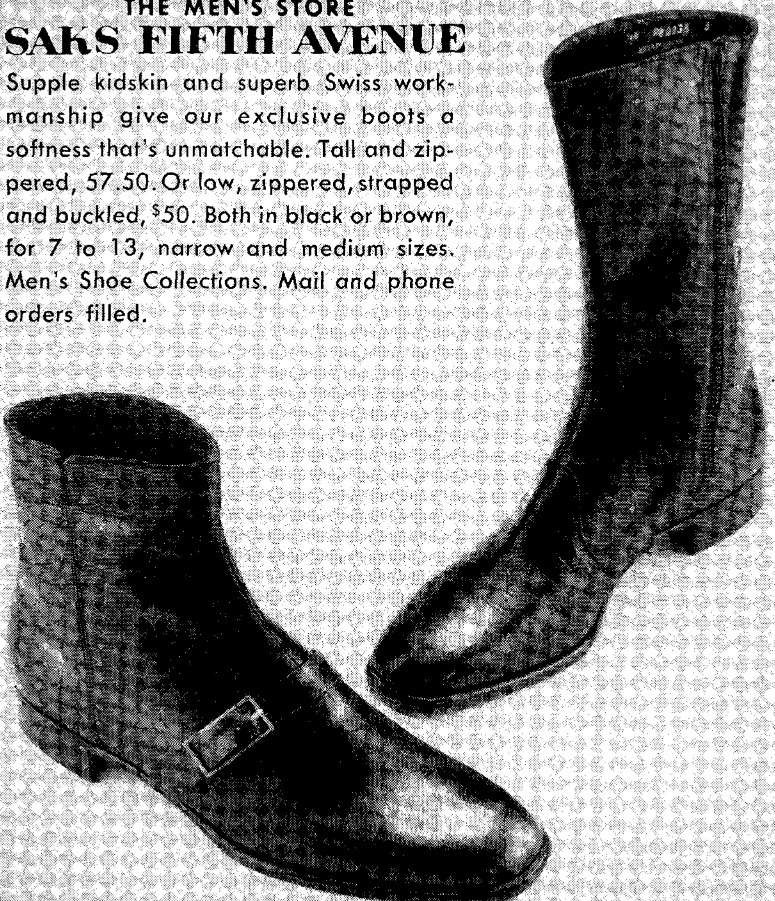
THE Birmingham law firm that Morgan had joined after finishing law school was one that specialized in municipal bonds, securities, corporate transactions, and taxes. He soon started handling cases for indigent defendants in his spare time. The state required at that time that a lawyer be appointed to defend anyone who, if found guilty, might be faced with the death penalty. "They didn't care, at first, what I was," Morgan has said. "At first, all they wanted to do was to put a body up there in front of the bench to defend the indigent. The body got one hundred dollars. I asked my law firm for permission to go out and handle criminal cases like this. I thought this would be something for a lawyer to do. As a matter of fact, I thought it was what lawyers were *supposed* to do." In his book "A Time to Speak," which was published in 1964, Morgan describes his first case as a court-appointed attorney. He defended a Negro man accused of murdering a Negro woman by first stabbing her and then beating her with the barrel of a shotgun. It was not the sort of case that a young attorney might hope to make much of a reputation with. The victim was a widow with four children, all living on welfare, and, what's more, she was paralyzed from head to foot on one side of her body. Also, the slaying had occurred at high noon before a dozen witnesses. The defendant, whom Morgan has described as "one of life's losers," finally pleaded guilty, and in time died in jail of natural causes. But even in the preparation of a case that seemed utterly hopeless Morgan conducted an exhaustive search for facts that could help his client in any way, or at least provide some explanation for his actions. "I was learning something about the ordered society I had grown up in," he writes. "After only a year of the practice of law in Birmingham, I had seen that for some there was no peace in our valley. There never really had been."

After three years of the practice of law in a large firm, Morgan decided to become his own boss, and in 1958 he opened a law office in Birmingham

North Carolina
cordially invites you to tee up for a 300-course feast in "Golf State U.S.A."
You'll find a warm reception on a variety of challenging and beautiful courses, seaside and mountainside, with the world famous Sandhills courses in between.
You'll enjoy the relaxation — and the challenge.
You'll enjoy the hospitality, too.
Come today, tomorrow, or anytime, for in North Carolina tee time is year-round.

R.S.V.P.
Golf
State Travel & Promotion, Dept. N
Raleigh, N. C. 27602
Please send me more information on golf in North Carolina.
Name____________________
Street____________________
City____________________
State____________ Zip________

THE MEN'S STORE
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
Supple kidskin and superb Swiss workmanship give our exclusive boots a softness that's unmatchable. Tall and zippered, 57.50. Or low, zippered, strapped and buckled, $50. Both in black or brown, for 7 to 13, narrow and medium sizes. Men's Shoe Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.



From England— a new world of colour . . . spirited new colourings especially created for this season by Alan Paine. Handsome soft-front cardigan in finest lambswool, about $22.50; in pure cashmere, about $45. Popular v-neck pullover in lambswool, about $17; in cashmere, about $37.50.

Alan Paine
COLOUR•MATES
For store names, write: FRANK L. SAVAGE, INC., 17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

with a law-school classmate of his named George V. Eyraud, Jr. It was something of a shoestring operation at the beginning, with both partners' wives working in the office as secretaries. Gradually, Morgan found himself in demand around the state for civil-rights cases, and he turned out to be quite successful in rural courtrooms. There are those who feel that, apart from the hard work and intelligent thought he put into the cases he took, his greatest assets in those days may have been his Southern accent and his appearance. A writer for the Harvard *Crimson* once described Morgan, when he was visiting Cambridge, as a man who "looks like an Alabama sheriff—all three hundred pounds of him—as he reclines on the divan of the Leverett House guest suite, his wrinkled shirt unbuttoned, his huge belly rippling under his undershirt." Morgan used to explain his bulk to audiences by saying, "In the South, you have to look like a chief deputy in order to survive." Actually, he has never weighed three hundred pounds; two hundred and sixty-seven was his record. During the past few years, Morgan has discovered that by combining the more attractive features of a number of published diets, and especially by leaving the buns off the two or three cheeseburgers he often eats at a sitting, he could cause his weight to go down to a hundred and ninety-seven pounds. Once he achieved that, Morgan delighted in asking all of his stout friends how much *they* weighed now, and in wearing suits, bought when he was much heavier, that hung on him like great burlap sacks. After the trial of Captain Levy, during which Morgan was subjected to motel living and the temptations of cheeseburgers with buns, he shot back up to two hundred and thirty. He does not, however, ripple very much, since he carries his weight on a large-boned six-foot-one-inch frame. Under his blond hair, which, though it is not receding, starts high on his forehead, his eyes, of a soft blue green, and the contours of his face, which is rather moonlike, make him appear always to be either smiling or about to break into a smile. Indeed, those who know him well marvel at his ability to find humor in just about any situation. In the early sixties, when he was doing a good deal of travelling about rural Alabama to defend clients in sit-in and similar cases in county courtrooms, he concluded that the atmosphere around him was sufficiently tense to warrant his packing a pistol, and for a while he kept a .32-calibre Beretta in his briefcase. "One

We've got an out-of-the-way place for you.

BOAC believes that everyone who flies should be foot-loose and lap-free.

So, we designed an overhead locker. A place where you can put your cameras, duty-free liquor, flight bags. All the stuff that might crowd your feet or share your seat.

Now that the seat is all yours, take advantage. Stretch out. There's plenty of room. We designed our Economy seat for the biggest, tallest people we could think of. The happy result is more room for everyone.

You can load up the locker, settle into the seat and relax on any BOAC jet. And if you're flying on one of our remarkable VC 10's, you'll enjoy the quietest cabin in the air.

We introduced this locker, the seat and the VC 10 to help make flying a little more comfortable.

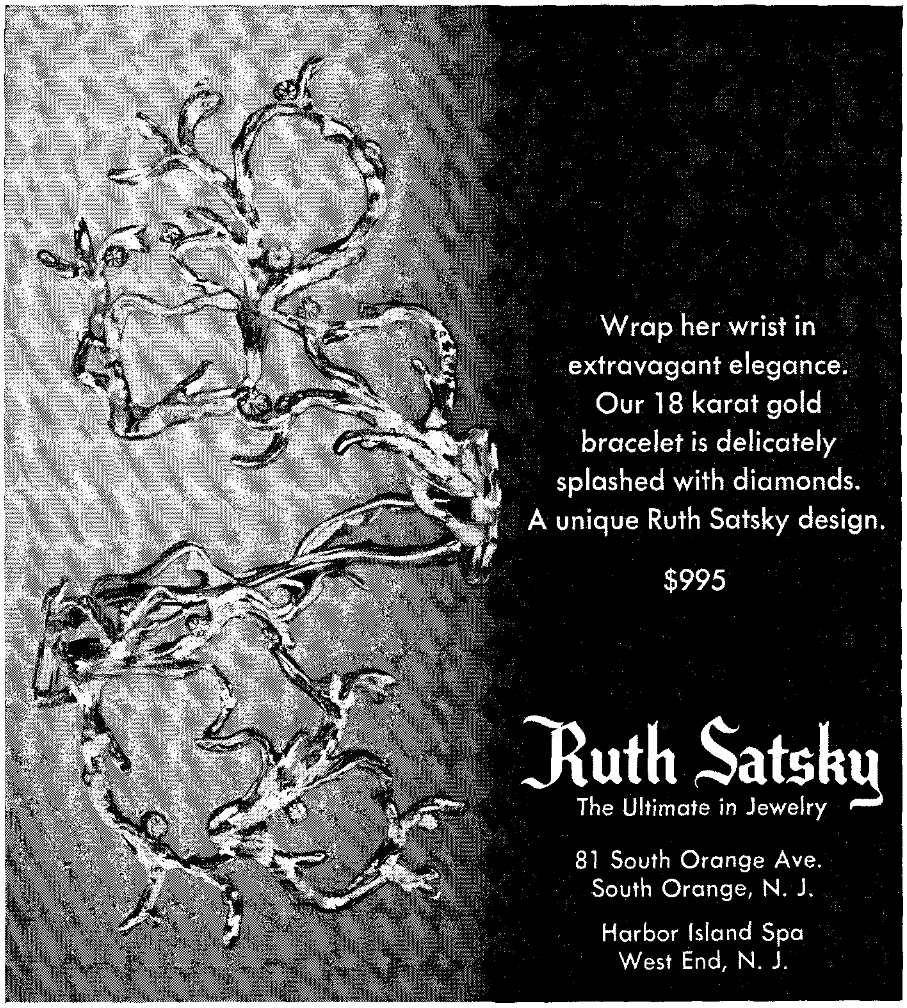
And to make it the beautiful way to get around, you'll receive and savor something that pre-dates the jet age by centuries—our British tradition of treating people as guests, not numbers.

So, the next time you want to cut loose for London, the Islands, the Orient or any place in the world, come with us. We'll go out of our way to make you feel good.

BOAC

For reservations, contact your Travel Agent or British Overseas Airways Corporation, which has offices in principal cities.

Somebody up there cares.



It's an MM. Sized to suit your every length for fall. Lizard-grained calf. Black, navy, brown, white. Also black or tortoise patent leather. S-M-L—$40, $50, $60. Carry off elegance from Bergdorf Goodman, Neiman Marcus, Montaldo's and all their branches.

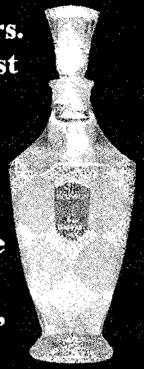
MM
Morris Moskowitz

Mini-Midi-Maxi

night, I was driving back to the hotel from court in Talladega," he has recalled, "and I thought, 'Morgan, what would you do if you had to use this gun?' So I said to myself, 'Well, the first thing you'd do if somebody came after you would be to pull your lawbooks out of the briefcase, and then you'd pull the papers out, and then you'd find the gun tucked down inside the briefcase. And then you'd pull out some more lawbooks and some more papers and you'd find the clip. Then you'd put the clip in the gun backwards. Then, after you'd put the clip in backwards, it'd get stuck, so you'd pull it out and put it in frontwards. Then you'd try to get the safety off and the safety'd be stuck. Then you'd get the safety off and you'd probably wind up shooting yourself in the foot.' So I figured that there wasn't much profit in that, and I stopped carrying the thing. If someone wants to get you, they're going to get you."

Numerous threats have been made on Morgan's life—and the lives of his wife and his son, Charles Morgan III, who was born in 1954. But the threats have almost always been made from afar, usually in the form of abusive anonymous telephone calls, and Morgan has managed to find some bitter humor even in them. In a way, he took it more seriously when he was not allowed to renew his lease on an apartment in Atlanta several years ago; he feels that he was discriminated against because his family sometimes had Negro guests. Long before the speech about the church bombing that brought him to national attention, Morgan had acquired a reputation in the South for his efforts to keep channels of communication open between Negroes and whites, and both his home and his office in Birmingham were havens for people who could not have gathered anywhere else without courting harassment, or even arrest.

One explanation of Morgan's ability to maintain close, and even friendly, relations with the segregationists and "silent moderates" (as he calls them), whose general effect on the South he often denounces in public speeches, is that when it comes to individuals he practices the tolerance he preaches, and practices it wholeheartedly. "I have a lot of friends," he once remarked. "The fact that a man's a segregationist doesn't preclude my liking him. That's his business. He's got a right to hate. I try to change him, of course, and after about four drinks it sometimes gets rather bitter and brutal, but we always manage to make it up." As a



of ECUSSON a queen commissioned
eate the irresistible perfume.

valry and passionate amours.
arre commissioned the most
n Paris to create a perfume
y and bewitching powers.
istible – it disarmed her
rfume so feminine – it
endary appeal, drawing the
to her court. This magical
on. Unchanged since 1572,
great women today.
sistible perfume by Jean D'ALBRET.

PARFUM, MADE, SEALED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE.

Schumacher's ... for timeless distinction.

Available through interior designers and at the finest stores.
F. Schumacher & Co. Fabrics/ Carpets/ Wallcoverings/ Velcro • 939 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

white Southerner who remains part of his environment even while he is criticizing it, Morgan has managed to earn the respect of opposing factions that normally have no respect at all for each other. The insistence of Morgan and others like him on remaining white Southerners while defying the white Southern system may have been in the mind of a friend of his, Leslie W. Dunbar, now executive director of the Field Foundation, in New York, and former director of the Southern Regional Council, in Atlanta, when, in an article that appeared in a 1964 issue of the *Journal of Politics*, he wrote, "The general conformity of the liberal to social practices which he opposes is a mark of his dogged refusal to alienate himself from Southern society. He has counted himself a Southerner, with an obligation to respect the community and, so far as possible, to keep it whole."

Among lawyers, Morgan has earned a great deal of respect by his insistence on going out and meeting his most intractable opponents face to face in the municipal and county courthouses of the Deep South. He has always prided himself on trying to win civil-rights cases at the lowest possible level instead of depending on reaching the more favorable climate of a federal court through the process of appeal. For example, when a young white field worker for the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, Robert Zellner, was arrested on a vagrancy charge in Montgomery, Alabama, in 1963, it seemed clear to Morgan, who became attorney for the defense, that Zellner was being harassed because of his participation in the civil-rights movement. The local authorities, with an efficiency that they seemed to save for cases involving integrationists, learned after Zellner's arrest that he had paid for a camera at a pawnshop in Montgomery with a check that was technically an overdraft, since there was not enough money in his account at a bank in Atlanta to cover it, although the next day, before the check was presented for payment, a friend had made a deposit large enough to cover it. The young man was accused of "acquiring property under false pretenses," a felony that carried a maximum penalty of ten years in prison. Morgan fought the case as if there were no such thing as an appeal. In the end, the jury reported that it was unable to agree on a verdict, and the judge declared a mistrial. The felony charge was subsequently dismissed.

A lawsuit filed by Morgan is never a dull affair, and his friends, in reading

Taste Tour the great Vineyards of Italy with Julius Wile.

The best Wine is the Wine you like best.

Villa Antinori—Red—the superior Classico Chianti from Antinori. White—also available. Both wines, Estate Bottled.
Antinori Bianco Della Costa Toscana—Light and fruity—a medium dry white wine from Tuscany, in its unique fish bottle.
Antinori Valpolicella—Ruby red, fresh and harmonious with character and flavor.
Antinori Soave—Velvety, light and dry white wine with a faint taste of almonds.

Marchesi L & P
ANTINORI
The Nobility of Italian Wines

Julius Wile Sons & Co. Inc. NEW YORK

his briefs and appeals, often derive not only the pleasure that comes with seeing a legal effort presented thoroughly and convincingly but also the unaccustomed pleasure that comes with seeing the English language used with spirit in a legal document. A legal brief, Morgan feels, should command the attention of those who must read it. "I don't care what the law schools say and how some lawyers write—a brief is supposed to *persuade*," he has said. "And a brief is supposed to be written in a manner that argues the case in an understandable way, without using the stilted language of the law or the stilted language of the past. So I don't write briefs that way." Morgan's sense of style extends even to a preoccupation with the plaintiffs' and defendants' names by which cases are permanently known and referred to. In a suit filed in 1965 in federal court to secure the right of trial by an integrated jury in Alabama state courts and also to force the state to seat women on juries, Morgan was delighted to find that one of his plaintiffs was named Gardenia White, a Negro, and he looked without success for a white jury commissioner named Black to head the list of defendants. He finally had to settle for a man whose name he believed to be Cook, but a return brief informed him that the defendant's name was actually Crook. Morgan expressed the hope at the time that White v. Crook, which was decided in the plaintiffs' favor by a United States district court in February, 1966, and other cases like it, would help bring about "a change in the basic structure of justice in the South, so that the lawyer will be able to take these cases that he couldn't take before, so that there'll be a Negro in the clerk's office, a Negro down at the police department, or many Negroes, and there'll be a cross-sectional jury system, one that truly represents the people." Only when this is accomplished, he feels, will there be personal security for everyone in the South. By "personal security" Morgan has said he means "the knowledge that if a fellow shoots you he's going to jail." And he added, "I'm not so concerned about the civil-rights worker—because every person who goes into civil rights knows that somebody might blow his brains out—as I am about the Uncle Tom Negro walking down the road with his head bowed, who ain't got a chance in the world to make a living or a life but who's got a right to equal protection of the law under the Fourteenth Amendment. If his leg's broken, he should get as much damages as any-

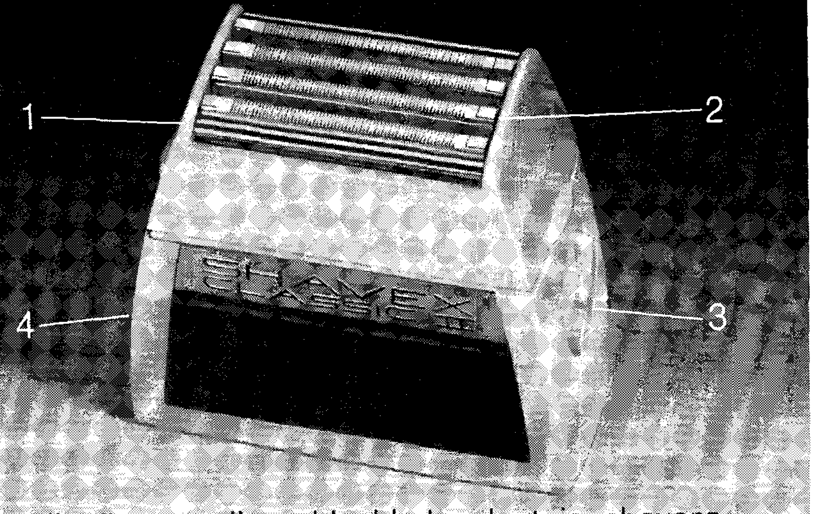
Countess Mara®

Countess Mara designs more than ties for "one man in a million"

Belts, for instance, designed with the same devotion to good taste and flawless quality that distinguishes Countess Mara neckwear. And, like the ties, all CM designs are discreetly identified by the famous nine-point coronet, your assurance of individuality and authenticity. Countess Mara, Inc., 110 East 57th Street at Park Avenue, New York.

for the man on the go—at home or abroad...

the SHAVEX SHAVER



world's finest adjustable blade electric shavers...
featuring these patented engineering exclusives: (1) Flip up head for easiest cleaning, (2) Precision-bevelled, individually-spring-mounted ball bearing cutting heads, (3) Select-A-Shave dial, (4) Thermostatic motor control.

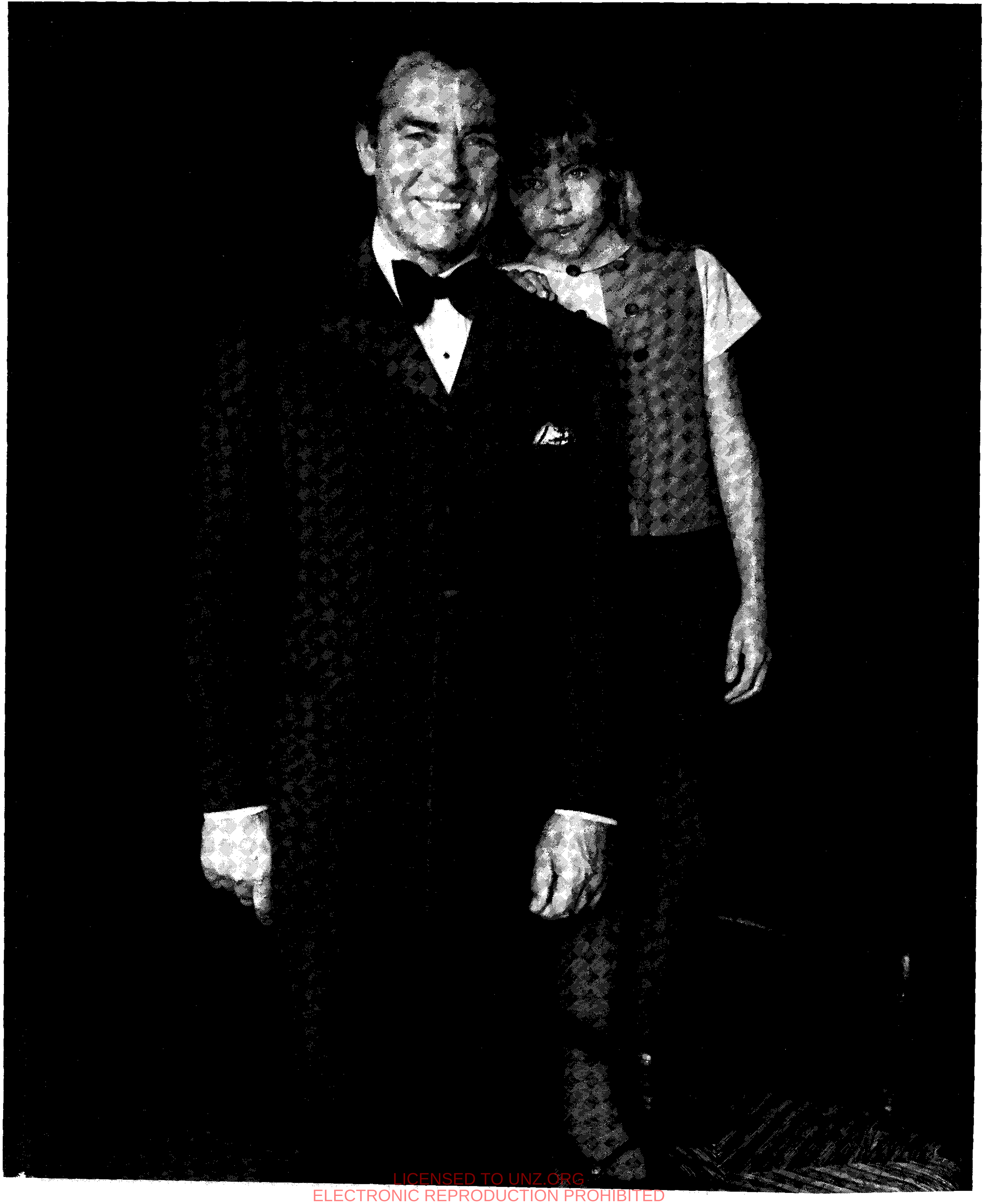
You simply won't believe how smooth, close, clean and comfortable shaving can be until you try a Shavex! Choose from a full line of models from $13 to $30 at fine stores everywhere. All are UL listed and serviced throughout the world.

SHAVEX 1801 N. Central Park Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60647

The look is Lord West...and the lady approves.

Rio Betz's father wears this latest dinner suit innovation in good taste by Lord West . . . an interpretation of the dashing new Regency look so in demand for its longer, leaner length and bolder, satin peak lapels. British mohair and worsted, one hundred and eighty-five dollars at fine stores. Lord West, 1290 Avenue of Americas, N.Y.C. Makers of Distinguished Formal Attire for Gentlemen.

Rio Betz wears an Alyssa Original, photographed by Dan Wynn.



Saks Fifth Avenue

is proud to present

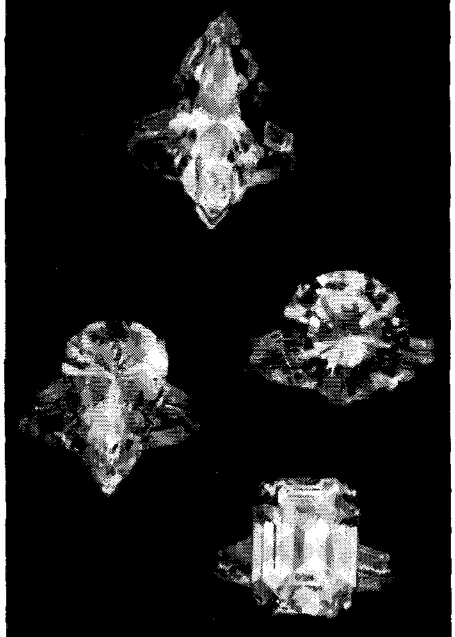
a spectacular new

man-made jewel developed

by Litton Industries

Diamonair™

simulated diamond

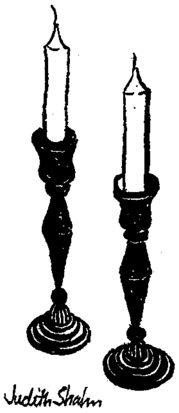


Never before have we seen a simulated gem that so nearly equals the diamond in all its fiery, blue-white brilliance. So beautiful is it, that we have treated Diamonair as if it were truly a diamond. Had it cut and polished with fifty-eight facets to reflect the full color spectrum. In round, square, pear, emerald or marquise shapes, set in classic mountings of 14 karat white gold. Or, you may choose the shapes you prefer unmounted, to be set to your own specifications. And since Diamonair is extremely hard, it is guaranteed permanently for replacement against loss of color, brilliance or scratching under normal wear. But you must see Diamonair for yourself. Priced at $50 a carat, exclusively in the Jewelry Collections at Saks Fifth Avenue.

body, and in a boundary dispute with a white man he's got a right to a jury that will tell him, *'By God, you win.'* "

Even back in the period when most people thought of the civil-rights movement in terms of lunch counters and schoolrooms, Morgan was preaching that nothing would really change in the South until juries were desegregated and a Negro's case was given the same weight as that of a white man on the scales of justice. That situation, Morgan believes, would be advantageous to whites as well as to Negroes, since he is convinced that most Southerners are essentially trapped by the race question. "The same lawyer that you see making speeches that are racist will be making speeches that are more tolerant when Negroes sit on juries in his home county," Morgan once told a Southern audience. "And then if he looks around and sees a Negro court employee over there in the clerk's office, why, he's going to be a different man." And, according to Morgan, he's going to be a freer man.

Although Morgan has won some notable victories in his campaign to bring about the integration of Southern juries, probably the most far-reaching courtroom success he has had involved a different part of what he has called the structure of justice, and it was won not in a county courthouse but before the Supreme Court of the United States. In 1961, while he was still living in Birmingham, he became both the principal attorney and one of the plaintiffs in a suit called Reynolds et al. v. Sims et al., which challenged apportionment of the Alabama legislature. The case was argued before the Supreme Court in 1963. In the summer of 1964, shortly before Morgan went to work for the A.C.L.U., the Court ordered that the legislature be reapportioned so that, as nearly as possible, one man's vote anywhere in the state would count for as much as any other man's. At first, the Alabama legislature came up with a plan that would have amounted to a statewide gerrymander to preserve the power of white voting blocs, but a federal court rejected it as unsatisfactory. In 1965, Governor George C. Wallace had to call a special session of the legislature to deal with the problem. In a speech at the beginning of the session, Wallace made some routine remarks to the legislators about the evils of the Supreme Court, Communism, and integrationists, and added, on the subject of reapportionment, "We are compelled to adjust our organic law and traditional form of the legislature to meet the dictates of the appointees of the Supreme Court of the United States, even though we do not consent. The people of Alabama expect you and me to protect this state from an apportionment plan submitted by the attorney of the American Civil Liberties Union—said to be in exile—Chuck Morgan." Morgan was delighted, and immediately started referring to his office in Atlanta as the home of the Alabama State government-in-exile.



AFTER making the speech that hastened his departure from Birmingham, Morgan worked for a short time as counsel for the American Association of University Professors, with headquarters in Washington. Then he spent the hectic summer of 1964 serving as what he calls a "fly man," dashing around the South on missions for the Legal Defense and Educational Fund, Inc., a non-political organization that was set up in 1939 by members of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Then, in September of that year, he went to work for the A.C.L.U. Aryeh Neier, who is now the executive director of the New York Civil Liberties Union, was at that time the field director of the national A.C.L.U., a job in which his primary responsibility was encouraging the growth of the organization. "It seemed that the place where the organization was weak was precisely the place where it needed to be strong—the South," he said once while discussing Morgan's impact on the organization. The A.C.L.U., which was formed in 1920 by a group that included Jane Addams, Roger Baldwin, Felix Frankfurter, Arthur Garfield Hays, Helen Keller, and Norman Thomas to provide "a permanent, national, nonpartisan organization with the single purpose of defending the whole Bill of Rights for everybody," had been casting about for some time for the most effective way of expanding its activities in the South. In the spring of 1964, it called a meeting in Atlanta to which it invited, in Neier's words, "just about everybody who had undergone some degree of suffering because of his outspokenness." Morgan was there, and, according to Neier, he was the dominant personality in the crowd. The re-

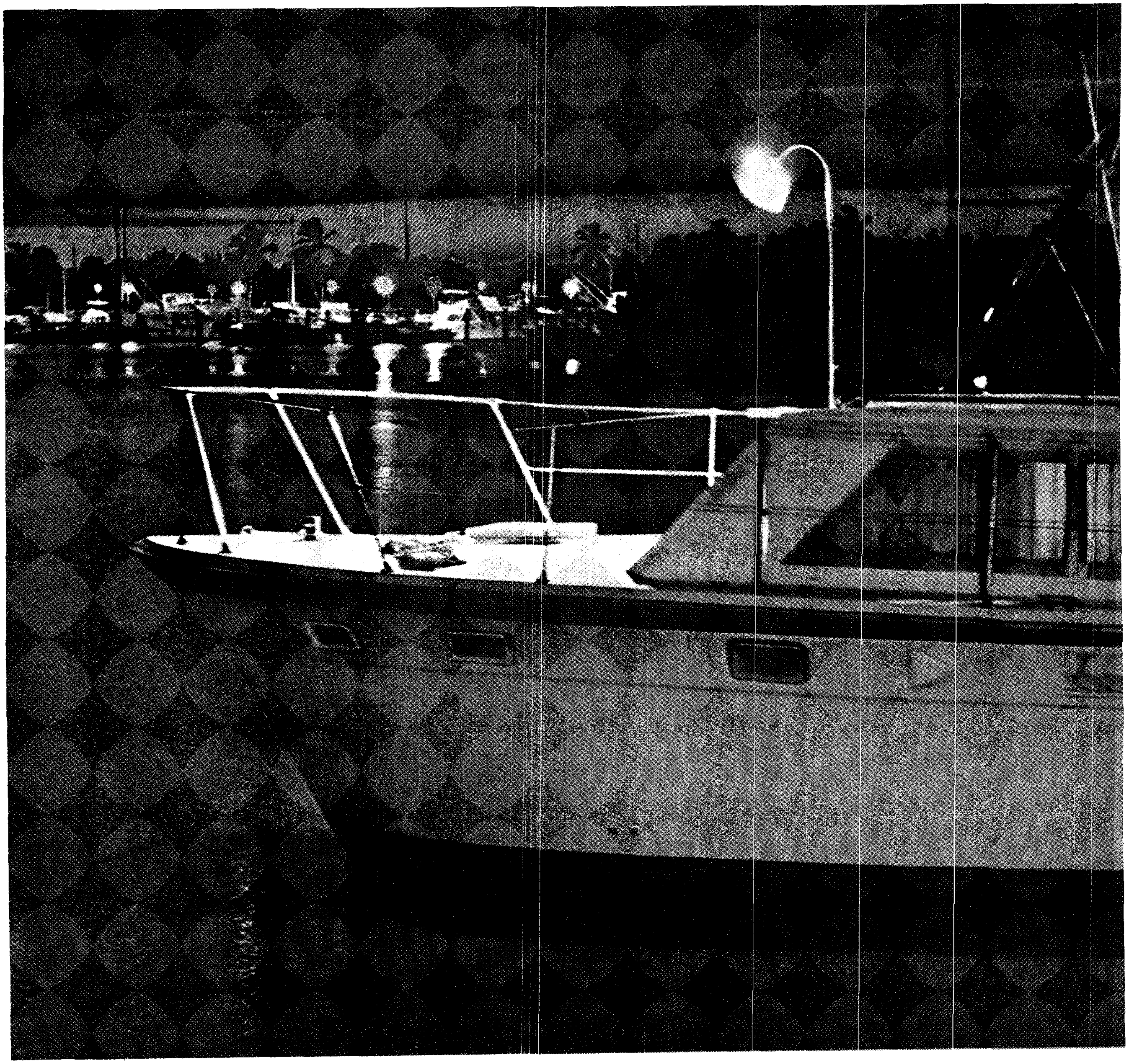
"After-dinner drinks always confused me until I met Charles."

"Stick with what you start with... that's my motto. Scotch before dinner calls for a Scotch Golden Gate afterward. Half Scotch. Half Yellow Chartreuse. It's not a switch. Merely an interesting development."

TEACH
HIGHLAND
BOTTL
SCOTL
Perfection of
SCOTCH W
CHARTREUSE
LIQUEUR A LA G^de
FABRIQUE A LA CHARTREUSE

Yellow Chartreuse, 86 proof, poured half-and-half with Scotch or Bourbon, Vodka, Canadian or Gin, creates a Golden Gate. Lets you stay with what you start with. Not to be confused with 110 proof Green Chartreuse, which is best enjoyed neat, chilled or over ice. Imported by Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

CHARTREUSE
The indispensable liqueurs



Ssssh. Six people are asleep on this

Do not disturb. Captain and Mrs. Captain are enjoying the sleep of the just in the aft stateroom.

Guests Mary and Jim Barnes slumber on polyfoam mattresses in the forward stateroom.

After an active day, the two boys are dreaming away in a junior-size cabin designed just for them.

The Hatteras 38 Double Cabin was made for family fun and gracious entertaining.

In luxurious facilities and in typical Hatteras roominess, it out-rivals many 40 footers—and even some 44 footers.

Galley part of deckhouse salon —for pleasant entertaining

To please the boatwife who wants to be with her guests, the galley has been incorporated in the deckhouse salon.

The galley area includes an electric refrigerator, 3-burner electric stove, stainless steel sink with hot and cold water, exhaust blower, and plenty of convenient storage. One locker is damp-proofed.

The spacious salon has wall-to-wall carpeting, stereo tape player and speakers, 110-volt and 12-volt outlets, selected hardwood paneling, and ample storage cabinets.

For extra safety, a lifeline with stanchions completely surrounds the walk-around deck.

The forward sun-deck has a molded double seat with cushions for sunlovers. The aft deck has long hard top that provides shade and shelter in bad weather.

There are two heads, each equipped with a hot and cold water shower, electric toilet, medicine cabinet, and mirror, lavatory, linen storage, and portlight.

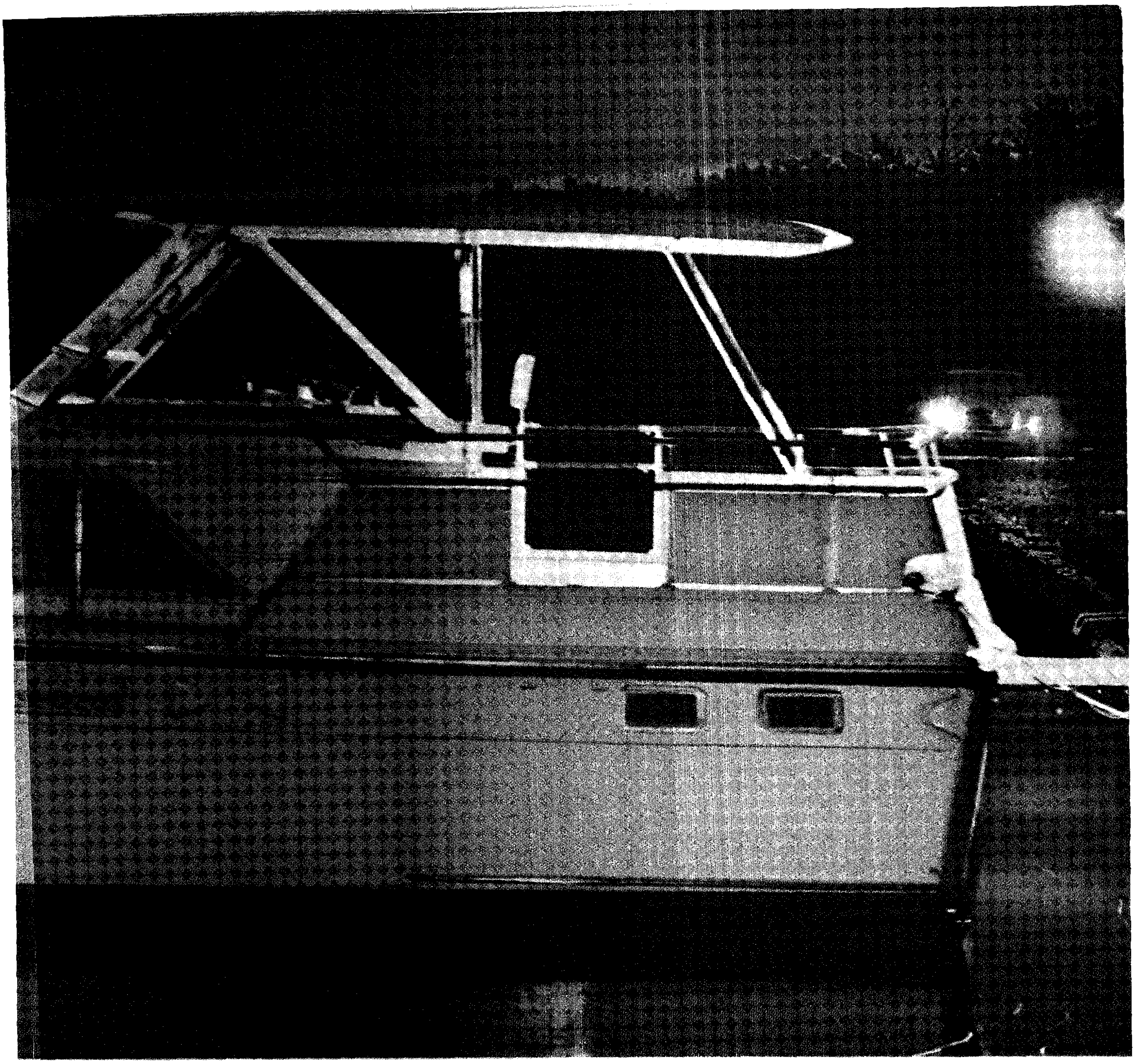
Spacious because of molded fiberglass construction

The secret of Hatteras roominess is its molded fiberglass construction. This eliminates beams, ribs, and frames, provides more usable interior space than comparable wood boats.

The one-piece molded fiberglass hull and one-piece molded fiberglass superstructure make Hatteras maintenance simple and easy.

And *economical.*

There are no hull seams or joints, no need for caulking or sanding. You never need to paint for protection



fiberglass Hatteras® 38 Double Cabin

(you can repaint for looks—if you wish).

And you have no worries about dry rot, rust, loose fastenings, or marine borers.

Exceptionally seaworthy because of fiberglass construction

The Hatteras handles with remarkable ease on all seas, and is exceptionally seaworthy.

Fiberglass makes possible a hull shape that virtually eliminates pounding, yawing or broaching.

And, the resilient quality of fiberglass takes the shock of heavy seas or collision better than boats built of other materials.

A very deep keel on this boat gives the propellers greater protection against driftwood or grounding, and helps to stabilize the riding characteristics.

The molded flare of the hull throws water off in a low flat arc, providing a dryer ride at all speeds.

High resale value

Hatteras does not plan obsolescence by making yearly models. This, plus fine design and durability, protects your investment and assures high resale value.

Product of North American Rockwell

Hatteras is part of North American Rockwell, leader in transportation—from the moon to the ocean. This means that every Hatteras is backed by a strength and technological capability unequaled in the marine industry.

There's a Hatteras just for you

Isn't it time you took a good look at a Hatteras—either this 38 Double Cabin or one of the 11 other Hatteras models?

There's a model for nearly every taste or pocketbook.

Come aboard, and see for yourself. We'll be happy to supply the name of your nearest Hatteras Dealer. If you desire a portfolio of color literature enclose $1.00. Write to Hatteras Yacht, 2463 Kivett Drive, High Point, N.C. 27261.

Hatteras Yacht Division
North American Rockwell

©1969 TOILETRIES EUROPA INC.

Introducing

The most famous men's cologne you never heard of.

Go almost anywhere and men know Tabac Original.™ It is perhaps the most sought-after and widely used men's cologne in the world. Everywhere.

But not in America.

There's good reason for this. You can't be sought after or widely used where you've never been. And Tabac Original has never been in America. Oh, occasionally someone who found it abroad would bring back a few bottles. But other than that, nothing.

Well, the situation has changed. The same subtly masculine fragrance that charmed the French, ruffled the English, and thoroughly demolished the Italians is now available for domestic consumption. At select stores in your part of the world.

Try it. 48 million English, Norwegian, Polish, German, Australian, Japanese, Irish, Swiss, Israeli, Belgian, Burmese, Danish, Dutch, Yugoslavian and French men can't be wrong.

TABAC
ORIGINAL

TABAC
ORIGINAL

sult of the meeting was a decision that the A.C.L.U. set up a Southern office, and there was apparently no doubt in anybody's mind that Morgan was the man to run it. He is now a high-ranking officer of the A.C.L.U.'s administrative staff, and Neier is convinced that much of the growth that has recently occurred in the organization can be attributed directly to Morgan. "The key events," Neier has said, "were the opening of the Southern office and the hiring of Chuck Morgan."

One of the first difficulties that Morgan encountered in his new job was renting an office in Atlanta. He sought to rent a couple of rooms—just space enough for himself and two secretaries at first—in a building at 5 Forsyth Street, N.W., which already housed such liberal organizations as the Southern Regional Council, the National Sharecroppers Fund, the Atlanta Council on Human Relations, and the Episcopal Society for Cultural and Racial Unity. Representatives of the building management seemed leery about the A.C.L.U., according to Morgan. "I was told they would allow me to have an office in their building if I brought a statement from J. Edgar Hoover to the effect that the American Civil Liberties Union was not a Communist organization," he has recalled with a smile. "And, of course, I told them that I wouldn't bring them a statement from J. Edgar Hoover on anything, but that I *would* provide them with statements from Presidents Johnson, Kennedy, Eisenhower, and Truman and Douglas MacArthur endorsing the A.C.L.U. I think MacArthur was the one that sold them."

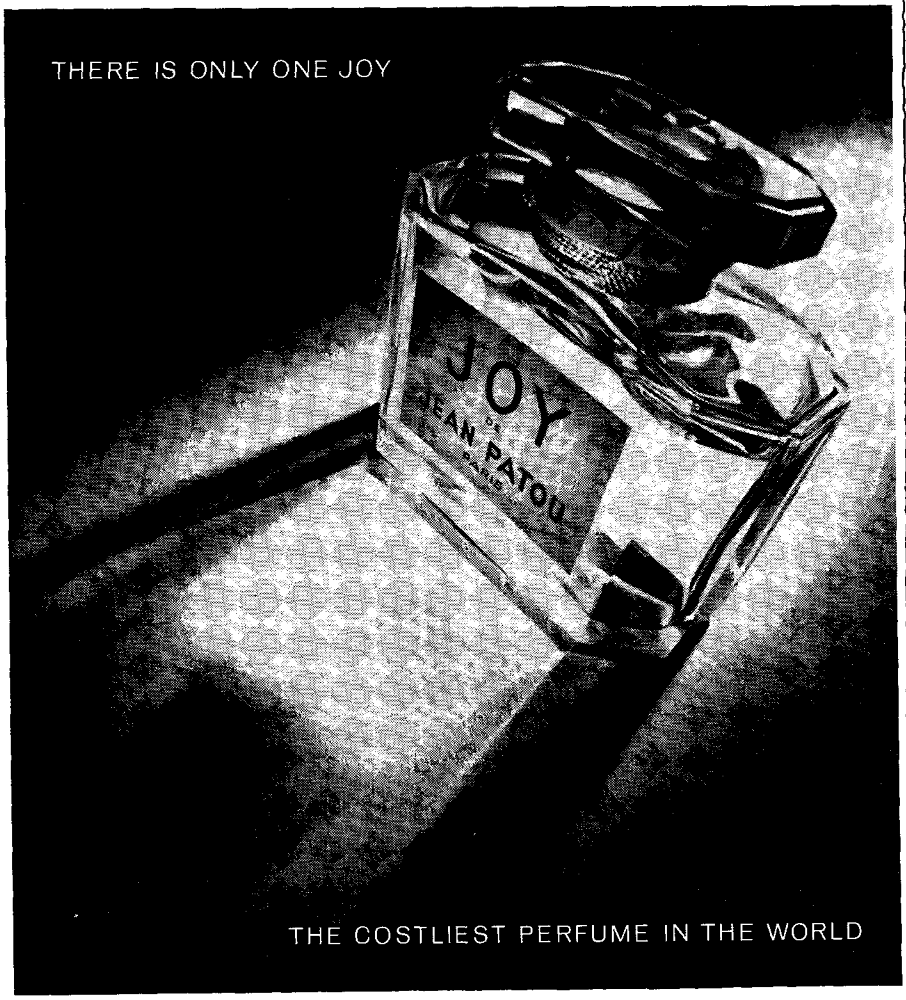
The decision to work out of Atlanta was a natural one for Morgan. Atlanta is far from perfect in its race relations, and has seen some violence, but by and large the city has managed to avoid racial tension of the sort that besets other large cities in the South. Former Mayor William B. Hartsfield once described the city as "too busy to hate," and Morgan himself has said, "Atlanta is the place where if you were flying from Mississippi or Alabama to New York or Washington and your airplane didn't have a stopover there you'd get the bends. It's a great big decompression chamber in the middle of the South. Not so good and not so bad. The best that the South's got to offer. At the Atlanta airport, you shake hands with four people on the way out to the plane and if they're from Alabama or Mississippi they always say, 'Good to see you here'—and they mean '*here,*' underlined. At that point, you say, 'It's

The LOOK
GGG creates it.
GGG CLOTHES
Write for "The Look", colorful style booklet. GGG Clothes, 12 E. 14 St., Dept. M, New York 10003.

GLENOIT MILLS, INC., SUB. BOTANY IND., INC., U. S. A. • CANADA • UNITED KINGDOM • FINLAND • ISRAEL • MEXICO

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES
this is definitely GLENSEA
Crylor
ACRYLIC FIBER

DONNYBROOK'S Laura E. Newman designs in magnificent Glensea by Glenoit,® the most touching thing a coat can be made of. Sizes 8-16, about $100, in black, brown and navy. At **FRANKLIN SIMON,** New York; **JOSEPH HORNE CO.,** Pittsburgh; **POGUE'S,** Cincinnati. And all branch stores.



good to see you *here.*' Because, you see, the real key to the South may lie in Atlanta. I don't want to seem to be advocating a Marxian approach to the solution of racial problems, but Atlanta, more than any other city in the world, has adopted a Marxian approach. Atlanta's done what it has done purely on the basis of economics. In Birmingham, not many Negroes could get up in the morning and say, 'Marge, don't buy any U.S. Steel today.' But in Atlanta you've got all these commercial enterprises, and that's why Atlanta moved where Birmingham wouldn't."

Although Atlanta does move, it often finds itself constricted by the presence all around it of Georgia politics. Thus, in 1966 Morgan found himself representing Julian Bond, a young Negro who had been elected to the Georgia House of Representatives in the previous November, in his attempt to take his seat in the legislature. Bond was serving at the time as the information director of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, which had its headquarters in Atlanta. He was elected to the Georgia House from the Hundred and Thirty-Sixth District, a Negro area in Atlanta, but was then refused his seat because of statements he had made opposing the United States' involvement in the war in Vietnam. Morgan helped to argue Bond's case before the legislature and then before a three-judge federal court in Atlanta, which rendered a two-to-one decision against Bond. Later on, other lawyers entered the case and the A.C.L.U. withdrew its active support, as is its custom when other attorneys become involved. Bond eventually was seated in the legislature, and he achieved at least a brief national fame when his name was placed in nomination for the Vice-Presidency at the 1968 Democratic National Convention (a nomination that Bond, who would have been too young to serve in the office, withdrew).

In a way, Atlanta is exemplifying one of the hopes that Morgan expressed to the Ole Miss law students—that as race is eventually eliminated as a divisive force Southern politics is going to become more interesting than politics anyplace else. One of the factors that make Atlanta a likely example is the high percentage of active Negro voters; another is the traditional willingness of some white liberal and moderate voters to side with the Negroes in order to defeat conservative candidates for office. "To a degree, politics *has* become more fun," Morgan said not long ago when he was reminded of what he

A Club Méditerranée Village is an isolated society without rules or politics. Without competition. Without rank or status. Without social pressure of any kind. A place where the individual feels free to act on impulse. Like running out at 4 A.M. for a swim.

It is a society that places little value on surface things like jewelry and clothing. (A bathing suit is as formal as you ever have to get.) A society that doesn't build formal barriers between people. Here, there are no last names. And never a hesitation about introducing yourself.

There is an obvious lack of routine and regimentation at the Club. No social directors trying to organize you into a good time. If and when the spirit moves you, there's tennis, scuba diving, spear fishing, surfing, sailing, deep-sea fishing, judo and yoga.

Money is not an all-powerful force in this society. Absolutely everything (but drinks) is free. The above activities. Instruction. Equipment. Entertainment. Dancing. You can't even tip anyone.

Here, moderation is not a virtue. You can party all night. There's an endless flow of free wine. And every meal is a huge banquet of rare delicacies prepared by master French chefs.

Club Méditerranée's experimental society has proven successful. But only in small isolated paradises. Like the Caribbean islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique. Perhaps someday it could work on a bigger scale. The world, for instance.

The total cost of this experience is, to say the least, reasonable. For example, one week in Guadeloupe (including round trip jet air fare from New York) starts at $308, depending on the season.

Michele,
Club Méditerranée Service Center
P.O. Box 188, Old Chelsea Station
New York, New York 10011

Please send me your free 32 page booklet with further information on vacations to Caribbean, Tahiti, Morocco and Ski villages.

Name ____________________

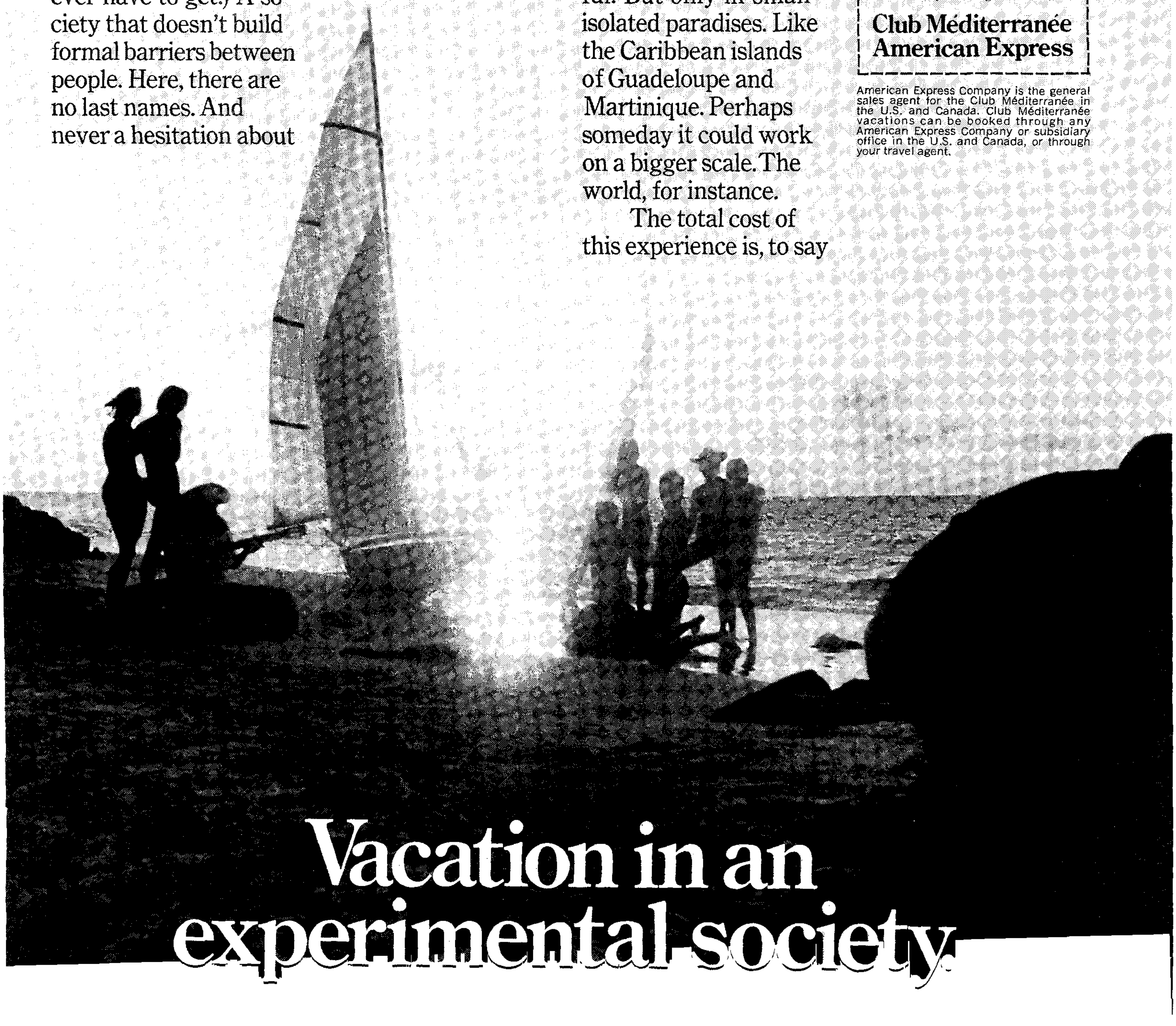
Address ____________________

City ________ State ________ Code ________

My travel agent is ____________________ N1025

Club Méditerranée
American Express

American Express Company is the general sales agent for the Club Méditerranée in the U.S. and Canada. Club Méditerranée vacations can be booked through any American Express Company or subsidiary office in the U.S. and Canada, or through your travel agent.



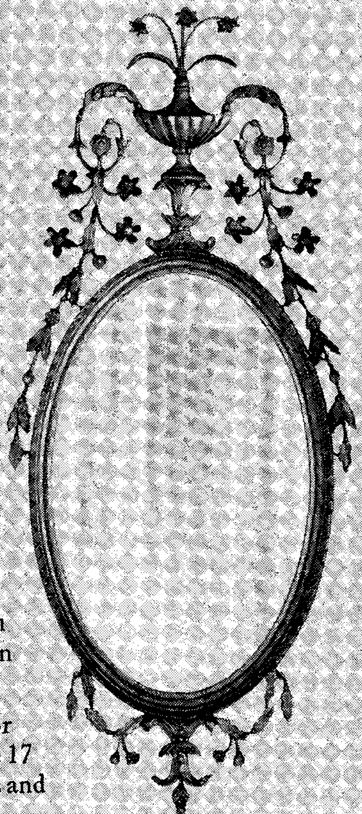
Vacation in an experimental society.

Serve Shapeless Asparagus no longer

True asparagus lovers steam it to mouth-watering tenderness in this stainless steel asparagus steamer. More vitamins, flavor, and minerals are retained. Minerals will not permanently darken inner surfaces. Mere washing removes the stains and cooked-on foods from stainless steel cookware, restores outer brightness and inner cleanliness.

Stainless Steel
BY REPUBLIC STEEL CORPORATION
Sales Offices and Representatives in Principal Cities

(Only the ENDURO® stainless steel is produced by Republic Steel. The asparagus steamer manufacturer's name and address will be supplied on request to Republic Steel Corporation, Dept. NY-9020, 1441 Republic Building, P.O. Box 6778, Cleveland, Ohio 44101.)



WILLIAMSBURG RESTORATION
CW

Does The Hallmark Make It Any Better?

With or without the Williamsburg Hallmark, the Adam-style mirror will add elegance and grace to a foyer or parlor.

The Hallmark assures you, though, that the gold leaf is genuine and that the plate glass is carefully beveled. You know that this is an exact duplicate of the original in the Daphne Room of the Raleigh Tavern in Williamsburg.

The Williamsburg Hallmark is reserved for those products that are crafted by one of the 17 licensed manufacturers of home furnishings and furniture.

For a colorful 144-page book full of Williamsburg® Reproductions, send $2.50 to Craft House, Dept. A-5, Williamsburg, Virginia 23185.

®Identifies trademarks of Williamsburg Restoration, Inc., Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

had said in Oxford. "You've got places in the South where people just don't talk the way they used to about race. But there are only pockets where this is happening. In Atlanta they may not talk that way about race, but in Georgia they do. Where change *has* happened, it's more fun and more interesting in the sense that it's opened up a lot of new things for a lot of folks. In Atlanta, you've got folks talking about 'Is a Negro going to run for mayor?' And 'If so, who?' " (A Negro did run for mayor in the primary a few weeks ago, but lost out. A Negro has been elected vice-mayor, however.)

It would be an absurd understatement to say that Morgan likes his job. "I'm in a position where if a man had good sense he'd pay to work here," he said recently. The sheer volume and variety of the work obviously delight him. Among his many clients, he recalls with special satisfaction Edward R. Fields, an officer of the National States Rights Party, whose case he argued before the Supreme Court. During the preparation, Morgan stipulated that he would use only the written records of the case, which involved Fields' right to make a speech in Fairfield, Alabama, near Birmingham, and that there would be no face-to-face conversations between lawyer and client. "I didn't feel like I wanted him to divulge any of his secrets to me," Morgan later remarked. He has described opening his office mail as "one of the great pleasures of this kind of law practice," and on a morning soon after the Fields case had been won his mail was particularly heavy. "The first letter referred to some other case I was involved in," he has recalled. "It said, 'Congratulations. You are now an honorary nigger.' Anonymous. The next thing I opened up was a copy of the *Thunderbolt*, Fields' paper, and penned across the top, in what looked like some little old lady's handwriting but which I assumed was Fields', was 'Thank you very much for what you're doing for free speech and the press in Alabama.' "

Unlike some of his friends and acquaintances in the field of civil rights, Morgan has resisted the temptation to stray from his original goals and "keep up" with the movement as it has become more vocal, and perhaps more confused, about such matters as black power and black separatism. The two important factors that he mentioned to those Ole Miss students—the vote and the equal administration of justice—still occupy almost all of his energies, and Morgan simply does not

Seven of many relished ways to have fun in Fort Lauderdale

Plus a free booklet
showing all the others

DEEPSEA FISHING. Devotees include both sexes and, as our photo attests, many trophy-size catches are made by pint-size wives. Charter boats take you out with bait and tackle furnished.

ISLAND HOPPING. You see more islands along Lauderdale's 165 miles of waterways than on a sail to Samoa. Rent a small powerboat, or board a sightseeing cruiser and go exploring.

GOURMET DINING. Here you have a great choice of superb restaurants. The foods of practically every cuisine-famous nation are authentically presented in unique settings that add to dining-out fun.

SUN AND SURF. Every gal looks more glamorous after tanning on our beach. There are six golden miles of it, bordered by blue Atlantic surf. The transparent waters are ideal for bathing, and snorkeling.

YEAR-ROUND GOLF. Play on thirty courses, all within a short drive of your lodgings. Any time of year you'll find the fairways lush on championship layouts, executive-size or par-three links.

SHORE PICNICS. A half-mile section of beach with grills, tables and benches is set aside for family fun. Appetites soar after a dip in the salty surf. So bring plenty of charcoal and fixin's.

PERFORMING ARTS. A festival of drama, opera, ballet and symphony goes on over a long season. And in the million-dollar Parker Playhouse, Broadway hits are presented nightly with big-name casts.

FREE COLOR BOOKLET. To see all the other ways to have fun in Fort Lauderdale, send for illustrated booklet. Lodging guides included, if you check your choice on coupon below. Simply fill it out now and mail it today.

VISITOR SERVICE
P.O. Drawer 1181, Dept. N-51
Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33302

Please send free color booklet to:

NAME________________________

ADDRESS______________________

CITY__________________________

STATE_______________ZIP______

Also, send free lodging guides for
☐ Hotels ☐ Motels ☐ Apartments

No. in my party_________________

Approx. dates________to________

FORT LAUDERDALE
the Place to go in Florida

GREAT RUM DRINKS

–four simple recipes

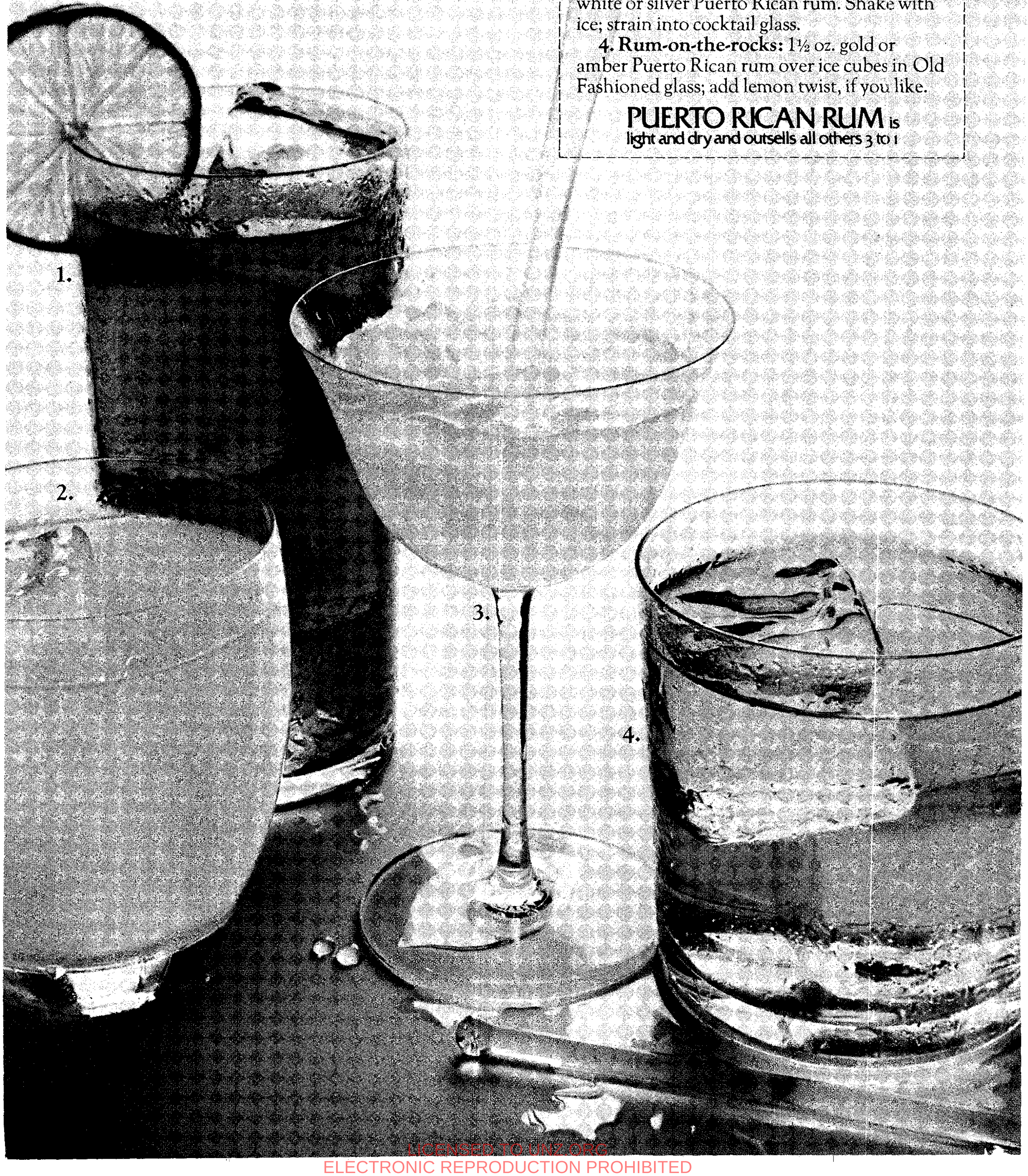
1. Rum & Tea: 1½ oz. white or silver (or gold or amber) Puerto Rican rum in a glass of iced tea. Try it with 100% India tea – tea from India.

2. Rum & Orange: 1½ oz. white or silver Puerto Rican rum; 3 oz. orange juice. Serve over ice cubes in Old Fashioned glass. Float a few drops of Angostura bitters on top.

3. Daiquiri: ½ oz. lime juice and 1 tsp. sugar (or use Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix); 1½ oz. white or silver Puerto Rican rum. Shake with ice; strain into cocktail glass.

4. Rum-on-the-rocks: 1½ oz. gold or amber Puerto Rican rum over ice cubes in Old Fashioned glass; add lemon twist, if you like.

PUERTO RICAN RUM is
light and dry and outsells all others 3 to 1



spend much time worrying about whether he is being a white liberal or how his reputation might be damaged if he failed to follow a style that happened to be popular. When asked about all this, Morgan likes to quote a reply given by an old friend of his to a would-be seductress: "Madam, I shall not alter the patterns of a lifetime for your momentary convenience." Nevertheless, Morgan's stock among the movement's élite and its rank and file, including the separatists, remains consistently high. They at least know where he stands. "Black separatism is a retreat, and it's all wrong," he said recently. "It's a retreat based on race, and on racism, and on frustration. The reason it's wrong is that it just won't work. There's no such thing as separate but equal—anybody from the South knows that. The overwhelming majority of the blacks know it. Integration was and is the answer. But none of this stops me from representing separatists. They have an absolute right to believe as they desire, and to express their beliefs." Morgan's clients have included Muhammad Ali, Stokely Carmichael, and H. Rap Brown. "I don't have any problems with folks," he said. "Lord, I disagree with a number of people on a number of different subjects. As a matter of fact, I don't have a client whom I don't disagree with on a great number of things. I disagree with the majority of *folks*—I guess that's one reason why I'm not in Southern politics. But as far as personal relationships are concerned, we get along pretty well. To me, the important things that I'm working on are still the freedom of speech and the vote and the equal administration of justice, because they're the roots of governmental power."

Morgan's preoccupation with the equal administration of justice has caused him to initiate, or help initiate, several dozen cases seeking to integrate Southern juries, and he has had a good deal of success. In one case handled by the A.C.L.U., a Negro defendant, Johnnie Coleman, had been convicted of murder by an all-white Alabama jury. Orzell Billingsley, Jr., a Negro lawyer from Birmingham who is one of the A.C.L.U.'s coöperating attorneys, and a friend of Morgan's, took the case to the Alabama Supreme Court twice, then to the Supreme Court of the United States twice. The U.S. Supreme Court ruled in the man's favor on the ground that there was discrimination in the selection of the jury, and the case was sent back to Greene County, Alabama, for retrial. A number of civil-

Fast back.

Kodak
Kodapak X
Kodak
INSTAMATIC REFLEX
Retina-Tele-Xenar 1:4/135mm

Smart front.

From any angle, the new *Kodak Instamatic* Reflex Camera gives you all the best things in one great camera. Up front, there's a bright, clear reflex optical system for easy viewing and focusing. A fully automatic shutter that electronically times exposures from 1/500 to 20 seconds. And the ability to interchange lenses instantly from "normal" to wide angle or telephoto.

Backing up this sophistication is cartridge loading with no threading or rewinding. Automatic film-speed setting for color slides, color snapshots, or black-and-whites. Rapid film advance. Sockets for flashcube and electronic flash.

Stop in soon at your Kodak dealer's for an exciting demonstration of the 24-hour camera that runs automatically on everything from sunlight to candlelight. Your choice of *f*/2.8 or ultra-fast *f*/1.9 lens. From less than $200.

Price subject to change without notice.

New Kodak Instamatic® Reflex.
The 24 hour camera.

Kodak

Altogether, now...the bra and slip combined into one lacy nylon figure-shaper. Olga gives it fit with hidden shell cups, adds light security with **Lycra*** spandex to hug the back. In white and un-pale pastels, Sizes 32 to 36, A-B...13.00. At stores with fashion spirit.

*DuPont's Reg. T.M.

behind every
OLGA®
there really is an Olga

SAPPHIRES AND DIAMONDS
set in 18KT GOLD

pair earclips
$2450

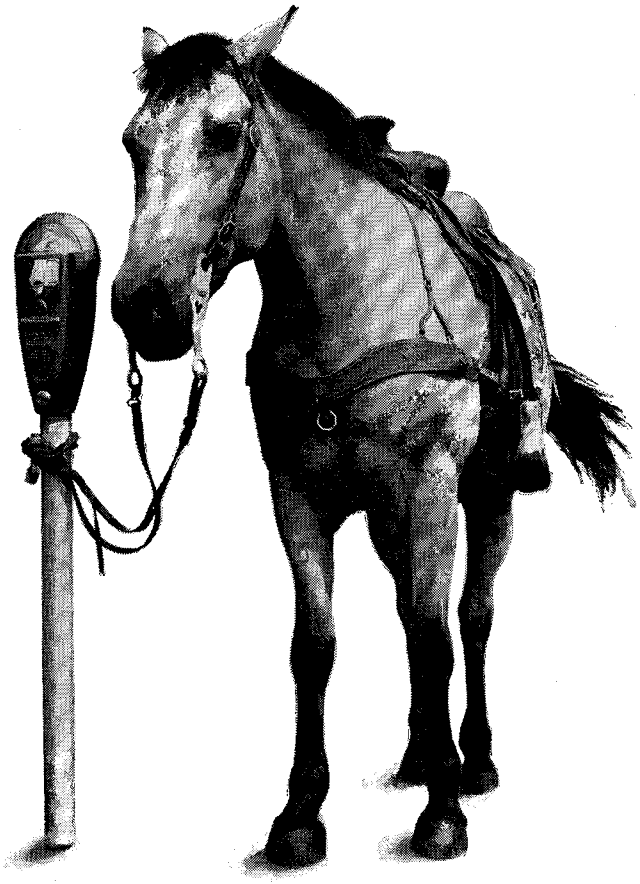
ring
$1950

Olga Tritt
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York City, N.Y. 10022

rights organizations became involved along the way. "He was tried again," said Morgan, "with the same evidence. This time, he had an all-black jury, and he was acquitted. He had been on death row for seven years." Since Morgan started his broad attack on jury discrimination, Congress has passed a federal jury-selection act, which provides that juries selected in the federal courts must reflect an adequate cross-section of the population. Morgan's colleagues credit him with providing a good deal of the momentum behind the passage of the act.

"But jury selection is just one aspect of the struggle for power," said Morgan not long ago. "The second is the vote. Take the Hadnott case, for example. Hadnott v. Amos." Morgan grinned as he mentioned the plaintiff's name. "Sallie Mae Hadnott, who lives at 626 Easy Street"—he grinned again—"in Prattville, Alabama, was a candidate for office in the State of Alabama who is black." Morgan's thinking, and the thinking of others in the Hadnott case, was that, with the destruction of the old-line Democratic Party in the Deep South states, and as Negroes achieve greater voting power and start influencing the Democratic primaries, white Southern politicians will continue to depend on the runoff primary election in order to defeat Negro candidates. "No Negro can ever win the runoff against a white candidate unless he starts with a majority, or a near majority, of the votes," Morgan has explained. "Consequently, we have to turn to the general election, where the whites can be depended on to split their votes. This means we will have to use new political instruments and new nominating techniques. Otherwise, the black vote will be trapped in, just as it used to be locked out." In the Hadnott case, the federal courts ruled that the names of eighty-nine Alabama candidates, most of whom, like Mrs. Hadnott, were Negroes, had to be placed on last November's general-election ballot. The candidates were members of the National Democratic Party of Alabama, a new organization pledged (unlike the organization of former Governor Wallace) to the Humphrey-Muskie ticket. The case got through the courts with astonishing speed. The candidates first attempted to get on the ballot on September 5, 1968; denied a place on the list five days later, they went to court three days after that. By September 18th, a temporary order had been secured placing their names on the ballot. In early October, a federal district court in Alabama ruled against the

The horse is better than most 1970 cars.



We are not joking. The run-of-the-mill 1970 car is an affront to progress.

It's too expensive to buy. And too expensive to run. It's almost impossible to park, and maneuvering it through city traffic would try the nerves of a saint.

You'd be better off with a horse.

Which is sure-footed, inexpensive, maneuverable and it eats hay. Nice, cheap, hay.

We, at Renault, are one of the few automakers to make a car that's better than the horse.

The Renault 10.

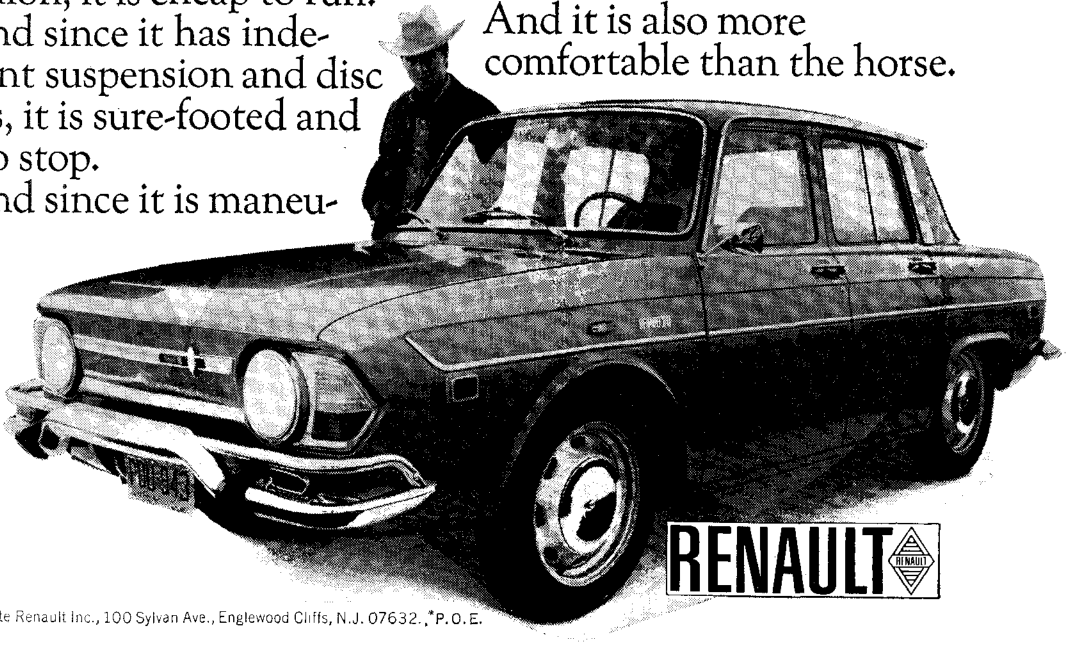
Since it gets 35 miles to the gallon, it is cheap to run.

And since it has independent suspension and disc brakes, it is sure-footed and easy to stop.

And since it is maneuverable, it is easy to park.

And since it costs $1,725,* it is easy to buy.

And it is also more comfortable than the horse.



RENAULT

For nearest dealer see Yellow Pages or write Renault Inc., 100 Sylvan Ave., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632. *P.O.E.

plaintiffs, and Morgan and his colleagues carried their appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court, which, on October 19th, restored the temporary order and got the names back on the ballot. Seventeen of the candidates were elected. In March of this year, the Supreme Court delivered a permanent order settling the election of the seventeen; it ordered a new election in Greene County, where six other candidates had been kept off the ballot; and it referred to the district court Morgan's request that a Greene County probate judge be found in contempt for leaving the Negroes' names off the ballot.

"The seventeen winners were elected to minor posts—justice of the peace, constable, one chairman of the county board of education—but it was a start," Morgan said after the Supreme Court decision. "We may need new political techniques to do things, but the end result, to my mind, is and always has been the same. And that is racial integration and the elimination of race as the great determinant of action in the South and in the nation." In July of 1969, the new election was held in Greene County, and the six Negroes were elected—four of them to the County Commission, which has five seats, and two to the five-member school board. One of the school-board seats had previously been won by a Negro, so the two elections gave Negroes political control of the entire county. After the July election, the leaders of the campaign—and Morgan, their lawyer—began talking about their next goal, the election of a black sheriff.

The equal administration of justice also involves what happens in prisons, and last year, in the U.S. Supreme Court, Morgan won a case that grew out of a lawsuit he helped initiate in Alabama to desegregate all the state penal institutions. "It was to integrate all the jails, prisons—city, county, town—all of it, all across the State of Alabama, just hundreds of facilities," he once said of the case. "If anybody bitched about integrating prisoners, my comment was 'My God, it ought to be a great deterrent to white crime in the South.' " The suit, which in its final stages was known as Lee v. Washington, turned out to be the beginning of another of Morgan's broad attacks on inequality. After winning Lee v. Washington, he filed similar suits in Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Louisiana. The federal courts ruled in the Georgia case that segregation in the state's prisons must end. They did not, however, agree with Morgan's contention that the exclusion of Negroes from

Why the British are so much warmer than Americans.

The boots in our picture are British made by Morlands.

They're lined with real sheepskin, tanned by Morlands themselves, and made into some of the warmest boots in Britain.

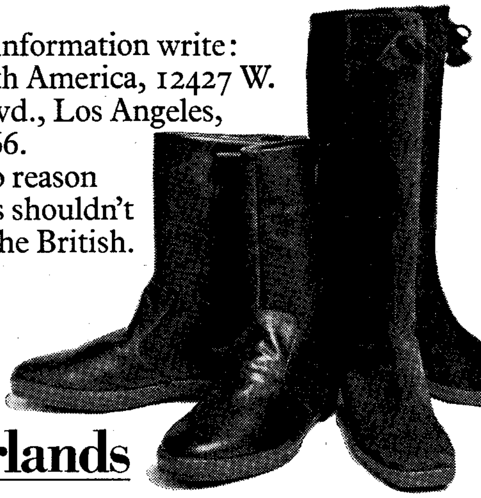
And you can buy them here.

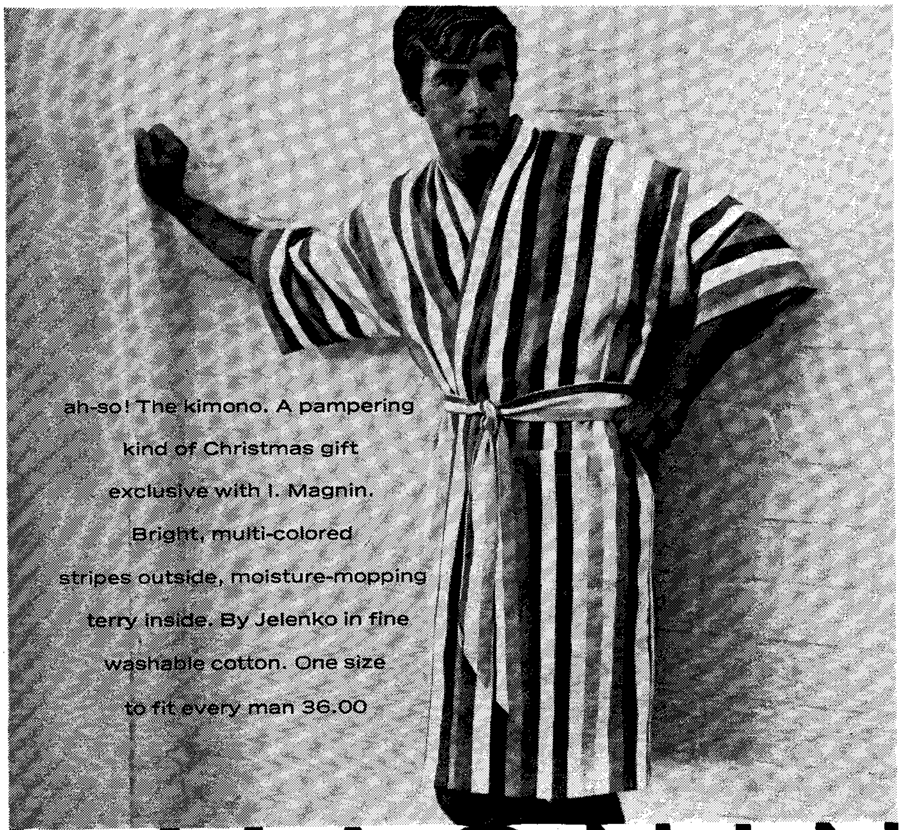
Morlands boots for men and women are available from coast to coast. In dozens of designs and colors. You'll find them at all good stores and ski-shops.

For more information write:
Morlands North America, 12427 W.
Washington Blvd., Los Angeles,
California 90066.

There's no reason why Americans shouldn't be as warm as the British.

Morlands





ah-so! The kimono. A pampering kind of Christmas gift exclusive with I. Magnin. Bright, multi-colored stripes outside, moisture-mopping terry inside. By Jelenko in fine washable cotton. One size to fit every man 36.00

I. MAGNIN

CALIFORNIA • PORTLAND • SEATTLE • PHOENIX

mail orders (add 55¢ shipping) to 135 Stockton Street, San Francisco or 3240 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles

CONGRESS puts quality in a beautiful new light.

the Lyle Lamp Collection
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
mp Collection
F NATURAL HISTORY
CONGRESS
Playing Cards
CEL-U-TONE FINISH
Only Congress Cards have
CEL-U-TONE FINISH

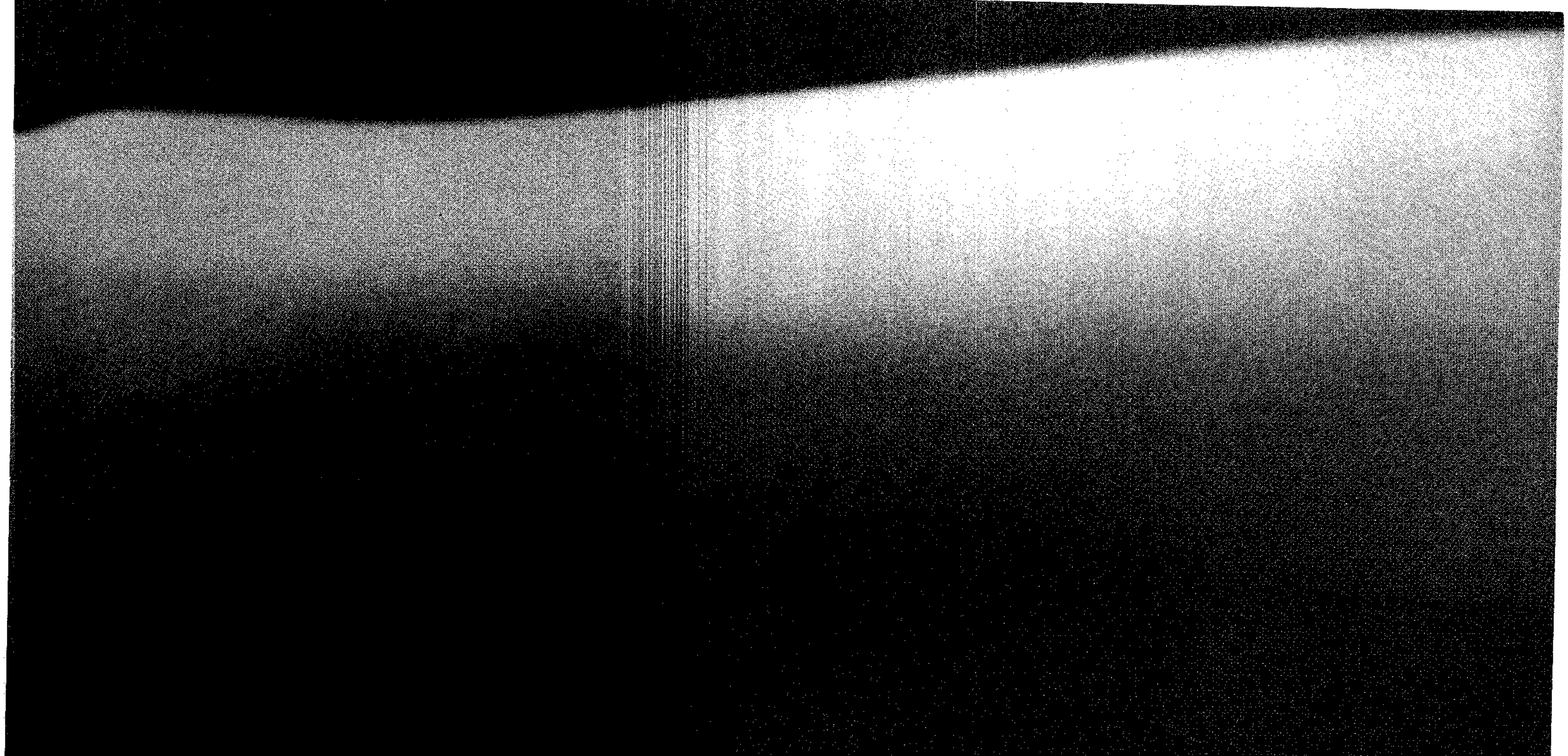
Trace the history of light with these six beautiful CONGRESS Playing Card designs—"Antique Lamp Treasures"—from the famous Lyle Lamp Collection. Exclusive CEL-U-TONE finish keeps them fresh and clean, and CONGRESS cards are individually inspected to insure quality. Brighten up your game, lighten your gift giving with two-, four- or six-pack gift cases.

CONGRESS
The bridge cards
with exclusive
CEL-U-TONE finish.

A PRODUCT OF
THE UNITED STATES
PLAYING CARD COMPANY
SUBSIDIARY OF DIAMOND INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION

Countess Isserlyn
MAKE-UP NO. 96
Alexandra de Markoff
1 Fl. Oz
Don't think of it as $20 an ounce.
Think of it as $20 a year.

© ALEXANDRA DE MARKOFF 1969



One dip of the little wand per day, one 1-ounce bottle per year is all you need use when you wear Countess Isserlyn Make-Up.

We tell you that not because we are trying to pawn Countess Isserlyn off as a bargain. But because it shows what a fantastically far going, thin covering, magical liquid this is.

In select stores where Countess Isserlyn is sold you will find an Alexandra de Markoff trained consultant who dispenses it, like a sorceress of facial beauty. She will show you the ritual of bringing your own shade to life on your face. How to activate the Countess Isserlyn formula with our stir stick. And how to spread the makeup as thin as a butterfly wing, as thin as thinnest gold leaf.

Once on, Countess Isserlyn actually helps disappear your pores.

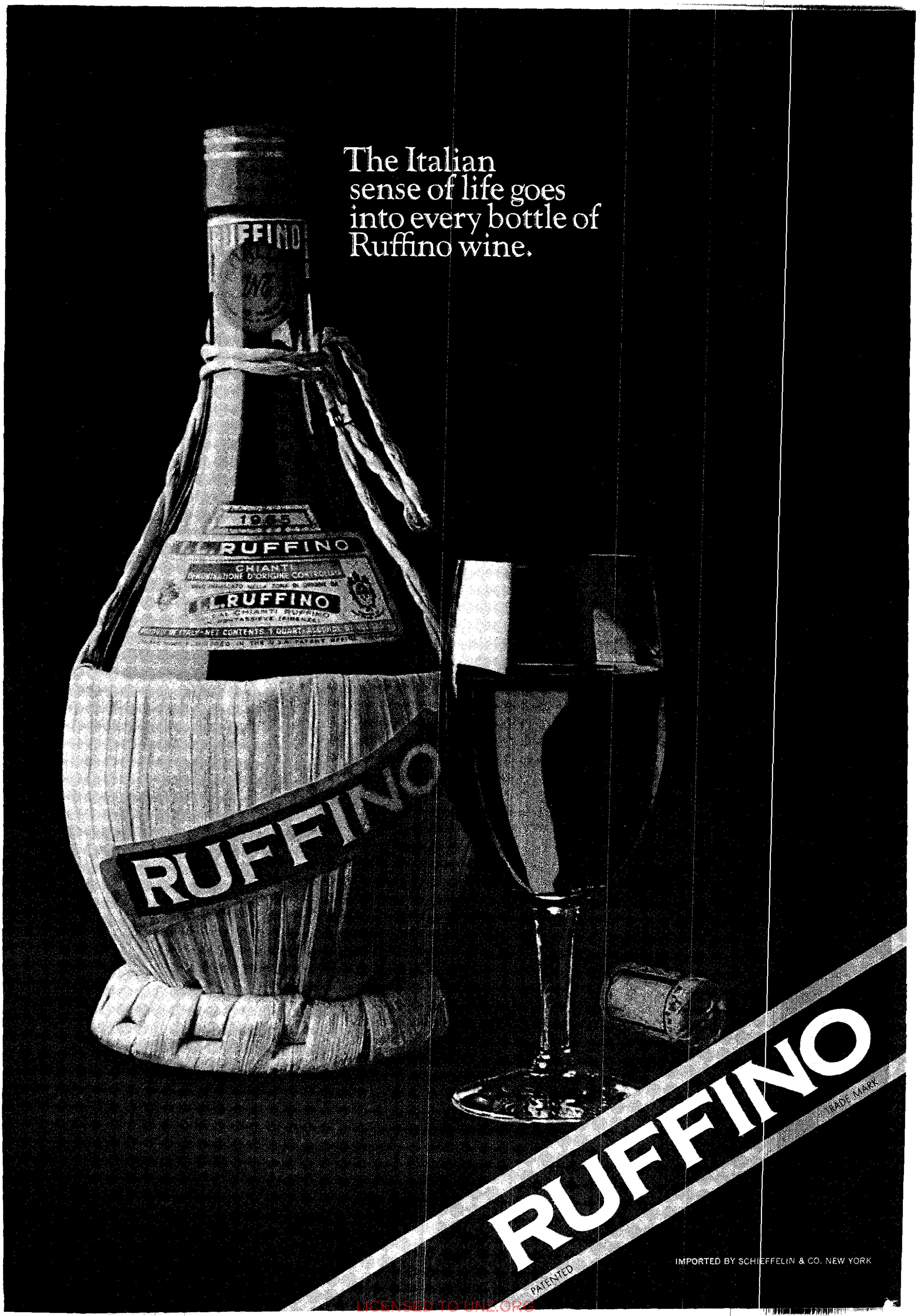
You'll also look in vain for the line below your chin where the Countess ends and you begin.

The property that makes an ounce of Countess Isserlyn able to last a whole year also makes a mere touch of it last a whole face. And for a whole day, that face will feel and look fresh and moist, like the eternally young, dewy faces of people who live in rain forests.

You are perfectly free to dismiss all this, of course, as an entertaining magical performance, and not buy Countess Isserlyn.

But if you never try it, you may never find your best face.

Alexandra de Markoff®


The Italian sense of life goes into every bottle of Ruffino wine.
RUFFINO
TRADE MARK
PATENTED
IMPORTED BY SCHIEFFELIN & CO. NEW YORK

prison employment must be abolished, along with the infamous Georgia system of county work camps. He has another case coming up, however, in which the State of Louisiana's practice of putting prisoners to work on state-owned plantations for minimal wages—literally pennies a day—is being challenged as a "badge of slavery."

WITHOUT neglecting the vote and the equal administration of justice, Morgan has found time to launch a campaign on another front. "There is the all-encompassing problem of the military and its influence on American life," he has said. "We're turning Athens into Sparta. After the Second World War, the popular phrase was 'Let's democratize the military.' Instead, we've moved to militarize the democracy." During 1967, at a time when a good deal of the fervor and dissent that white supporters had put into the civil-rights movement were being channelled into opposition to the war in Vietnam, Morgan's practice expanded to take on an entirely new area of civil-liberties law—that of military justice. The new client was Captain Howard B. Levy, a dermatologist from Brooklyn, who entered the Army for a mandatory two-year hitch in 1965 and got into trouble with his superiors at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, over his attitude toward the war in Vietnam. Captain Levy apparently first raised his superiors' suspicions when he declined to join the Officers' Club and got involved in civil-rights work off the base. Then, the colonel who ran the post hospital ordered Levy to give medical training to members of the Special Forces, or Green Berets, and the young captain refused. He was charged with willful disobedience of an order, promoting disloyalty and disaffection, and conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. In May, 1967, he went before a ten-man court-martial, and Morgan was his principal lawyer.

The trial, which lasted three weeks, attracted international attention, and during its course Morgan was allowed, on short notice, to argue that his client's conduct was defensible under the so-called Nuremberg principle—that a member of the armed forces may legally refuse an order if the order is to commit a war crime. The court-martial then rejected Morgan's arguments, and it further rejected his assertion that the colonel's order to Captain Levy was contrary to medical ethics, inasmuch as it was an order for a doctor to teach medicine to combat troops, who would not necessarily use it for humanitarian

Yesterday Rosalba became a Foster Child.

- Tomorrow she will get soap so she can wash her hair. And everyone in her family will have soap, too.
- Within a month she will have a dress that is not torn.
- She and her family will get regular dental and medical attention.
- Soon she and her brothers and sisters will have shoes to wear to school.
- For the first time Rosalba will know what it's like to eat at least one wholesome meal, what it's like to fall asleep without gnawing hunger keeping her awake.

Most of all, she'll understand that someone somewhere cares. Someone thoughtful and loving enough to give $16 a month to Foster Parents Plan. Someone whose sole satisfaction will be to read of his Foster Child's progress in monthly letters. Letters from Rosalba herself and translated by PLAN. Someone who knows how important it is in this world to change a dismal, hopeless yesterday into a tomorrow worth living for.

PLAN operates in Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Hong Kong, Korea, the Philippines, and South Viet Nam. PLAN is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent organization, registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Agency for Int'l Development.

Yes, I want to be a Foster Parent.

A. ☐ I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year or more. If possible, sex ______, age ______, nationality ______. ______ I will contribute $16 a month for one year or more ($192 per year). Payment will be monthly ☐ quarterly ☐ semi-annually ☐ annually ☐. ______ I enclose herewith my first payment $______.

B. ☐ I cannot "adopt" a child but I would like to help a child by contributing $______.

Name______

Address______

City______ State______ Zip______

All contributions are tax deductible.

Foster Parents Plan, Inc.
352 Park Ave. So., New York, N.Y. 10010. Canada: P.O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Quebec.
NY-10-69

purposes. In all, Captain Levy faced five separate charges, which carried a maximum total penalty of eleven years in prison. On June 3, 1967, the court-martial, having found Captain Levy guilty on three of the charges, ordered him confined to military prison for three years.

After the trial was over, Morgan was asked if he thought he would eventually win the case on appeal. "Of course," he said. And then he outlined the chain of appeal from the Fort Jackson verdict—through military channels, then through the federal courts, ending, probably, in the Supreme Court of the United States. It was obviously not one of the cases that Morgan thought he was going to win on the local level. "It's a test case by its very nature," he said, "because, you know, the system of military justice is not geared to justice—it's geared to discipline. You can do almost anything throughout the trial in a case like this, and they can give you almost as much leeway as they want to, but your jury is there and your jury consists of officers of superior rank to the accused. So it doesn't much matter what happens, because everyone knows that sooner or later it's going to be decided by majors and colonels and lieutenant colonels. And so who cares?"

The United States Court of Military Appeals, in supporting the original verdict of guilty on three charges, rejected Morgan's argument that the basis for Levy's prosecution was "that he disagrees with the United States and Army policy concerning the conduct of the Vietnamese war." After Morgan had exhausted his possibilities in the military courts, he took the matter into the civilian federal courts. The first such court on Morgan's list was the Middle District Court in Pennsylvania, since Levy was confined at the United States Penitentiary in Lewisburg. The brief Morgan prepared to support a habeas-corpus motion before the court in Pennsylvania amounted to what must be the most detailed indictment yet raised against the Uniform Code of Military Justice, under which Levy was tried, as well as against the specific ways in which the Army carried out its prosecution of the young physician.

Morgan argued, among other things, that the Army was racially motivated in its efforts to tamper with Levy's freedom of speech. It seems, Morgan wrote, that the Army utilized a special agent of its Counter-Intelligence Corps, one James B. West, a white Southerner who lived in Prosperity, South Carolina, to "instigate the bringing of

CIRCA 75 a collection of beautiful ideas from Henredon.

The cocktail table that rises to any occasion.

The living room chair
that doesn't have to sit still.

Circa 75 is furniture designed to work for modern needs . . . in beauty and adaptability. For example, the table above raises and lowers hydraulically, while the upholstered chairs roll in for extra seating wherever it's needed. To see entire collection, send 50¢ to Henredon, Dept. NY 25-109, Morganton, North Carolina 28655.

Henredon fine furniture

Great excuses for giving yourself a present:

OCT 28: VOLSTEAD PROHIBITION ACT

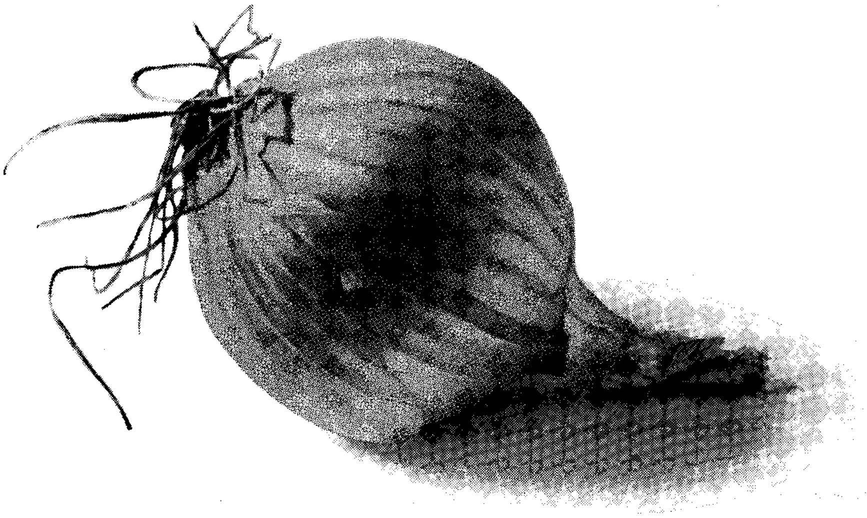
In memory of the day we all went on the wagon: our handsomely gadrooned Staffordshire water pitcher. Two and a half quarts of H_2O in fine silverplate, $55.

Webster-Wilcox®

Made by The International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn. Price subject to change. At fine jewelers and silverware departments.

charges against [Levy] because of his off-duty, out-of-uniform efforts to register Negroes to vote in Newberry County, and elsewhere in the State of South Carolina." Agent West, in a report on Levy compiled after a soldier who worked at the Fort Jackson hospital was interviewed, and prior to the court-martial, wrote, "In Source's opinion, LEVY took stands against everything the U.S. was for. In Source's opinion, HE expressed very leftist ideas and viewpoints. . . . Source does not consider SUBJECT a loyal American because of HIS statements condemning U.S. policies. . . . LEVY was quite pro-Negro, to the side of the Negroes when discussing Civil Rights matters, and appeared to think more of the Negroid race than the White race." Agent West's work, said Morgan, was a "racially motivated and biased investigation" and was occasioned directly by Levy's voter-registration work. Sharing the responsibility with Agent West, Morgan claimed, was Levy's commanding officer, Colonel Henry Franklin Fancy. It was Colonel Fancy who issued orders to the young doctor to teach medical techniques to Special Forces troops, and who, when Levy failed to carry out the orders, had him prosecuted. The order that Colonel Fancy issued, said Morgan, was "politically motivated and issued with the knowledge it could not be obeyed. It was issued to punish Dr. Levy for his political and racial views." Furthermore, Morgan pointed out, there was another soldier physician in the Fort Jackson hospital who declined to train Special Forces troops, on the grounds that the training program raised ethical questions and that attempting to teach the soldiers in the time allotted was "absurd." "That white, gentile physician, who was not involved in civil-rights activity and who remained 'ambivalent' about Vietnam, has received not even a reprimand . . . ," Morgan wrote. "The difference between the two physicians is apparent. Dr. Levy exercised constitutionally guaranteed rights in the mutually unpopular local causes of being pro-Negro and anti-war. His fellow physician had no interest in exercising these rights or adopting those positions and he remains free."

Morgan devoted another section of his brief to the argument that the Bill of Rights applies to the military just as it applies to civilian Americans. "Under the Bill of Rights," he wrote, "the Uniform Code of Military Justice is a non sequitur. For justice in the military is, at best, an anomaly." And he made



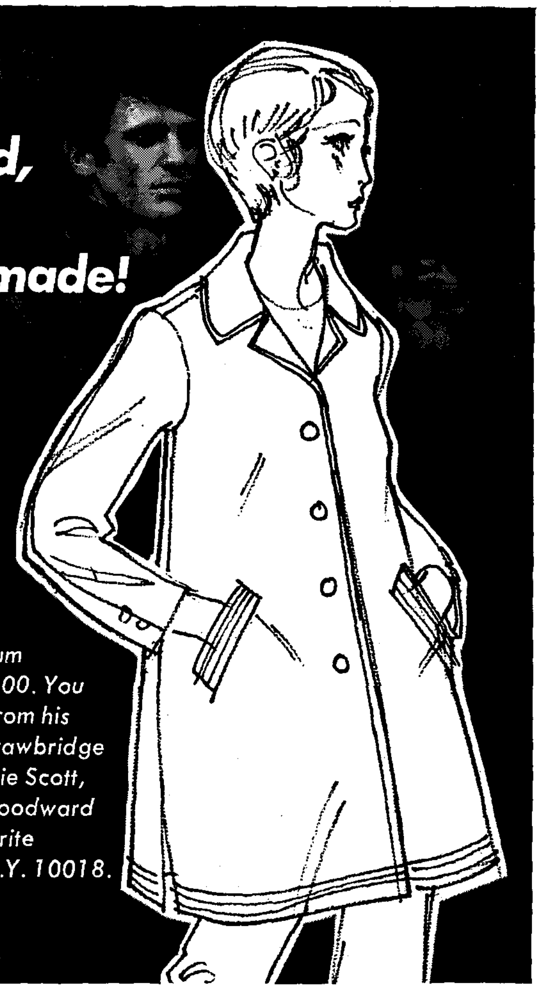
Rare?
It's non-existent!

Naturally, onions don't come in cobalt blue. But to the everlasting joy of collectors, the famed Blue Onion is still very much a reality. In china by Lorenz Hutschenreuther, heir to the Meissen tradition. Made like its ancestral counterpart, every piece is fashioned from the same pure white china clay Lorenz Hutschenreuther has used for over 100 years. It's true china. The inner circle of craftsmen who share the secret of its brilliant underglaze cobalt blue decoration and fine pattern definition know that "types" or "potteries" just can't be Blue Onion. So be sure to look for the Lorenz Hutschenreuther seal. 5-piece place setting, $28.95, 10-cup coffee pot, $32.50. For brochure and name of nearest store, write Paul A. Straub & Co., Inc., (Pasco) 19 East 26th Street, New York, New York, 10010.

LORENZ
HUTSCHENREUTHER
LR
GERMANY

Blue Onion by Lorenz Hutschen reuther.

Little known fact: actually, they are not onions at all; they're pomegranates. But why bring that up after a century?



Go with Jerold, baby! You'll have it made!

The Walker by Jerold

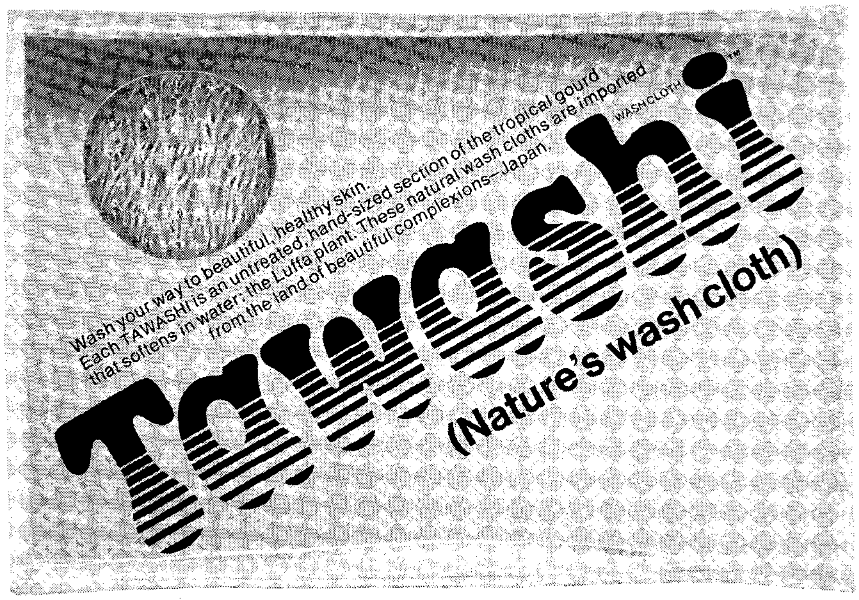
Pace-setting coat of non-pedestrian poplin (65% ® polyester/35% cotton) with plush zip-out lining, ZePel® finish. Navy, wheat, ice blue, natural, rose, medium blue. Sizes 6-20. About $28.00. You and Jerold: a perfect pair. From his Outer Banks Collection at Strawbridge & Clothier, Phila.; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; Shillito's, Cinn.; Woodward & Lothrop, Wash., D.C. Or write Jerold, 512 7th Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10018.

DU PONT ZEPEL RAIN/STAIN REPELLER

®TM Du Pont

You should buy this crazy Japanese gourd that helps revitalize your skin!

ONLY AT DRUG STORES/OUTSIDE NEW YORK: SEND $2.00 TO TAWASHI CLUB, INC., 305 7TH AVE., NYC

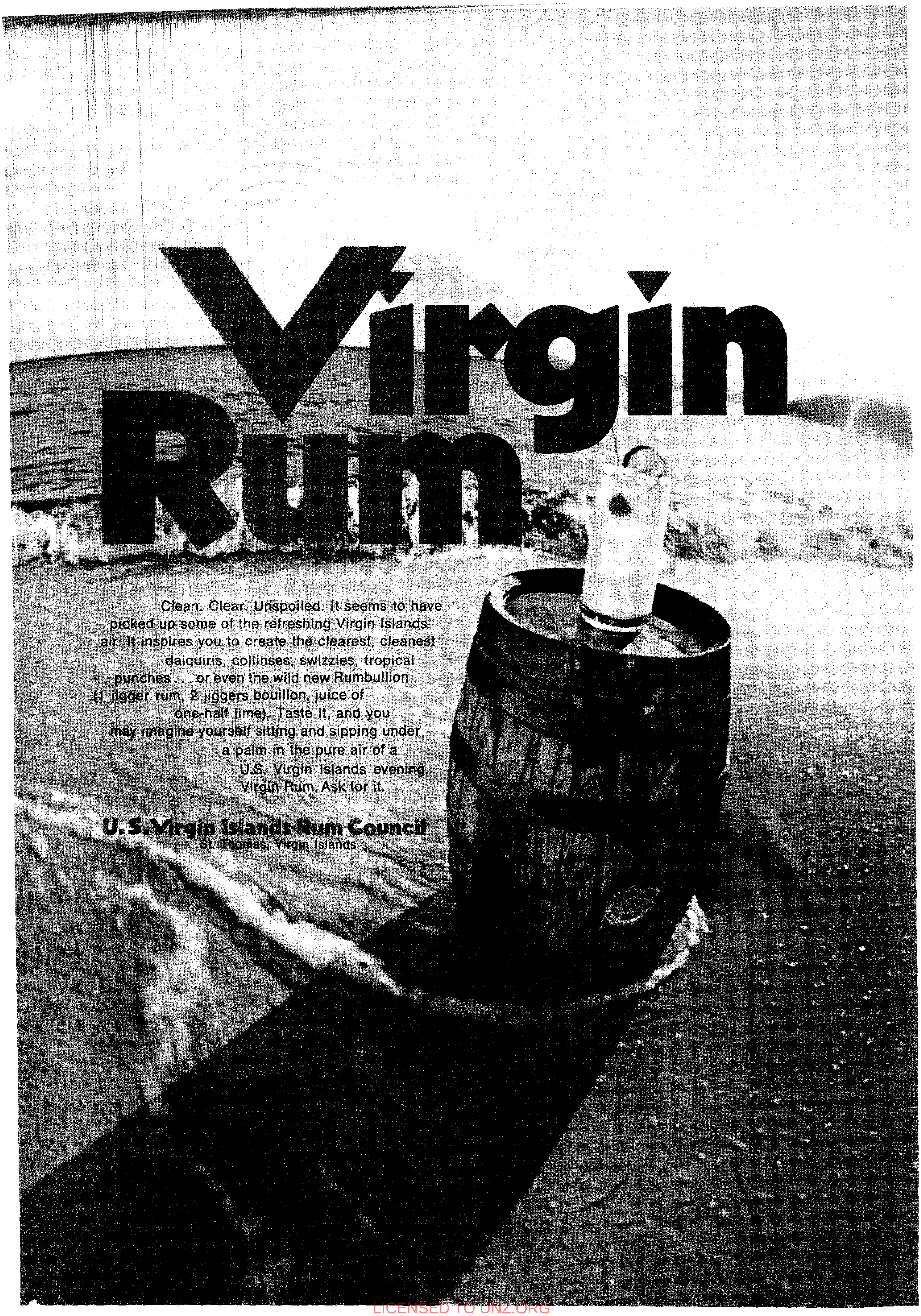

Wash your way to beautiful, healthy skin.
Each TAWASHI is an untreated, hand-sized section of the tropical gourd
that softens in water: the Luffa plant. These natural wash cloths are imported
from the land of beautiful complexions—Japan.
WASHCLOTH
Tawashi™
(Nature's wash cloth)

(THE 4x5 INCH TAWASHI COMES INSIDE THIS ATTRACTIVE VINYL POUCH.)

mention of the increasing number of American veterans who have "undergone the military experience and . . . been changed" by an acceptance of the fact that "the military totally deprives them of their civil liberty." In conclusion, he wrote, "It is not by great acts but by small failures that freedom dies. The sense of justice dies slowly in a people. They grow used to the unthinkable and sometime they may look back and even wonder when 'things' changed. They will not find the day or a time or a place. Justice and liberty die quietly because men first learn to ignore injustice and then no longer recognize it. Once militarism captures the mind of a people, it spreads slowly—it is endemic; it moves undramatically. Unless military incursion on civilian life is stopped at constitutional walls, our nation and the world may go with either a bang or a whimper. But it will matter little, for freedom will have fallen not under a conqueror's heel but more gloriously—it will simply have marched away to a cadence count."

While the case was still pending, Morgan moved to get Levy out of prison on bail. He was turned down in the federal district court, in the U.S. Court of Appeals for that circuit, and by Justice William J. Brennan, Jr., the Supreme Court member who has jurisdiction over the federal courts in Pennsylvania. But when the Supreme Court is not in session, any single justice is empowered to grant certain forms of relief, and last August 2nd Justice William O. Douglas ordered Levy freed from Lewisburg on one thousand dollars' bail, pending a ruling by the full Court after the summer recess. Justice Douglas concluded that some of the points Morgan had raised, including one questioning the Constitutionality of a provision of the Uniform Code of Military Justice, "seem substantial." The Douglas ruling came just ten days before Levy would have been eligible for release from his three-year sentence anyway, with time off for good behavior, but Morgan has described it as extremely important "regarding bail in habeas corpus-First Amendment proceedings." On October 13th, one week after the Supreme Court returned from its recess, it upheld Justice Douglas, leaving Levy free pending a determination in lower courts on some of the points Morgan had raised during the case's lengthy journey through the military and civilian courts.

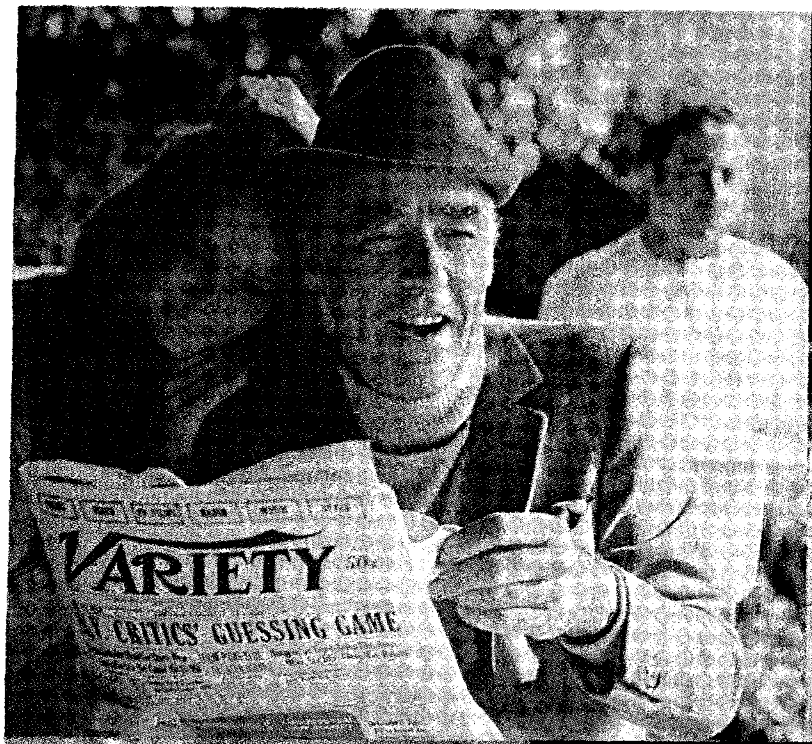
Morgan was asked not long ago what, in his opinion, were the most sig-



Virgin Rum

Clean. Clear. Unspoiled. It seems to have picked up some of the refreshing Virgin Islands air. It inspires you to create the clearest, cleanest daiquiris, collinses, swizzles, tropical punches . . . or even the wild new Rumbullion (1 jigger rum, 2 jiggers bouillon, juice of one-half lime). Taste it, and you may imagine yourself sitting and sipping under a palm in the pure air of a U.S. Virgin Islands evening. Virgin Rum. Ask for it.

U.S. Virgin Islands Rum Council
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands



Isn't that what's-his-name in the Stetson®?

Happens every time. Wear a Stetson and you look famous. Important. A somebody.

Regardless of the occasion. Because there's a Stetson for every mood, every outfit. Like the magnificent Wellington, shown here in dress, sport and fabric versions.

Tune in on all the color and excitement for fall at your favorite men's store this week. And remember, nobody ever looked like a nobody in a Stetson.

Stetson Hats, Incorporated

nificant facets of the Levy case. He answered quickly, "The injustice done to Levy, the probable effect it had on dissent both in the country and in the Army, and the Army's handling of future cases after the Levy case. I'm certain, for instance, that Levy's prosecution tended to stifle dissent. But, by the same token, I'm equally certain that it has tended to make the Army much more wary regarding other cases in the military. There've been far fewer speech prosecutions in the Army, I think, since the Levy case than there would have been without it. The legal significance of the case, of course, is still to come. Eventually, the right to try military men, for all offenses, military and civilian, should be vested in the civilian courts, with civilian juries. Within the military, reform is almost like trying to reason with Attila the Hun."

One other effect of the case is that the military appears to be somewhat frightened of Morgan now. In the case of two Army privates who faced court-martial at Fort Jackson for allegedly refusing to obey a "lawful" order to "stop praying and move on" in front of a post chapel, the charges were dropped after Morgan entered the case as the defendants' lawyer in the spring of 1968. In that instance, his mere presence on the Fort Jackson reservation was enough to cause the posting of a handwritten notice on the Headquarters bulletin board saying "Morgan's back." ("I want that on my tombstone," Morgan commented later.)

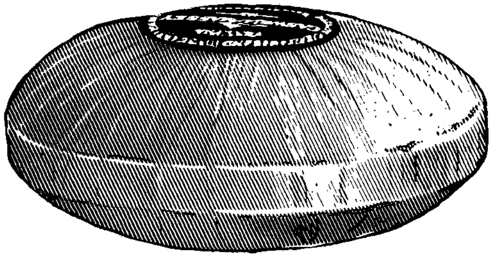
Another case involving the military influence on American life is that of Cassius Marsellus Clay, Jr., the famous black boxer who prefers to be known as Muhammad Ali. He was convicted and sentenced in June, 1967, to five years in prison and given a ten-thousand-dollar fine for refusing induction into the armed forces. Morgan has taken the case and is representing Muhammad Ali in his appeal, basing his claim on the fact that, among other things, Muhammad Ali should be "classified and otherwise subjected to the obligations of military service only by a selective-service system from which Negroes had not been systematically excluded." During the course of the boxer's trial and appeals, Morgan managed to disclose a fact that newsmen covering the civil-rights movement had long suspected but been unable to prove—that the federal government, through the F.B.I., had engaged in tapping the telephones of black leaders, including the late Martin Luther King,

"I'M ALL LATHERED UP ABOUT THE POOR WHALE!"

declares
Ralph Taylor Phg. **President, Caswell-Massey Co.**

"For over a century, Caswell-Massey has been making superb soaps from a specially prepared extract of whale oil—soaps unrivaled for richness, unmatched for the sheer luxury of their lather. Today, the demand for Caswell-Massey Whale Oil Soaps has never been greater. And it is precisely when these leviathans of lather are at their peak of popularity that we have decided to make no more. With this public notice, we are ceasing production of Caswell-Massey Whale Oil Extract Soaps. What prompts this unprecedented action on our part? The real fear that the whale, if unprotected, stands in mortal danger of extinction. And far be it for us, America's oldest chemists and perfumers, in any way to encourage the hunting down of these noble giants of the deep, nor to precipitate their demise! Hopefully, by stopping the manufacture of Whale Oil Soaps, we may encourage others in commerce to follow our example and thus Save The Whale.
Realizing the inconvenience such a decision might give our loyal patrons, we have worked long hours prior to this announcement to find a replacement which would duplicate the natural qualities of whale oil. What we have now come up with is a surprising substance derived from a natural, vegetable source which chemically and physiologically duplicates our former whale oil extract and which we have named in honor of our friend, the whale, Vegesperm. So, providentially, we can continue to supply a bath soap of remarkable beauty, with the same abundance of rich lather and gentleness rare even amongst the costliest of soaps. Each hefty oval of our new Caswell-Massey Vegesperm Bath Soap weighs approximately 6 ounces. It bursts into billows of creamy, skin-drenching lather the moment it touches water. And our fragrances —superb! Nine different scents, including one that was actually favored by George Washington and dates from our founding in 1752. These intense fragrances last till the very last sliver. And for each one there's a lovely color to add beauty to your bathroom. You'll find our new Vegesperm soaps at some of the best stores and shops. They cost some $5.00 for three large ovals neatly boxed. And you have my personal assurance they're remarkably like our Whale Oil Soaps of yore. Except that there's a whale of a difference between them!"

Before: Last of the Whale Oil Soaps.



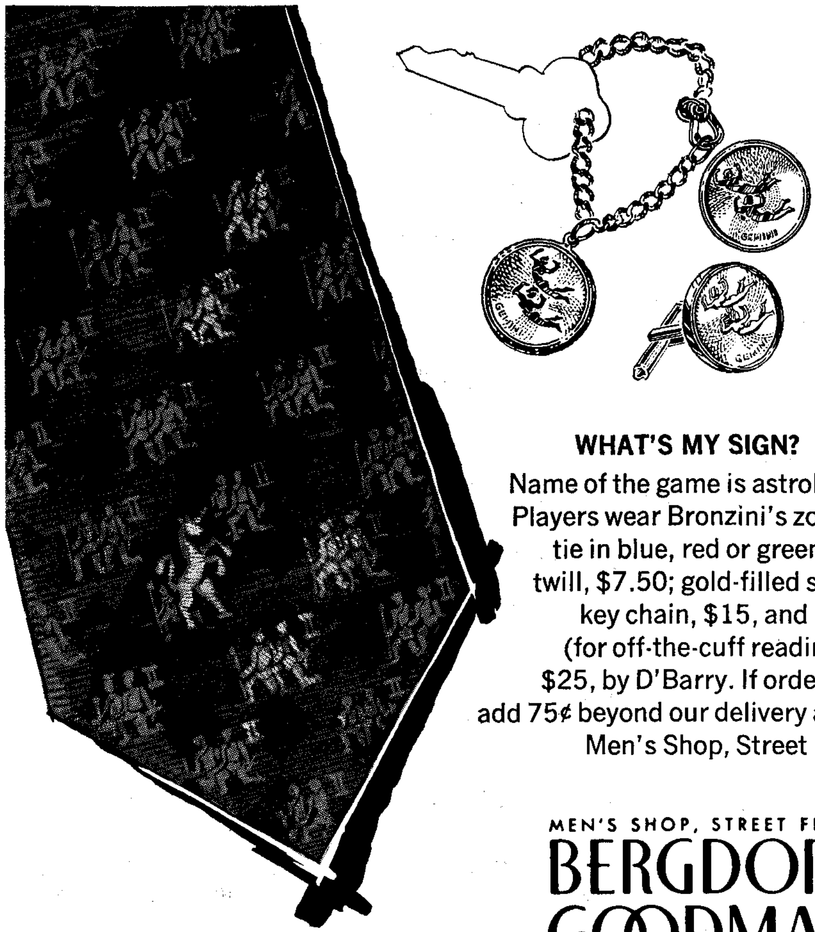
Caswell-Massey Co. Ltd.
114 E. 25th St.
America's Oldest
Chemists & Perfumers
Est. 1752

After: First of the new Caswell-Massey Vegesperm Bath Soap.

Jr. A conversation between Dr. King and Muhammad Ali had been tapped, and Morgan got the records of several monitored conversations admitted as evidence. A district-court judge in Houston later ruled, however, that the wiretaps had not been instrumental in Ali's conviction, and Morgan started the process of appealing that decision up toward the Supreme Court.

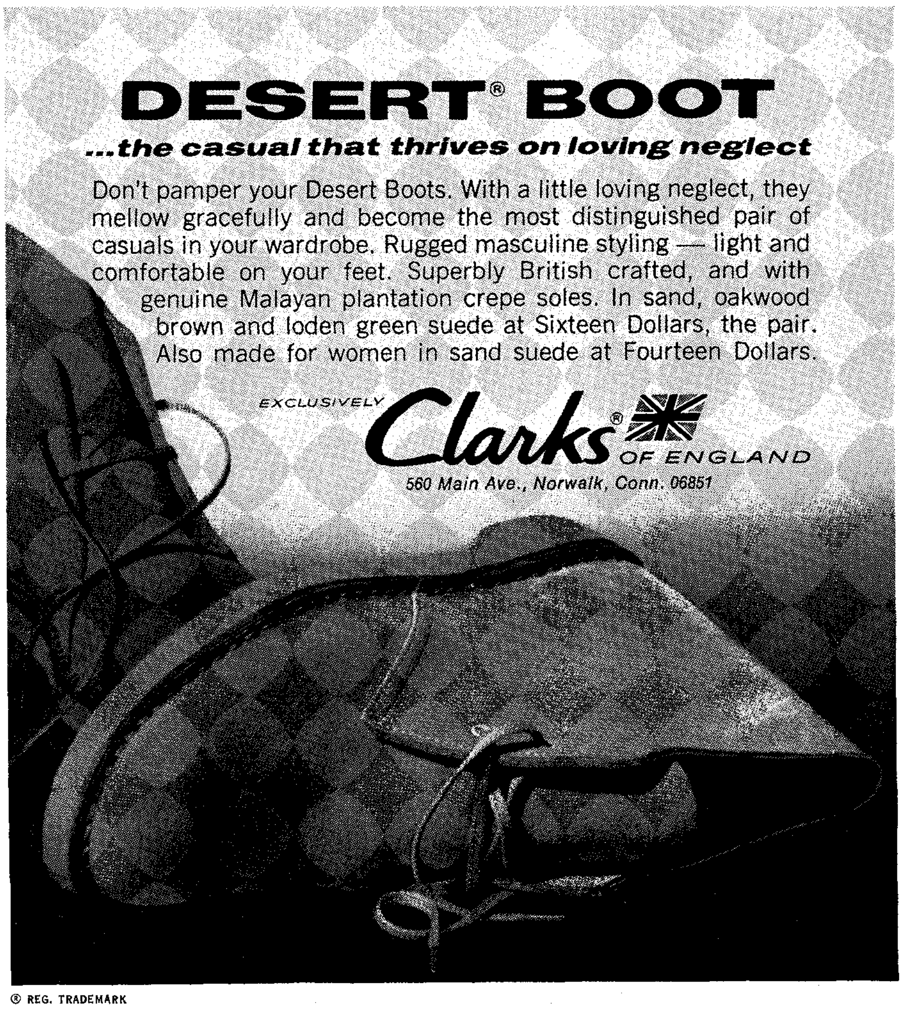
One of Morgan's friends, who during the Levy court-martial chided him for seeming to lose interest in race relations in favor of military justice, asked him recently if he hadn't gone even further in that direction now. "No, not a bit," Morgan replied, without hesitation. "They gear together somewhat. The system of justice in the military is somewhat akin to the system of justice in the South, in several ways. First of all, it's not fair. Second, it has a certain façade of fairness that's wrapped around it—certain kinds of procedural things and rituals that make people kind of *think* that it's a fair sort of system. It's all geared to the same sort of an oppressive system that you've got in Southern justice." Morgan warmed to the subject, as he does to most subjects, and went on, "The South, you know, has always had a tradition of loving war and hating Negroes. And most of the folks who wind up in the system of the military, or a great number of them, are from the South. For instance, the majority of the members of the court-martial in the Levy case were white Southerners. I'm not paranoid about all these things, but I do know that military thinking is a major part of Southern thinking, and vice versa, and that it all ties together. And no matter how you look at it, a large standing army in any given country, in any given part of the world, has traditionally been an extremely conservative—even totalitarian—force, and it's forces of that nature that have managed to repress Negro rights, and, for that matter, poor-white rights. To me, you know, the military is just sort of a natural enemy.

"And there's something else to think about," Morgan said. "They're putting all those Negroes in the Army, and they're coming home before long, and if they go into the Special Forces they learn how to make what they call 'expedient devices.' You know, folks are learning a lot of different kinds of things, and I just don't know that the United States is prepared to take the returning Negro war veterans from Vietnam. We had a witness in the Levy case I put on the stand named Captain Dave Travis. He may



WHAT'S MY SIGN?
Name of the game is astrology. Players wear Bronzini's zodiac tie in blue, red or green silk twill, $7.50; gold-filled silver key chain, $15, and links (for off-the-cuff readings), $25, by D'Barry. If ordering, add 75¢ beyond our delivery area. Men's Shop, Street Floor

MEN'S SHOP, STREET FLOOR
BERGDORF GOODMAN
FIFTH AVENUE AND 57TH STREET



DESERT® BOOT
...the casual that thrives on loving neglect

Don't pamper your Desert Boots. With a little loving neglect, they mellow gracefully and become the most distinguished pair of casuals in your wardrobe. Rugged masculine styling — light and comfortable on your feet. Superbly British crafted, and with genuine Malayan plantation crepe soles. In sand, oakwood brown and loden green suede at Sixteen Dollars, the pair. Also made for women in sand suede at Fourteen Dollars.

EXCLUSIVELY Clarks® OF ENGLAND
560 Main Ave., Norwalk, Conn. 06851

® REG. TRADEMARK

be the most decorated Negro war veteran that there is—couple of Bronze Stars and everything else, sixty-some-odd combat missions. And the last questions to Travis—he was our last witness—went something like this:

" 'Well, Captain Travis, you've disagreed with Captain Levy, then, over a period of time about South Vietnam?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'You're fighting there?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'Yet you're still friends with him?'

" 'Oh, yes, Mr. Morgan. What I'm fighting for in South Vietnam is a society that presupposes free speech.'

" 'Where do you go when you leave this courtroom, Captain Travis?'

" 'Back to Vietnam.'

"Now, the Travises of this world I don't think intend to put up with it. I think Travis and people like him would be just as willing to be fighting a war in Alabama as they are in Vietnam. I have very little doubt about that. It's not that the civil-rights movement's dead. It's just sort of lying fallow, that's all. People are thinking about other things, plowing other ground, in different places. So it's taking longer than we originally thought. And the reason it's taking longer is not necessarily the strength of the opposition but the weakness of the folks on our side. We continually are diverted to different things. The war diverted a lot of us—even me—from the things we ought to have been consistently operative in. I think it's probably diverted me less than others because I've maintained a lot of other cases on the docket, and they're the same sort of cases I had before—jury cases, voting cases, penal-institution cases—and I have far more of those cases now than at the time the war started and at the time it escalated."

But Morgan sounded sad. "You just don't *have* social protests and revolutions in times of war," he said. "Not peaceful revolutions. You may have an army crumble, but you don't have a peaceful revolution. And, secondly, you have the historical repression of civil liberties and civil rights following wars, so I don't know *what*'ll happen."

ALTHOUGH Morgan has insisted that his A.C.L.U. job is not one in which he intends to settle down for the rest of his life, some of his friends say that they cannot imagine him doing anything but what he is doing right now. When he is asked if he might like a law professorship, Morgan is apt to reply, "Maybe, someday." A private practice in New York or Wash-

Fearlessly Fortrel!®
CREIGHTON SHIRTMAKERS®
© 1969 CREIGHTON SHIRT CO.

Absolutely not the shirt for a conformist.

You'll find it at Gentree, New York; Bamberger's, New Jersey, All Stores; Roy Clark's, Topeka; Frank Leonard, Baltimore; Don Nash, Ltd., Mansfield, Ohio; Kirby's, Tampa; Donaldson's, Minneapolis and H. Strauss, Elmira, New York. Or write **CREIGHTON SHIRTMAKERS, REIDSVILLE, N.C.**

Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

Shirt of Fortrel polyester/cotton.

What makes this Wyler Electronic forgett-able?

A tiny battery does all the work. Pulses superlative electric time. No mainspring to worry about. And Wyler never forgets the unique shrinkproof crystal case which protects the movement against damage from water. Only the styling is unforgettable, tells the date, too.

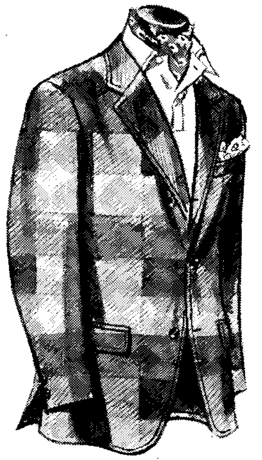
Stainless steel $110.00
Others from $89.50

Wyler
ELECTRONIC
Wyler Watch Corp., N.Y. 10010

ington? "Maybe, someday." A government office in a Kennedy-type Administration? "Maybe, someday." Somewhat fatalistically, he has said that there is no way for him to predict where life will take him. "I know that at one time I felt that I was destined to be a political figure in Alabama, and that I could move into political life and the political structure of the state, but then that life closed up on me, because I was also a lawyer, and I had to do my job as a lawyer first," he continued. "What I want to build in the South is indigenous, self-sustaining local affiliates of the American Civil Liberties Union, with a membership in each of the Southern states large enough to support an executive director and a staff counsel, and large enough to attract coöperating lawyers who will work free, which is what A.C.L.U. lawyers do throughout the country now. And as I develop that in each of the Southern states, I expect this office to close down. I think the mark of whether I'm successful or not will be whether or not I abolish this job."

Thanks largely to Morgan's work, the A.C.L.U. has grown tremendously in the Southern states, but Morgan seems no closer to retirement into private practice than when he left it. When he started with the A.C.L.U., in 1964, the organization had Southern affiliates in Kentucky, Louisiana, Texas, and Florida, and the Georgia group had just been formed. The whole Southern operation consisted mostly of Morgan, his telephone, and his air-travel credit card. Now there are additional affiliates in the rest of the Southern states—Mississippi, Alabama, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, and Arkansas. Morgan has three full-time secretaries (and up to a dozen others are hired on a temporary basis during office crises, which are frequent), one other lawyer and a recent law-school graduate, three law students who work during the summer, and numerous coöperating attorneys all over the South. Until recently, there was also a development director, whose job it was to stimulate A.C.L.U. expansion in the South, but since affiliates have been started all over the region he has moved on to other tasks in New York. Several foundations have supplied grants that Morgan has used in his attempts to "break down the entire system of segregated justice in the South—juries, prisons, everything else." These activities are all part of what he calls Operation Southern Justice. His office currently maintains a docket of

Chipp
Clothiers Furnishers
PATCHWORK TWEED



Only Chipp in all the world offers this jacket, tailored in Scottish woollen tweed loomed originally for our custom department! Heather tones of rust, olive, lovat and tan predominate for an extraordinary individual effect. So if you want to be exclusive . . .

COATS in regular, longs $145.
TROUSERS, 30 to 42 waist $40.

Mail and phone orders promptly filled.
Please add $2 handling and applicable taxes.

14 E. 44th St., N.Y. 10017 • MU 7-0850

CHIPP CHIPP

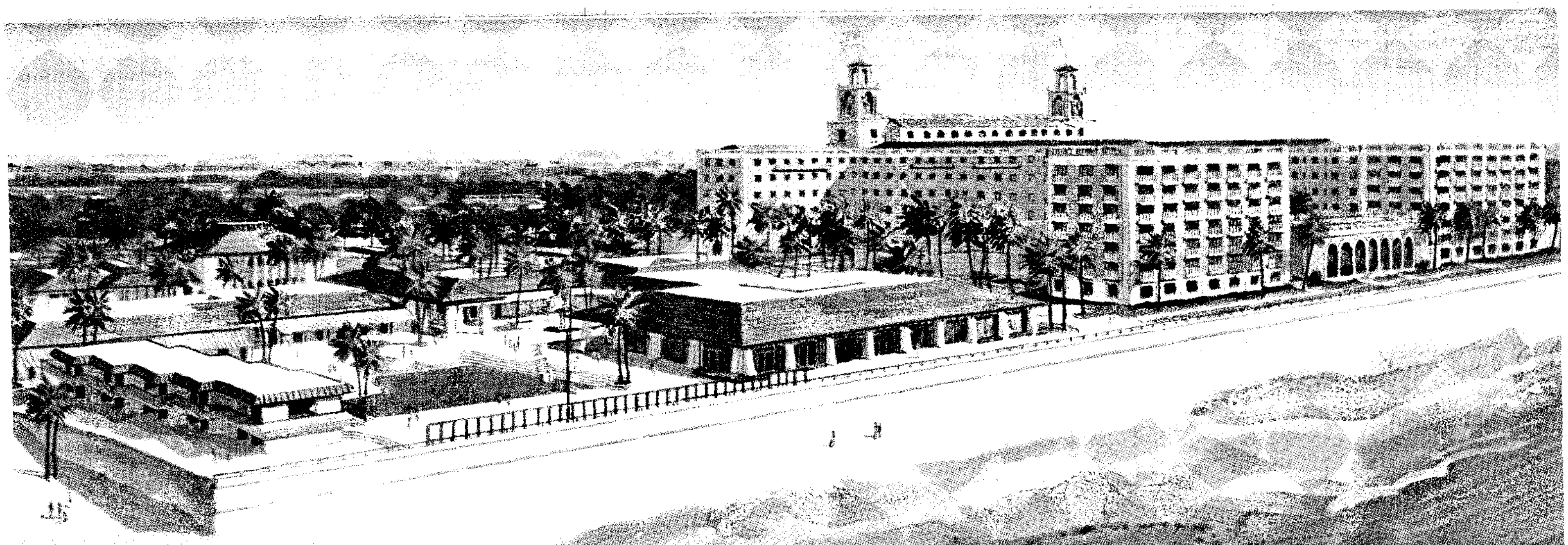
CARRIGLEN
by KANGOL
AMERICA'S No. 1 CAP

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND

Here's the cap that coordinates so well with man's Fall apparel. Exactingly tailored in varied three tone 100% wool check fabric. Sewed-down visor and ribbon sweat band. Also in Tartan plaids and solids. SIZES: 6½ to 7⅝

about $4.95

Dept. N at your favorite store, or write
E. STERN & CO. 1333 Broadway, N.Y. 18, N.Y.



Break Away to Palm Beach

and new splendor cloaked in tradition

BREAK AWAY to The Breakers where Old World opulence and "golden age" Mediterranean architecture blend with modern-day conveniences and gracious hospitality. Exciting golf on two inviting championship courses. The lively Breakers Course adjoining the hotel, or the all-new Breakers West Course with challenging fairways and unique water hazards. Each course has its own luxurious Clubhouse for before and after game relaxation.

BREAK AWAY to the new Breakers Beach Club. Dip into magnificent salt water outdoor pool or unique fresh water pool surrounded by a dining and cocktail terrace. Relax in charming, completely-equipped cabanas. The pleasures are endless. Big game fishing in the emerald waters of the Gulf Stream. Sailing, surfing or basking on our sun-sparkled private beach. Tennis, lawn bowling, putting or meandering along picturesque paths ablaze with tropical foliage.

BREAK AWAY to magical evenings. Cocktails in the secluded and intimate atmosphere of The Alcazar, sumptuous meals in the Circle dining room, dancing in the romantic Starlight Room. Luxurious comforts in our newly-built air-conditioned wings. Beautifully decorated guest rooms with a view of the majestic Atlantic or the scenic grandeur of the Breakers golf course.

JOIN THE BREAKAWAY PEOPLE AT THE BRIGHT NEW BREAKERS IN PALM BEACH

For vacations anytime. For executive meetings at special times. Write for information, color brochure, rates. Frank Schuyler Dodge, Jr., Manager, The Breakers, Palm Beach, Florida 33480 Phone (305) 655-6611.

FLAGLER SYSTEM

THE
Breakers
PALM BEACH

GIMLET
COCKTAIL
Stir and Serve
ICE COLD
ROSE'S
WEST INDIA
SWEETENED
LIME JUICE
RECONSTITUTED
L. Rose & Co. Ltd

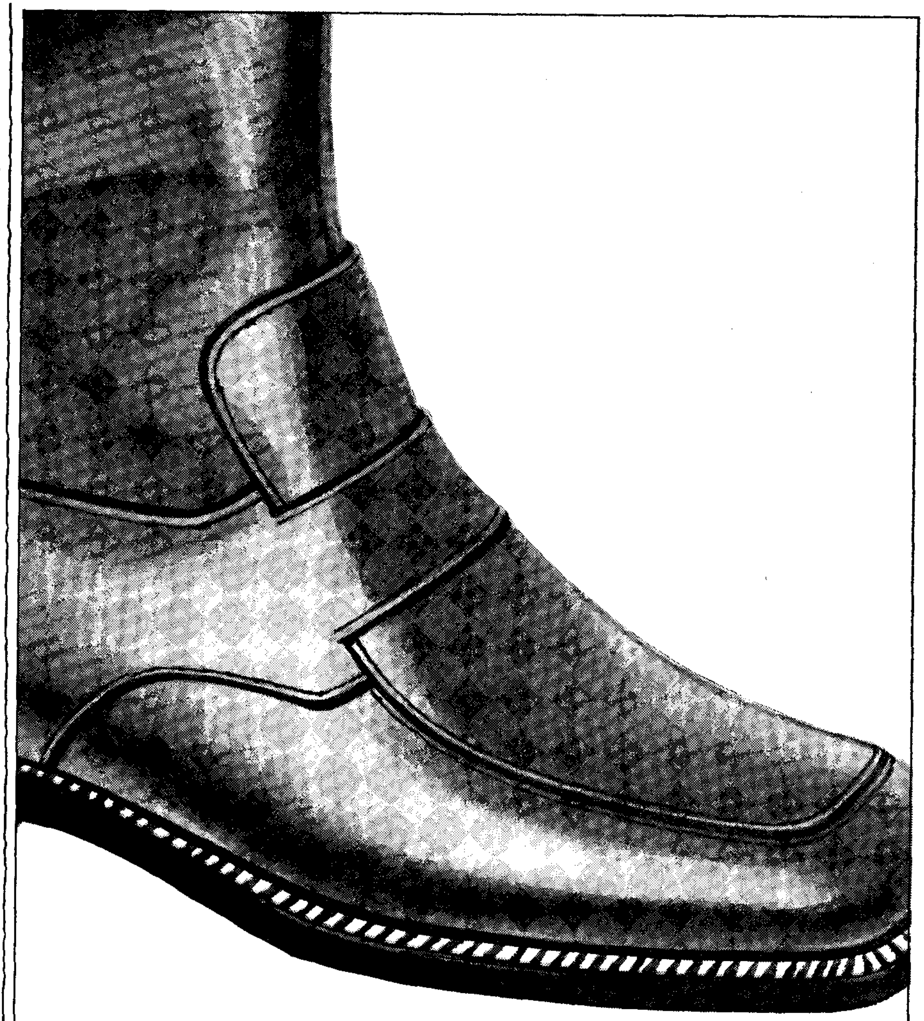
The Rose's Gimlet: It's somewhere between the martini and champagne.

It's the best of all possible worlds. All the spirit of a martini with the elegant smoothness of champagne. Just mix one part Rose's Lime Juice and four or five parts Gin or Vodka. That's the Gimlet. Once you *taste it, you'll find it* really stands alone.

more than sixty cases, and new ones are being added all the time. By contrast, the entire Civil Rights Division of the United States Department of Justice filed ninety-eight cases in 1968. "And that was when we *had* a Civil Rights Division—before the last election," Morgan said.

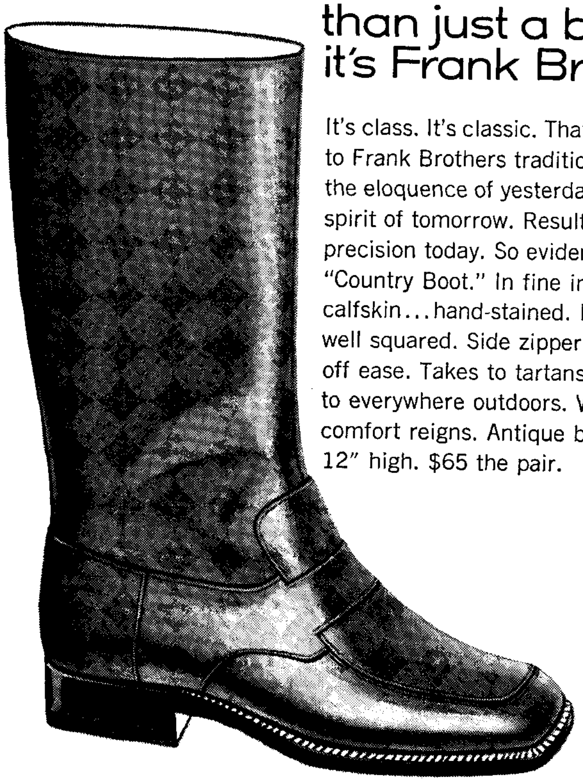
A large part of Morgan's enthusiasm for the work he does, both as a lawyer and as an advocate of social and political change, springs from his belief that the South has a unique opportunity to lead the whole nation out of what he regards as the prison of racism. He once told a group of Southerners, "The civil-rights movement is freeing the Negro from the bondage of slavery, and the South is being freed from the bondage of the Negro, and the nation will be freed from the bondage of the South. And then you know what we're going to do? We're going to re-create America." In a second talk he gave at Ole Miss not long ago, this one to a group of law students from all over the South who were attending a regional conference of the Law Students Civil Rights Research Council, Morgan said, "The civil-rights movement was born in slavery, on a slave ship. It wasn't born on any particular day, and it's grown for four hundred years, and it comes out of the South, and it is the 'peculiar institution' of the South. It will be solved or not solved in the South. The nation's struggle will be fought or not fought here, and it'll be won or not won here. And this is *exactly* the place that we who are interested should be. That's the first thing I want to impart to you, and that is: Don't go North. The place to fight the battle is in Mississippi and the South. And the principal *way* to fight the battle is to refuse to cop out along the way."

Although there is obviously more than a touch of Southern chauvinism in Morgan's makeup, he does not dwell, as a number of Southern liberals do, on criticisms of the North for the way it has handled its own racial problems. To be sure, for a time after his Birmingham speech, when he began making regular trips to the North, he was occasionally heard to express amazement at the naïveté of some of the Northerners who had been supporting the Southern civil-rights movement from afar. He still sometimes ridicules what he calls the "doctrine of sweet reason," which he claims has been fostered by "the Harvard-Yale syndrome." "The idea that everybody's basically nice and kind and gentle and they'll voluntarily comply with



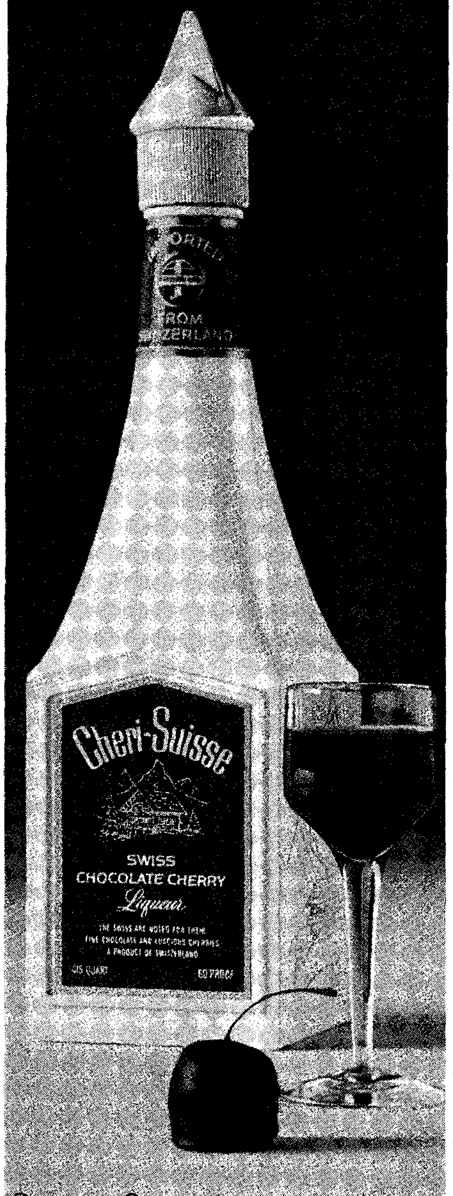
When the boot is more than just a boot... it's Frank Brothers

It's class. It's classic. That's the key to Frank Brothers tradition. Bridging the eloquence of yesterday with the spirit of tomorrow. Result? Fashion precision today. So evident in the "Country Boot." In fine imported calfskin...hand-stained. Fashion toe, well squared. Side zipper for on and off ease. Takes to tartans, tweeds, to everywhere outdoors. Wherever, comfort reigns. Antique brown. 12" high. $65 the pair.



FRANK BROTHERS
The most distinguished shoe in America
Genesco Park, Nashville, Tennessee.

If you've ever tasted a chocolate covered cherry you've almost tasted Cheri-Suisse.

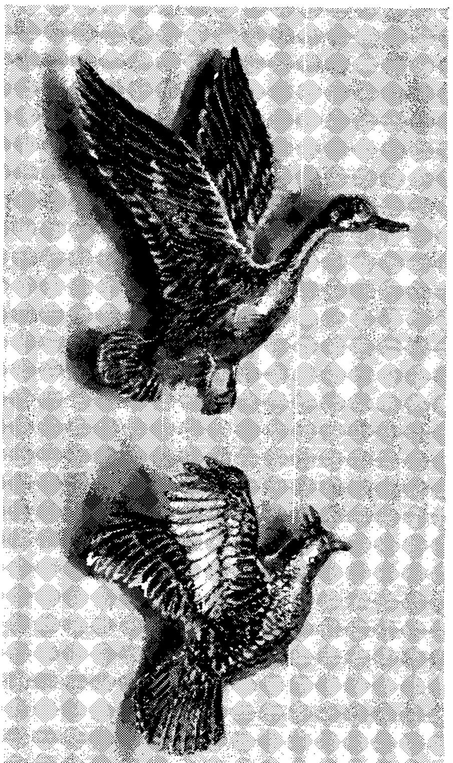


But our Swiss version isn't so sweet and innocent.
Enjoy it after dinner. Over ice.
Or to perk up a parfait.
IMPORTED BY AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED STATES FOR PARK AVENUE IMPORTS, 375 PARK AVENUE, N.Y. 60 PROOF

things just ain't the way the world works," he said not long ago. But he has also said that his smile when he hears a Northerner present an elaborate rationalization of the fact that the suburb he lives in happens to be an all-white one is fundamentally no different from his smile when he hears a Southerner talk about keeping the niggers in their place. As he sees it, the entire nation is guilty of discrimination, and he welcomes help from anyone who is *able to give it.*

To some degree, of course, the war in Vietnam and the Northern urban riots have cut into the ranks of those willing to give help. "People are always inclined to lose interest in subjects about which they're academically concerned when real problems get to their own doorsteps," he said recently. "Take the white liberal community in the United States. First, the liberal community was concerned deeply about civil rights in the South, and it maintained that concern. But when their sons approached draft age, that concern became far less important to them. And, secondly, as riots and other problems developed in cities across the North, a number of people there tended to retract or withdraw, because the problem came home to them. It's not a new phenomenon—it's just the way it happened. Now, that doesn't mean that they're going to *stay* away, because within the next four or five years it's going to dawn on a lot of these folks that if people had a decent kind of life to live in some other sections of the country they might rather live there than in a crowded slum-tenement ghetto someplace in the North. And when they finally figure *that* out, they're going to start figuring out where their quote urban crisis end quote came from, which was a Georgia, or Alabama, or Mississippi farm. And when that finally happens, they're going to figure out that they're going to have to do something about the rest of the country. You know, it took about ten years for people to discover that in the twenties there was a farm depression in the United States. Of course, they discovered it when that farm depression helped put them all in bankruptcy."

Morgan hastened to say that he had no wish to belittle his own indebtedness for the help of white Northerners. "There would have been no change in the South if it hadn't been for the pressure of white Northern liberals," he said. "I'm not worried about Northern liberals. Let 'em keep coming. We need help in the South, especially from



FAIR GAME
Whatever your flight of fancy, these two game birds will ruffle your feathers. Nested in a luscious setting of 14k gold, sit ruby eyes that will attract the attention of many admirers. Top, Mallard, $105.00. Bottom, Grouse, $90.00 . . . fair game for your wardrobe.
KELLER AND GEORGE INCORPORATED
214 EAST MAIN ST.,
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.
TEL. (703) 293-6184

Enchanting Change Purses

Brightly beaded in life-like colors. The strawberry, fox or butterfly, $6 each. The ladybug or lily is $5.
Mail Orders Invited. Add 50¢ for postage and handling. Add sales tax where applicable.
GIFTS • SUITS • GOWNS • COATS
MAY BRANDT (212) BU 8-7653
1066 Lexington Ave., NYC 10021 (75 & 76 Sts.)

Give a membership in a British club for Christmas.

THE BRITISH MAGAZINE OF THE MONTH CLUB
1970
Dedicated to bringing its members the richness of English life, literature and culture by sending them—each month, direct from London—a different, fascinating British magazine of the first rank.
Membership card
No. 49339

What an *exclusive* idea!

When you enroll your friends in the British Magazine-of-the-Month Club, you will be introducing them to fascinating people. To new places. Indeed, to all of Britain.

This is not just a magazine subscription you are giving. It is an *experience*—rich in its variety, exciting in its novelty. Each month, your friends will receive a different British magazine—direct from London—with fascinating glimpses of England's life and culture, its countryside and society and history.

No single magazine, of course, can capture *all* of Britain. That's why the multi-magazine plan of British Magazine-of-the-Month is already so popular with thousands of Americans—those who wish to re-live the golden moments of their own visits to England, and others who still look forward to viewing its wonders for the first time.

The clatter of Soho and the quiet of Scottish moors. Old Vic and Savile Row. The wit of Parliament and the Mod madness of Liverpool. They will all be there—to be seen and savoured—in the pages of Britain's greatest magazines.

And to herald your ingenious thoughtfulness, we shall send an unusual gift card bearing a full-colour portrait of H.R.H. Prince Charles. Also, if you post your order straightaway, we will be pleased to send the *Illustrated London News'* lavish $1.25 Christmas number as an extra, free bonus to arrive during the Holiday Season.

NEW: FREE BENEFITS FOR GIFT-GIVERS!
A Donor Membership will be awarded — without extra charge — to every person sending a gift membership for the 1969 Christmas season. This entitles you to your own Donor Membership Card, with its rights and features, including special discount privileges for this wide variety of British publications.

CHRISTMAS GIFT BONUS

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

The handsome 1969 Christmas edition of the world-famous *Illustrated London News* will portray the traditions of Christmas in luxurious colour illustrations and fascinating stories.

This superb edition ordinarily retails for $1.25. To Club members, however, it is given *free* with each new subscription.

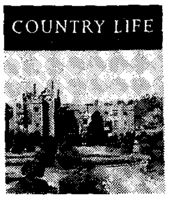
Give a 12-month gift membership in the British Magazine-of-the-Month Club

JANUARY—A trip to England's charming country estates for a look at the suburban set.

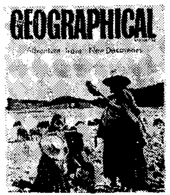
History TODAY

FEBRUARY—A fresh and fascinating perspective on political, social, economic trends.

MARCH — World affairs, literature and the arts from the pens of internationally famous writers.

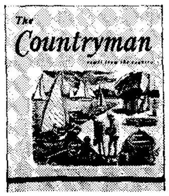


APRIL—The castles, customs, culture and countryside of traditional Britain in striking photography.



MAY — Travel and adventure, British style. Colourful pictures and prose from around the world.

JUNE—Britain's best informed society and fashion magazine. Covers people, parties, style reviews.

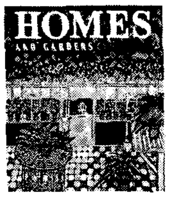


JULY — Rural Britain's quaint customs and colourful people are shown in a rich panorama.

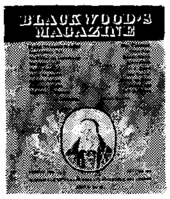
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

AUGUST—England's most respected pictorial weekly covers world events and personalities.

SEPTEMBER — For today's new kind of woman: a magazine that examines latest trends with candor.



OCTOBER — Dozens of distinctive home decorating ideas, all marked by impeccable British taste.



NOVEMBER — An English tradition: brilliant and entertaining stories, essays and commentary.

Punch
ALMANACK

DECEMBER — Its brilliant humour, sophisticated commentary, superb cartoons are world-acclaimed.

Note: All twelve of the above magazines will be delivered directly from Great Britain, although the month of selection may vary

For only

$9.95

each member receives all these gift features:

1. 12 issues of Britain's outstanding magazines — one each month.
2. Free bonus copy of the *Illustrated London News'* magnificent $1.25 Christmas Issue.
3. Handsome gift announcement card, signed as you direct.
4. Special discount rates on all new subscriptions to any of the 12 Club magazines . . . anytime in 1970.
5. A personalized membership card.

And you receive: A Donor Membership Card qualifying you for many Club discounts.

To: BRITISH MAGAZINE-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB
Dept. BY-10-25 545 Cedar Lane, Teaneck, N.J. 07666

☐ Please enter _____ one-year gift membership(s) in the British Magazine-of-the-Month Club at $9.95 each for the person(s) named below, and send a Greeting Card announcing my gift to each individual.

MY NAME IS: ____________________
(Please Print)
ADDRESS ____________________
CITY __________ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Check here if you wish to enter a subscription for yourself. (Includes Gift Bonus.)

Send gift memberships to:

1.NAME ____________________
ADDRESS ____________________
CITY __________ STATE _____ ZIP _____
Sign gift card as follows: ____________________

2.NAME ____________________
ADDRESS ____________________
CITY __________ STATE _____ ZIP _____
Sign gift card as follows: ____________________

FOR ADDITIONAL GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS, PLEASE ATTACH EXTRA SHEET WITH NAMES AND ADDRESSES.

☐ I enclose my remittance of $_____ for _____ subscriptions. ☐ Bill me later.

Joy is owning this

the fabulous coat that everyone loves
and no other maker can duplicate!
Completely reversible—navy to tulip
pink, blue, or lime, brown to pale blue,
black to beige. Travis fabric of Antron®
nylon*, Du Pont **ZEPEL®** rain-stain
repellent finish. 6 to 16. About $75.
B. Altman & Co., New York and
branches; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati;
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago and
branches; Dayton's, Minnesota;
Bullock's Wilshire, L. A.

COUTURE
SPECIALTIES
a division of Handmacher
533 Seventh Avenue, New York

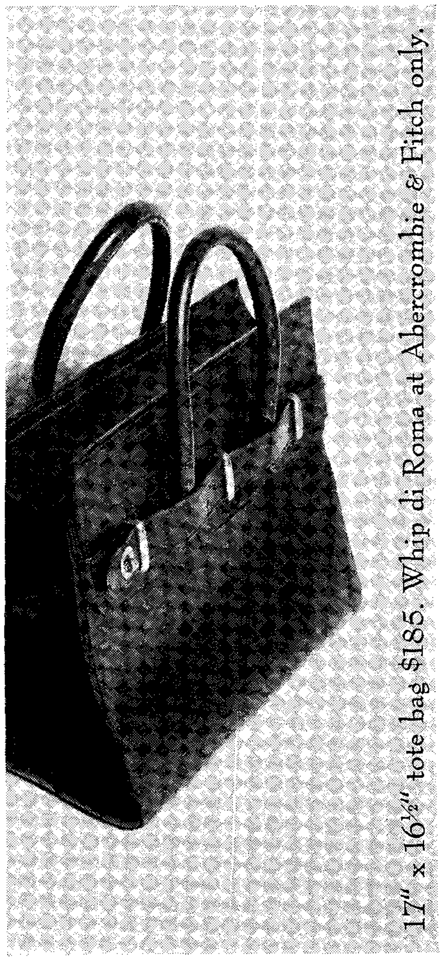
*Dacron Filled
® Reg. T.M.

lawyers, because there are millions of problems." He made it quite clear, however, that he does not want "a mess of Northerners telling me about the South," and he added, "I *don't want* a new North in the South. I don't want Northern society imposed on me. I don't want to transport Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to Birmingham, Alabama. I don't want to transport New York City to Atlanta, except that I'd like to have some of the advantages of New York City here. There are a million things the South can escape that the North hasn't escaped. The thing that I believe is that the *South* can teach and lead the rest of the country. There's a big danger in this, of course. If we go slow in the South, we're going to develop the same patterns in, say, Atlanta that they've got in Philadelphia and New York and Washington. The slower we go in the South, the worse off we are. There was a time when we had a thousand racial ghettos in each Southern city. We never had just *one*, the way they have in most Northern cities. This meant that if you desegregated all the schools in a Southern city you'd have a racial balance in all the schools, because that's the way the ghettos were laid out. But you go too slow in the South and it'll follow the Northern pattern—urban renewal and expressway construction and all the rest will manage to create segregated housing patterns in the South."

As part of his campaign to keep the South from going too slow, Morgan some time ago urged a group of Negroes in Birmingham to use their votes in order to "instill fear in the bigots of white politics," and he went on to say, "In politics, there is a policy of containment, and all politicians must fear to attack you as a group. It is only through integration of the political structure—from the courthouse and the jury box to the secretarial and then top jobs at the state capitol—that the Negro and white man of the South may learn to live together and work together to promote their general welfare." Not long afterward, he filed the Hadnott suit, and as a result the political structure of Alabama was integrated to the extent of twenty-three more Negro officeholders than it had before. "In fact, Alabama has elected more Negro public officials than any other Southern state," Morgan pointed out. "Those elected as a result of the Hadnott case are as many as there are in office in the entire State of Florida, for instance. In fact, Alabama now has eighty Negroes who are elected officials, and that's third in the nation—

THE
CHANGEABLE
DROPS
on our shiny little 14kt.
gold hoop earrings are
trios of colorful precious
beads dangling on gold
wires to slip on and off
according to fancy.
Pressureless clip-back
loop, ½" round, $45.
Charms in turquoise, $53.;
cultured pearl, $35.;
coral, $40.; jade, $40.
Shown actual size. Mail and phone orders
carefully filled. Penna. residents add 6%
sales tax.

NAN DUSKIN
1729 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Penna.



17" x 16½" tote bag $185. Whip di Roma at Abercrombie & Fitch only.

behind Michigan, which has eighty-one, and New York State, which has a hundred and thirty-three." (Just last week, Alabama would appear to have tied Michigan, when a Negro civil-rights attorney who has worked with Morgan was elected to the Birmingham City Council.)

There are some things about the political structure of the South that Morgan would not change. "Southern politics is the finest brand there is, because it's the most open," he once told a friend, with enthusiasm. "What you have here, in a way, is a no-party system—not a one-party system but a no-party system. Southern politics revolves around personalities rather than around issues. Issues are involved, of course, but it's largely a matter of personalities—things like fifteen men running for governor. That gives you a lot of choices. And then you've got the strain of Populism that runs through the South. It's an experimental place. The people are poor, and because they're poor, regardless of everything else, if the race problem's worked out rapidly enough you're going to see a lot of people being freed. I mean everybody's going to be running around expressing himself and having some freedom and opening up the society and tearing down this Cotton Curtain. It's an area that is ripe for all sorts of revolutionary opportunities—and by that I mean revolutionary opportunities in the sense of social experimentation and change—and the result could be the freeing of Southern politicians."

From time to time, of course, the proliferation of candidates in Southern politics presents a freedom whose blessings some, including Morgan, regard as doubtful, and in 1966 Morgan found himself at odds with some of his liberal friends in Atlanta when the Georgia gubernatorial contest boiled down to a race between Lester G. Maddox, a former restaurant owner in Atlanta with a formidable record as a racist, who had the Democratic nomination; U.S. Representative Howard H. Callaway, a conservative member of a textile family from south Georgia, who had the Republican nomination; and Ellis Arnall, a former governor and a Democrat generally regarded as being at least a moderate on the racial question, who was being advanced as a write-in candidate by liberal and moderate factions that could not bear the thought of either Maddox or Callaway being governor. "All of my practical political sense told me that there was a reason to vote for Callaway, and the reason to vote for Callaway had noth-

In Bermuda the best time is anytime at Elbow Beach.

Winter, spring, summer, fall. Next month, this week, right now. Morning, noon, night. In the meantime. In between time. Every hour, every minute, every second. Any time you're at Elbow is the best time of all.

Bermuda's Famous Oceanside Hotel

Elbow Beach Surf Club

CY ELKINS, GENERAL MANAGER
PAGET, BERMUDA

A Member of the Distinguished Hotels of the World.
See your travel agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc.,
630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020. (212) JU 6-4500.
Other offices in Boston, Washington, Chicago, Miami and Toronto.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Our very own coat to slip into while being domestic, has very useful big pockets and snaps down the front. Flower-printed cotton in pink or blue, for small, medium, large sizes, $16. Robe Collections. Glad to fill mail and phone orders.

ing to do with the lesser of two evils, because he probably wasn't the lesser of any evils at all," Morgan remarked some months after the election, which was won by Maddox. "The reason to vote for Callaway quite probably was the same as the reason to vote for Republicans in many sections of the South, and that is to destroy the Democratic Party as it exists here. It's neither little-'d' democratic nor big-'D' Democratic, nor is it a party. The only Democrats left are blacks and about ten per cent of the whites. Until the national party recognizes this, there's no real hope for the South, and, for that matter, for major national change. A Republican governor might lead to getting rid of senators like Herman Talmadge. A Democratic governor will *not* lead to getting rid of senators like Talmadge, and we'll be stuck with them eternally. They'll go on forever. And consequently the only way I know to get rid of them is to build a strong two-party system in the South—or, rather, a *three*-party system, in which the South's national Democrats, those ninety per cent of the blacks and ten per cent of the whites, can be nominated, run in the general election, and win with a plurality of the votes. Now, building toward that sort of thing may occasionally mean throwing a vote away. Of course, I've never managed to vote Republican, and I doubt if I could bring myself to do that. But in conversation I might *talk* that way with some folks, who would get disturbed." Morgan represented the Arnall supporters in two suits they brought concerning the election, but he himself did not vote, since he still votes in Alabama, where, thanks to Reynolds v. Sims, his ballot is worth as much as any other citizen's.

WHEN Morgan gets to talking about the possibilities that may be opening up in the next few years for Southern politicians, many of his friends—and some of his enemies, too—are convinced that he has in mind, among other things, his own future. It would not surprise any of them if he left his "exile" in Atlanta someday and returned to Alabama to run for public office (after, of course, bringing a sufficient number of lawsuits to insure that anyone who liked him would be able to vote for him). To a career in Southern politics Morgan would bring, along with certain obvious handicaps, some impressive assets. His effect on an audience, of practically any size, is almost always a profound one, and after he has made a speech

the PERSONAL letteropener

With an individuality of its own, our attractive 6" Sterling Silver letter opener sports your initials in a sterling manner. Yours for $7.50.

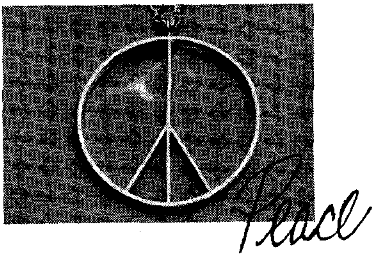
For store nearest you and free booklet containing many other personalized gifts, write:

Lenore Doskow INC
MONTROSE, NEW YORK, 10548

So near to so many attractions, and yet so beautifully removed; a hotel in the quiet European tradition.

THE RITZ CARLTON
BOSTON

Holiday House

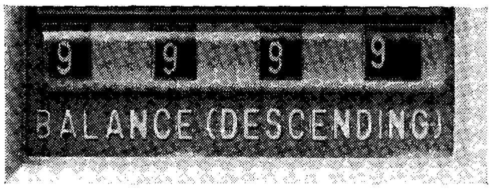


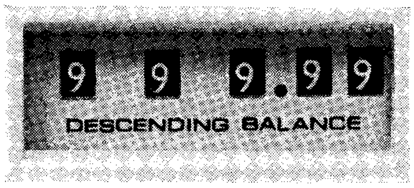
The international symbol of Peace — timely today and always—here in gold plated sterling silver as a pendant with a message. 1¼" diameter with 30", gold-filled, intertwining chain. $14.50.

Send for catalog • Mail-orders shipped promptly.

Holiday House
1 Bellevue Theatre Bldg.,
Upper Montclair, N. J. 07043

Postage meter math:





Their way

Twenty years ago our competitor introduced the first small postage meter.

In those days a small office usually got along nicely with up to $99.99 worth of postage on hand.

Today, postal rates are higher.

So you need a meter that's geared to today's higher mailing costs.

Singer's Friden Division has introduced that kind of small-office postage meter. The Friden* 9200 Mini Meter.

It handles any amount of postage up to $999.99. With ten times the older meter's capacity, you won't run out of postage during peak periods.

And large packages, C.O.D.'s and the registered letters get through your office easier. The Mini Meter prints postage in amounts from 1¢ to 20¢ plus $1.00. The older meter only goes to 20¢.

Our way

We also got rid of the messy old-fashioned ink pad and replaced it with an inking roller that's actually made of ink.

And, we made our meter quieter. It makes only half as much noise as the older meter. (We've measured the decibels.)

Add it all up: The Mini Meter handles more postage, can meter larger denominations easier, is quieter, and prints longer without re-inking.

Yet for all our advantages, the monthly rental for our meter is only $8.00.

Our meter costs you nothing for "installation." The other costs you $25.

For a complete demonstration of the Mini Meter, call your nearest Friden office. Or write Friden Division, The Singer Company, San Leandro, California 94577.

*A TRADEMARK OF THE SINGER COMPANY

Friden Postage Meters. One way Singer helps speed the mail.

SINGER
FRIDEN DIVISION

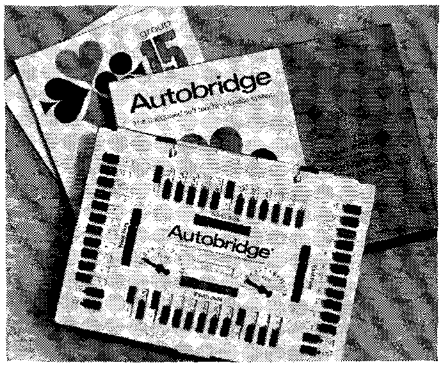
Alfred Sheinwold says:

"AUTOBRIDGE®
Teaches You How To Be
A Better Bridge Player"

"Practice on your Autobridge Board instead of on your friends, and you'll soon gain experience and self-confidence. It's like playing with invisible experts who never lose patience with you."

Second of a Series

AGGRESSIVE BIDDING. Every bridge player is familiar with the type of man (it's very seldom a woman) who bids his fool head off. He's always in game or slam, and he goes down a trick or two on almost half the hands he plays. The astonishing thing is that he doesn't seem to lose very much. He may even be a winner. "This kind of luck can't last forever," you say to yourself. "Some day the law of averages will catch up with him, and he'll get his comeuppance." Don't you believe it! In the long run, aggressive bidders take home the marbles! Practice and you'll learn to bid a hand to the hilt — but not beyond. And you will learn how you can make all those bold games and slams. Fortune favors the bold at the bridge table, especially if you've learned how to play the cards.



AUTOBRIDGE® Self-Playing Bridge Game

Parker Brothers Inc.

PARKER ADULT GAMES
Parker Brothers, Inc. Salem, Mass. Des Moines, Iowa

there are almost always several members of the audience who express the conviction that, for some reason, he singled *them* out and spent most of his time talking directly to *them*. Mrs. Florence Robin, who was the executive director of the A.C.L.U.'s Georgia affiliate, and who has since moved to a similar post in Washington, has said, "The thing that's most noticeable about him on first impression is his great *like* of an audience. He enjoys talking, and enjoys hearing himself talk." On another occasion, Mrs. Robin, who has seen Morgan in action many times, commented, "He projects a kind of flamboyant image, the image of a guy who lives a Falstaffian life." The description is scarcely farfetched for a man who begins and ends the day with marathon sessions on the telephone that run up long-distance bills of several hundred dollars a month, who smokes between two and three packs of cigarettes a day as he rushes across the South from one appointment to another, and who routinely lives and works at a pace that would leave a normal man exhausted.

The rough-and-ready fun of politics obviously appeals to Morgan a great deal, and, although many people in the civil-rights movement look at him dubiously when he says it, he has always insisted that his idol in Alabama politics is another eminently flamboyant figure, Kissin' Jim Folsom, who served two terms as governor of that state in the late forties and fifties (and now says he wants to serve again). Folsom, six feet eight inches tall, used to call himself "the little man's big friend," and he would campaign from the back of a pickup truck with a five-piece band in attendance, reminding the electorate of his rural background, kissing the lady voters, denouncing the "big mules," or absentee owners of industries in Birmingham, and promising to eliminate the poll tax, reapportion the legislature, and build more schools. Folsom was elected despite a streak of racial tolerance that ran through him and through his campaigns, but in 1962, when a new wave of racism was rolling through the Deep South, he was defeated by George C. Wallace.

"Folsom was always a terrible man to folks around the country," Morgan conceded to a group of people who had gathered in his office late one afternoon for an impromptu cocktail party. (Such gatherings occur with great regularity in Morgan's office, especially when lawyers, civil-rights workers, and friendly journalists call from the Atlanta airport to notify him that they

Home finders in 5,000 towns

Are you about to relocate anywhere in the U.S. or Canada? Or in England, France, Argentina? Check first with Homerica, oldest and largest home-finders. We'll search out the finest home available within your budget. We relocate 4500 families every year through our network of exclusive area affiliates. We counsel, guide, and schedule your househunting—professionally. You pay us nothing. Phone today or write S. de Lima for details.

HOMERICA INC.

200 Park Avenue
New York 10017
(212) 661-3111

1901 Ave. of Stars
Los Angeles 90067
(213) 533-3111

500 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611 (312) 527-3111

Geary's
BEVERLY HILLS

Waterford Crystal Bud Vase is hand cut, full lead crystal . . . so dainty, and so very effective. It's just 4 inches tall, yet exquisitely detailed. 8.00 (Add 5% tax in California.)

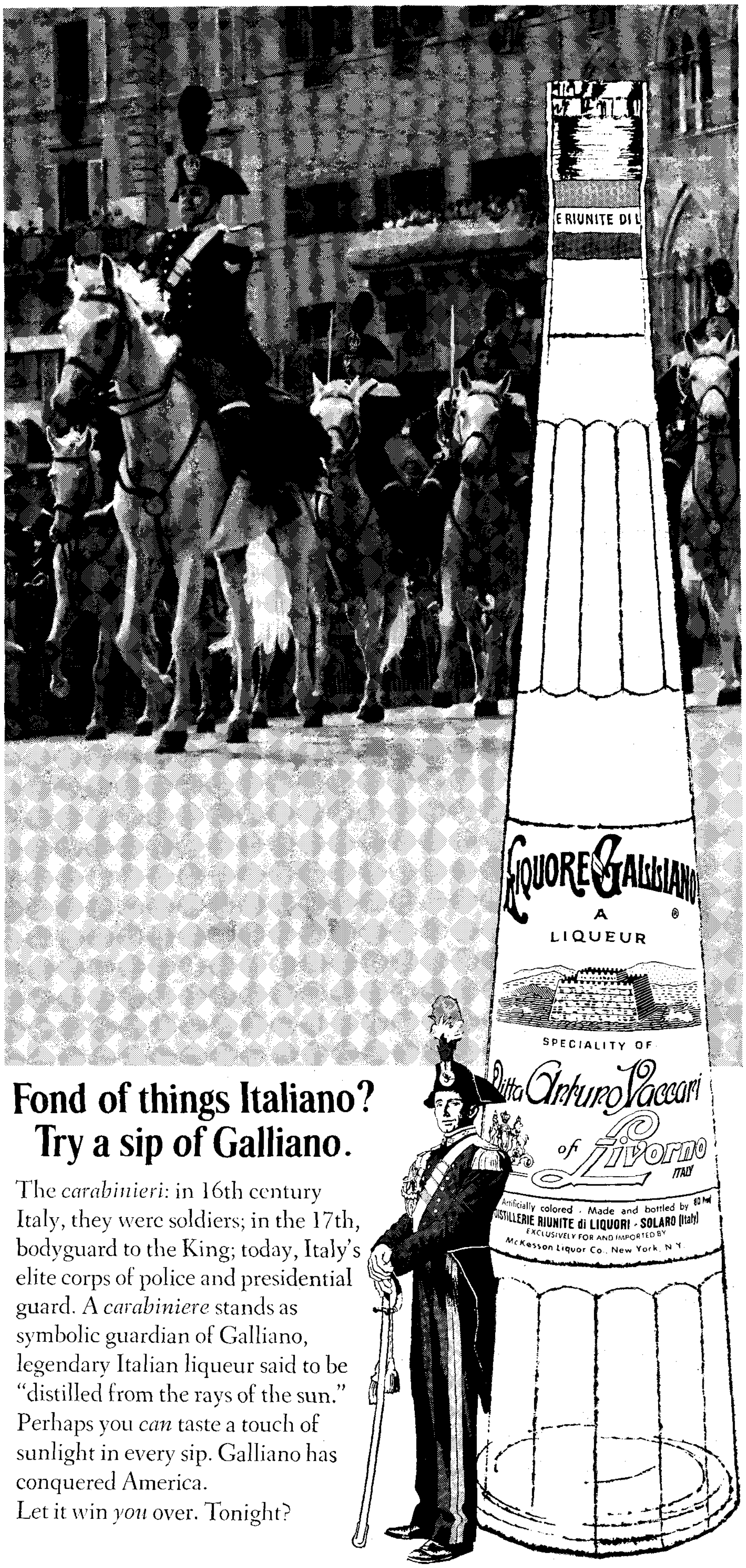
351 N. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90210

SILVER
"Queen Anne"

ENSKO
INC.
682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.

have just arrived in the great big decompression chamber and would like to visit. At about five o'clock, one of Morgan's secretaries brings in ice cubes and Morgan finds a bottle of whiskey and hands his guests plastic coffee cups. The secretaries go back to their typing and the telephones keep ringing, and Morgan manages to keep the office running another hour or so while simultaneously entertaining his visitors.) Among the group were a lawyer on his way to Mississippi, a reporter from the Atlanta *Constitution*, whose offices are across the street, a couple of magazine journalists, friends from the Southern Regional Council office upstairs, and Mrs. Robin. "I guess Folsom had his faults," Morgan went on. "But, the way I see it, maybe in those days complete honesty was a luxury that Alabama politics couldn't afford. He may also have been a drinking man. But Jim Folsom drunk was better than most men in Alabama sober. He never uttered words of hate. Adam Clayton Powell was quoted as saying that he'd had Scotch with Folsom in the Governor's Mansion in 1955 or '56 and they agreed that the South's racial problems would work themselves out. Folsom had to fight against that ever after. It was the whole issue against him when he ran for governor in '62. But I always liked Folsom's answer. He said, 'They say I sent my chauffeur out to pick up Adam Clayton Powell at the airport. Well, I did send my chauffeur out there. Would y'all have liked it if I had gone out there *myself*?' And then he said, 'They say I drank Scotch with Adam Clayton Powell in the Governor's Mansion. Now, y'all know I don't drink Scotch.' " Morgan smiled. "Well, of course, he *did* drink Scotch, but I think that was about the nicest way out of the racial thing. It was sort of like the time when Earl Long jumped up and down in front of Leander Perez and said, 'What the hell you going to do now, Leander, now that the Feds got the A-bomb?' Or Folsom himself, after the Supreme Court school decision in '54, holding a Negro child up over his head—he being a giant of a man—and saying that his answer to the decision was this: 'Now, young'un, you know we ain't gonna make you go to school with that po' white trash.' "

Several of the people in Morgan's office made more or less argumentative remarks at this point, but Morgan, who was clearly enjoying the sensation he had caused, hurried on. "Everybody laughed at Folsom, but he represented


E RIUNITE DI L
LIQUORE GALLIANO
A ®
LIQUEUR
SPECIALITY OF
Ditta Arturo Vaccari
of Livorno
ITALY
Artificially colored . Made and bottled by 80 Proof
DISTILLERIE RIUNITE di LIQUORI - SOLARO (Italy)
EXCLUSIVELY FOR AND IMPORTED BY
McKesson Liquor Co., New York, N.Y.

Fond of things Italiano?
Try a sip of Galliano.

The *carabinieri*: in 16th century Italy, they were soldiers; in the 17th, bodyguard to the King; today, Italy's elite corps of police and presidential guard. A *carabiniere* stands as symbolic guardian of Galliano, legendary Italian liqueur said to be "distilled from the rays of the sun." Perhaps you *can* taste a touch of sunlight in every sip. Galliano has conquered America.
Let it win *you* over. Tonight?

80 PROOF LIQUEUR, IMPORTED BY McKESSON LIQUOR CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. © McKESSON LIQUOR CO. 1969

WISPRIDE
SWISS KNIGHT

Have you been serving dull hors d'oeuvres with good spirits?

Don't dampen good spirits. Liven them up with these three perfect complements.

WISPRIDE® Sharp Cheddar Cheese Spread. Serve it on toast straight from the famous little brown crock. Use it to stuff celery. Or spread it on crackers and top with caviar, anchovies, olives, or your favorite garnish.

SWISS KNIGHT.® A fine imported Gruyère with a brisk nut-like flavor. Serve it in wedges or slices. Great when guests come to visit . . . even better with a quiet drink by the fire.

HUM.® Holland's finest Gouda and Edam is a tangy companion to any drink. Great with fruit. Try it with an apple slice on your favorite cracker.

GERBER CHEESE CO., N.Y., 10017

a kind of Populism that tied the Negroes and the whites together in those days," he said. "Folsom was against the poll tax long before anybody else. To me, a Populist means the kind of political candidate who appeals to a broad base of voters, the broadest base of the poor and the oppressed and the underprivileged, whether that's Negro or white. That's the sort of politician Jim Folsom was. Here was a guy who went to one year of college, then had to leave school to go home and help out—had to join the merchant marine and support his family. One time, Jim said that he had 'sailed the seven seas of mankind and met the seven races of man, and there ain't no difference in any of them.' Now, that's what I mean by Populism."

Morgan paused to drain his cup, and then he looked around eagerly for disagreement. Mrs. Robin, in a tone suggesting that she had heard him go on in this vein many times, said, "Doesn't it all come down to the fact that there *was something in the man that you* found colorful and appealing in an uneducated kind of way? When you call somebody a Populist, it's half nostalgic and half a special kind of snobbishness of your own. The true South and all that. Isn't that so?"

"I don't think there's much snobbishness in it," Morgan said, considering the accusation thoughtfully. "I've just always liked Folsom, the way I like a lot of people I meet."

"From everything you've told us," said Mrs. Robin, "I get the impression that what you liked most about him was simply that he was a character—the kind of thing you admire in anybody."

"Oh, yes," said Morgan emphatically. "I admire anybody who's learned how to be himself."

—Fred Powledge

•

The camera caught him with his eyes closed—as though in meditation—with his hands folded in his lap, and with his long, supple fingers racing across the keyboard in the exciting Third Movement of Rachmaninoff's Concerto No. 3. —*Boston Traveller.*

He better open those eyes and see what's going on.

•

Change Your Point of View

Enjoy Vermont's beautiful Green Mountains from Bromley Village, a part of New England's most popular ski area. Ski downhill to and from your home in winter. . . . —*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

That changes more than a point of view. That changes everything.

AMARETTO:
DI SARONNO
hauntingly delicious

AMARETTO
DI SARONNO

Discover the indescribable delight of this rare almond of apricot liqueur—*imported from Italy.*

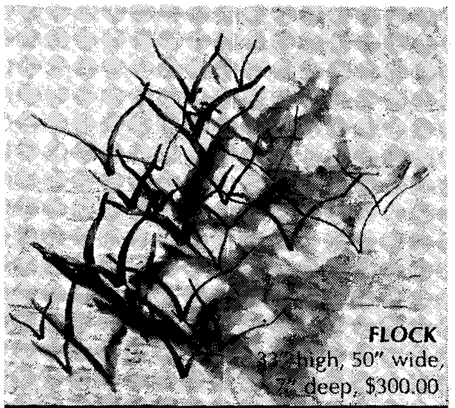
Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y. Sole U.S.A. Distributors. 56 proof.

Oaks
Naples, Fla.

TURN hard port after clearing Doctors Pass from the Gulf, run up Moorings Bay 300 yards to your covered berth — you are home at Oaks. Forty eight properties each amenable to your personal expression. Unique features in the Condominium concept — features that are different for the sake of the residents — not for the sake of the difference.

Brochure on request

W. Roy Smith & Company
797 Fifth Ave. South Naples Fla.



FLOCK
33" high, 50" wide, 7" deep, $300.00

WILLIAM Bowie
THE SCULPTURE STUDIO
Write for color catalog
202 E. 77th ST.
NEW YORK 10021

"Buy bonds."

You hear that a lot these days.

Even from the aggressive investor. The swinger who always looked down his nose at fixed-income securities.

Now he's looking at Washington. Never before has an Administration seemed so determined to stop inflation. If they do it, the long-run outlook for fixed-income securities will turn from bad to good.

Many professional investors have already taken the hint. We know of large institutions that have been buying bonds for capital growth.

And why not? Some high-grade Corporate bonds offer record yields of 8 percent or better. Plus a chance for appreciation.

All of which has prompted us to publish a new, 48-page booklet called Financing a Trillion Dollar Economy. It describes the investment opportunities in Municipals, Governments, Money Market Instruments, Corporates, and Convertibles.

You'll learn the advantages and disadvantages of each. So you can decide which ones may be right for you.

It's an up-to-date cram course in fixed-income securities. And the tuition is free. Just mail the coupon.

504JA

Merrill Lynch, P.O. Box 333
Wall Street Station, New York, N. Y. 10005

Please send me a copy of Financing a Trillion Dollar Economy without charge or obligation.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss ____________________
(please print)

Address ____________________

City ____________________ Phone ____________________

State ____________________ Zip ____________________

FT

MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC

All watch movements except this one start going out of adjustment as soon as they are adjusted.

45
ACCUTRON
DEEP SEA
666 FEET
30
15

Accutron Deep Sea: All stainless steel. Tested to 666 feet. Elapsed time indicator. Magnified calendar. Protected against common watch hazards. $195. Other styles from $110.

All those other watches have a problem. Imperceptible at first, its effects build up relentlessly with the passage of time.

The problem is the oil in the balance wheel bearings: it deteriorates with every day that goes by. As the oil deteriorates, friction builds up and the watch starts to go out of adjustment.

The Accutron® watch, on the other hand, doesn't have this problem. It's the *only* watch movement in the world that doesn't use a balance wheel. It uses a tuning fork, and the tuning fork *doesn't have any bearings.* So the accuracy of our tuning fork isn't dependent upon oil.

This also means that Accutron doesn't have to be cleaned every year or two, as balance wheel watches do. (And cleanings frequently cost a significant fraction of what you paid for the watch originally.)

Now you know one of the reasons why Bulova can guarantee the accuracy of Accutron to within a minute a month.* When the watch can stay in adjustment, it's a big help.

Accutron® by Bulova. The most accurate watch in the world.

*Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if purchased from an authorized Accutron dealer and returned to him within one year of date of purchase. ©Bulova Watch Co.

THE THEATRE

THE THIRTIES REVISITED

"The Penny Wars," recently at the Royale, was a modest and conscientious little play, which stopped now and then to heave a sigh, as if forlornly aware that it was superfluous. It betrayed—and at first this was touching but at last it was fatal—a wan recognition that it need never have been written, need never have been brought to Broadway. Like one of those amiable anonymities at a cocktail party whom one sets down as a rustic cousin of the guest of honor and whose imploring smile as he stands trapped behind a rapidly opening and closing pantry door makes us feel pity enough to smile back but not pity enough to go to his rescue, the play never raised its voice or caused the slightest discomfort to anyone. It sought to please by giving no offense, and yet it had the intelligence to perceive that mere dim good manners would not suffice to create an impression; it seemed to signal to us that it would understand perfectly if we drifted into inattention, or failed afterward to remember its name.

The play, by Elliott Baker, was taken from his novel of the same name. It is an account of the rites of passage of an exceptionally bright and ambitious sixteen-year-old boy, Tyler Bishop, who, in the ardor and ignominy of his pursuit of the facts of life (meaning, in about equal measure, the facts of sex, international politics, language, and the mystery of the adult mind), is, in literary terms, a figure curiously remote and hard to pin down, being post-Tarkington and pre-Salinger. He and his family live in middle-class squalor in a depressed section of some such upstate city as Buffalo. His father, a clerk, lacks the gumption even to try out for the Major Bowes Amateur Hour and soon cravenly dies of a heart attack; his mother, squeezing some meagre good out of her sad lot, prepares to marry a German-Jewish refugee dentist, who, obliged to make a fresh start in the New World, has decided to make it in a fresh way—arrogantly—with the result that he alienates everyone upon whom his future depends. There are two deaths in the course of the play, and not a moment's happiness for anyone, but Mr. Baker wrote it as if it were a comedy, and Barbara Harris directed it as one. (This was Miss Harris's first test as a director, and I give her a B-plus. With less intractable material, she might have earned an A.) The comic note sounded more and more faintly as the evening continued. A coffin, presumably containing the last of poor Mr. Bishop, dominated two or three scenes and was made to serve as the chief prop of a number of sight gags. Coffins were a staple of Victorian humor, but we are approaching the threshold of the twenty-first century, and, what with cremation and all, I hold that coffins have lost their old capacity to bring down the house.

Kristoffer Tabori was very good indeed as the sixteen-year-old (I hope he won't think it rude of me to wonder whether he learned to spell his first name in a *very* progressive school), while Kim Hunter played as little tiresomely as possible the tiresome role of a virtuous widowed mother. George Voskovec embodied with exemplary skill the refugee dentist, bringing into a mangy American living room the stiff-backed pride of Middle Europe. When the dentist discovers that even here he will fail and be humiliated, and that the surrender of his pride not only will expiate nothing but will also go unnoticed, he takes his own life, knowing that that deed, too, will go unnoticed. It is an affecting portrait, and its only defect was that it belonged in a different play; indeed, everything that was good

EAST
FAR EAST
NEAR EAST

from Scotland–
antartex
SHEEPSKIN

No. 23: $205.oo
in white curly

All sizes (S.R.T.) men and women—23 styles, 14 colours—from $90.00. Can be ordered made to measure. Also available in Antartex sheepskin—slippers, boots, hats, rugs, etc. Handmade knitwear. By Donald Macdonald (Antartex) Ltd., Loch Lomond, Scotland, suppliers to the Trans-Antarctic Expeditions.

ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN SHOPS
New York City: 139 E. 76th St. (at Lex) LE 5-9079
14 W. 55th St. (at 5th) 765-1455
Greenwich, Conn: 120 Greenwich, 661-5788
Cambridge, Mass: 50 Boylston, Harvard Sq., 868-6083
Chicago: Geneva, Ill., 200 South 3rd St., (E.W. Tollway to 31) 232-4434
Lake Forest, Ill., Robertson's, 240 E. Deerpath
Minneapolis, Minn: 920 Nicollet Mall, 339-1276

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

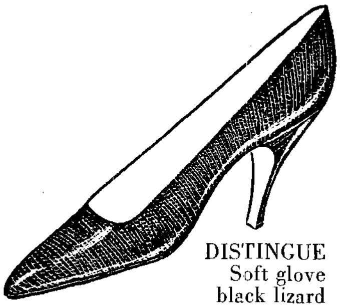
For your FREE catalogue and real sheepskin samples send this with your name and address to:—
ANTARTEX SHOP AND WAREHOUSE, 120 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, Conn. 06830. Tel: 203-661-5788

in "The Penny Wars" appeared to belong in a different play. Everything, that is, except the set, by William Ritman, which was a triumph of nineteen-thirties domestic ugliness, complete with turret-top G.E. refrigerator and grisly matching artifacts.

JACK GILFORD is one of the funniest men alive, and he is at his bold and delicate best in the revival of "Three Men on a Horse" at the Lyceum. The play is not only laid in the thirties, like "The Penny Wars," but was actually written in them, by John Cecil Holm, currently playing in "Forty Carats," and George Abbott, who directed the original production and, thirty-five years later, is directing this one. Like "Paradise Lost," "Pilgrim's Progress," and other immortal works with which it cries out to be compared, "Three Men on a Horse" is based on a single sublime idea—that a virtuous doormat of a man, happily devoting himself, at forty dollars a week, to the composition of innumerable verses for a greeting-card manufacturer, amuses himself on his daily bus rides between New York and suburban Ozone Heights by playing the horses. He does this in his head, without ever placing a bet; he and his wife haven't money enough for *that* sort of wicked extravagance. It happens that he is an absolute genius at picking winners; except for an occasion on which a horse happened to fall down, he has never picked a loser in his life. The gloriously implausible plot of "Three Men on a Horse" leads the doormat, Erwin Trowbridge, to fall in with a trio of tough horseplayers, who kidnap him and proceed to turn his uncanny knack into cash. Erwin graciously consents to accept ten per cent of their winnings, but his heart remains in his work; he is deeply troubled because he owes his employer, the terrifying J. G. Carver, a number of verses for Mother's Day. Poor Erwin is contrapuntally bandied back and forth between his vocation and his avocation, and his suffering makes for grand fun. There are, I reluctantly admit, a few sluggish moments in the play—in the thirties, three-act plays were the custom, and if Mr. Holm and Mr. Abbott were writing their masterpiece today I am sure they would cause it to wind up and explode in two acts—but I am so glad to have it back that I would forgive it many more sins than it commits.

The cast is as able as it is merry. Besides Mr. Gilford, who plays one of the most fetching drunk scenes I have ever encountered, there are Sam Levene, as the toughest of the horseplayers (Mr.

De Busschere
Belgian Shoes
HAND MADE · HAND SEWN
MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President



DISTINGUE
Soft glove
black lizard
$110
Other colors to order.

Classic, timeless styling.
Brochure on request.

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.

Gloucester House

for SEA FOOD
37 East 50th Street, N.Y. 755-7394

Once upon a time on a dark stormy night, Scotland was invaded by Vikings, but one stepped on a Scotch thistle and let out a loud "Ouch!" (in Danish, of course). That was the end of that invasion. Thus, the thistle became a Scottish national emblem. To commemorate, we offer this beautiful sterling silver set $15. Pin alone $10. Screw earrings $5.50 postpaid. Add 5% in Cal. Actual size is ⅓ larger than illus.

Scottish catalogue in color. Many Scottish items 50¢.

Scottish Imports Ltd
174 Grant, Rm 79, San Francisco 94108

Levene was in the original cast); Rosemary Prinz, as Erwin's bewildered, tearful wife; Dorothy Loudon, as an ex-Follies girl; Leon Janney, as Erwin's grasping brother-in-law; Wally Englehardt, as a no less grasping barkeep; Butterfly McQueen, as an elevator operator who prefers numbers to horses but horses to nothing; Al Nesor and Hal Linden, as the two other horseplayers; and Paul Ford, with his fierce, cormorant's face and baying bloodhound's voice, who, as J. G. Carver, puffs a tiny role up into one roughly the size of Hamlet's. The sets are by Boyd Dumrose—Ugly Thirties again. God bless John Cecil Holm and George Abbott.

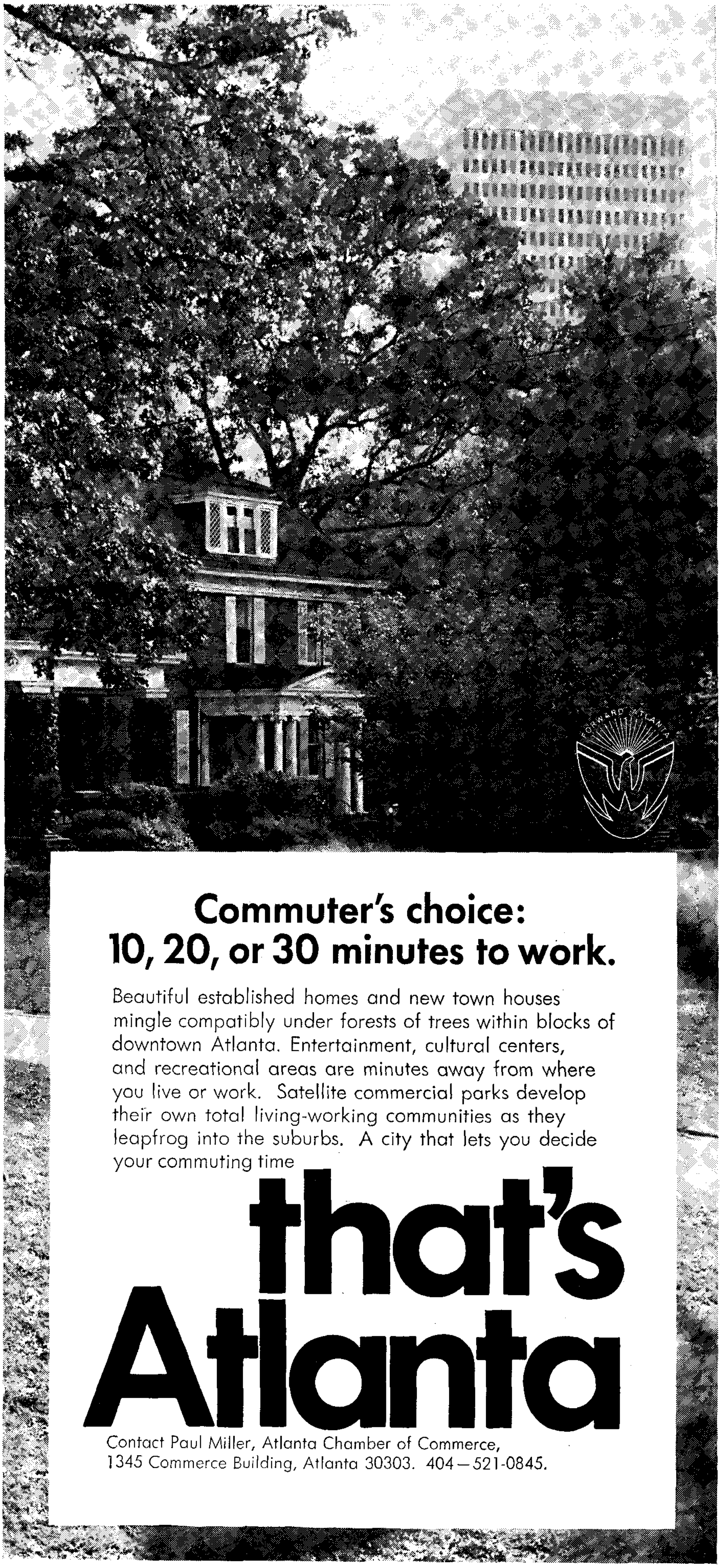
ALSO about those days and out of them is "The Front Page," which, at the Ethel Barrymore, is enjoying its second revival in two years. Except for the importation of Helen Hayes, who is playing the mother of the most patient bride-to-be in history, the cast remains pretty much the same as it was when I last saw and praised the play; among its stars are Robert Ryan, Bert Convy, Peggy Cass, and John McGiver. The shrewd and lively direction is by Harold J. Kennedy.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Grotowski

JERZY GROTOWSKI'S Polish Laboratory Theatre opened its brief local season last week at the Washington Square Methodist Church with its production of "The Constant Prince," an adaptation (if that is the word we want) of a seventeenth-century play by the Spanish dramatist Calderón de la Barca. Inside the church, two tiers of benches have been set up around three sides of a wooden cockpit, where the action takes place. "The arrangement of stage and audience is a sort of intermediary between a circus arena and an operating room," says a program note. "What one sees below can be regarded either as a cruel game in a Roman circus or as a surgical operation in the manner of Rembrandt's 'The Anatomy of Dr. Tulp.'" The action, which is extremely well synopsized in the program, concerns a prince who is tortured, presumably by his own subjects, and eventually killed, but who is able to retain his humanity and calm, and to reform his people by submitting without any fight to the agonies they inflict upon him. The style of the acting is so unlike anything I have ever seen before, and my feelings about it



Commuter's choice:
10, 20, or 30 minutes to work.

Beautiful established homes and new town houses mingle compatibly under forests of trees within blocks of downtown Atlanta. Entertainment, cultural centers, and recreational areas are minutes away from where you live or work. Satellite commercial parks develop their own total living-working communities as they leapfrog into the suburbs. A city that lets you decide your commuting time

that's Atlanta

Contact Paul Miller, Atlanta Chamber of Commerce,
1345 Commerce Building, Atlanta 30303. 404—521-0845.

Bold new Brut for men. By Fabergé.

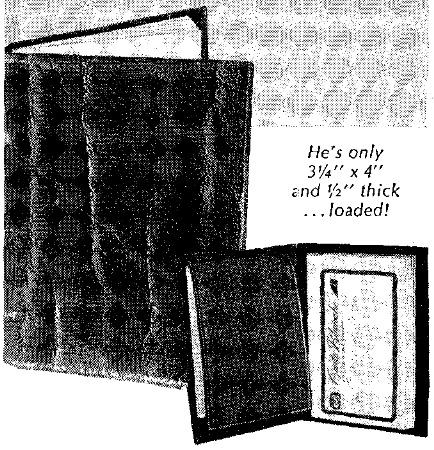
If he has any doubts about himself, give him something else.

FABERGÉ
BRUT
FOR MEN

For after shave, after shower, after anything! **Brut.**

are so mixed, that I'd like to withhold any opinion until after the third and last of the productions, in November, and just record a few impressions. I must say, though, that I was fascinated throughout, and totally untouched. At the beginning, Grotowski himself walks behind the audience and turns out the houselights. Then he moves down into a corner of the cockpit, where he sits, half hidden and staring at the actors. At the end, he walks back into the audience and turns the houselights on. The language barrier was not as great as I'd expected it to be, since much of the time speech is used almost as pure sound, in unison chanting or chattering or whispering or shouting, and the few solo flights, except for the Captive Prince's screams and howls of pain, are delivered at such rapid-fire speed that I doubt whether even Poles could catch all the words. I did hear "*Kyrie eleison*" at one point and, I think, "*pravda*" at another. A much greater barrier for me was my total lack of grounding in religious ritual, for most of the action is as ritualistic and symbolic as the sound is liturgical. The eloquence, anyway, is mostly in the bodily movements of the actors—who perform with an intensity that I have never seen equalled—and in their muscular control and muscular expressiveness. They are extraordinary technicians, and surely part of their fascination is that of a technical, even acrobatic, display. The torturers dance or make wayward, arbitrary gestures in unison, as if under hypnosis, and their faces become masks of madness or malice or delight. Near the end, the Prince sinks to his knees. His face, too, becomes a mask. "The Prince's ecstasy is his suffering." These six words from the synopsis are expressed by one indelible look by Ryszard Cieslak, as his eyes become unfocussed, almost blind with inward gaze. His emotion has become as disembodied as that of his torturers.

"The Constant Prince" is a spellbinder, all right, and I admired it in the detached kind of way in which one admires spectacles, and in which one also admires technical perfection. But it does run counter to everything I value most in the theatre. I want to see masks become faces. A theatre in which the artists—writers and actors—are subservient to a director seems to me *not* revivifying but decadent. These feelings are, of course, subject to change at any time between now and the end of November, when the Grotowski group leaves town. In an interview last summer with William Glover, of the Asso-



ELEPHANT IS THE NAME OF OUR GAME!

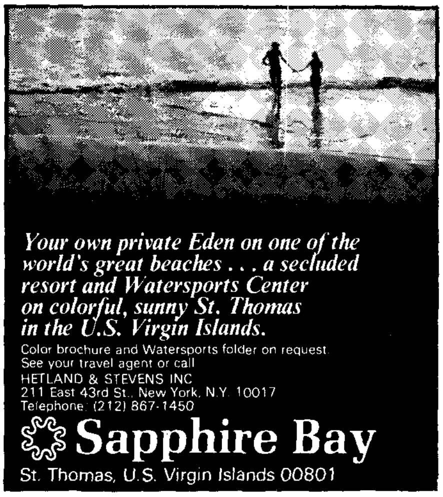
He's only 3¼" x 4" and ½" thick ...loaded!

LET OUR SKINNY ELEPHANT TAKE THAT LUMP OUT OF YOUR SUIT! Our famous soft, supple, luxurious Genuine Elephant leather, superbly fashioned into the slimmest wallet imaginable! *Slipout, flip-thru* cardcase organizes your credit cards, photos, documents sensibly in 12 windows. Money clip secures cash compactly. Two pockets for business cards. Black only.

$14.95 add 75¢ post

Satisfaction Guaranteed **N.Y. Residents Add Tax**

Visit Our SAFARILAND™ Shop
or Write For Free 76-PAGE CATALOG
HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 247 E. 50 St., New York 10022



Your own private Eden on one of the world's great beaches . . . a secluded resort and Watersports Center on colorful, sunny St. Thomas in the U.S. Virgin Islands.

Color brochure and Watersports folder on request.
See your travel agent or call
HETLAND & STEVENS INC
211 East 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10017
Telephone (212) 867-1450

Sapphire Bay
St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands 00801

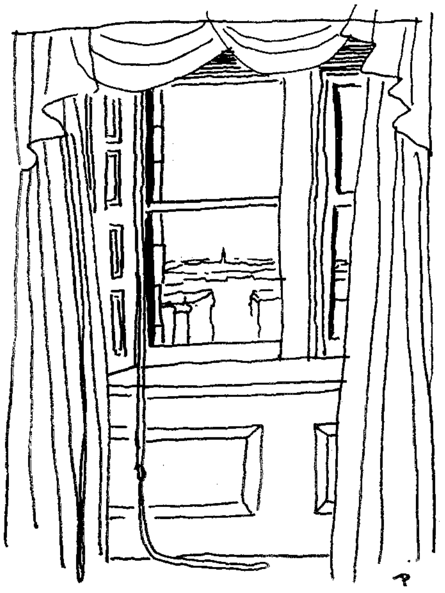
Mid-Manhattan at its Luxurious Best

Regally spacious guest rooms . . . suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted for its quiet elegance; adjacent to Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two excellent restaurants. Banquet and meeting rooms accommodate 10 to 175.

HOTEL Dorset
30 West 54th St.
Just off New York's Fifth Ave. • 212 CI 7-7300

ciated Press, Mr. Grotowski described his method as "the theatre of poverty"—one that does without the usual stage trappings and paraphernalia. The only piece of furniture in that cockpit is a small platform at one end, which becomes, among other things, the operating table for a pantomimed castration and a bier where the Prince's body lies. The costumes are dead black and white, and the only spot of color is the Prince's crimson cloak, which is used as a blanket to toss him in the air and as a shroud to cover him.

BACK in 1961, a topical revue called "From the Second City" opened on Broadway. It had originated in a night club in Chicago, where the entertainers improvise all the sketches, and it introduced to many of us Alan Arkin, Barbara Harris, and Severn Darden, among other invaluable players. It was a wonderful show, whose only flaw, as I remember it, was that the targets of its satire were slightly shopworn and out of date. Over the past seven years or so, various splinter groups from that Chicago night club have appeared here in local spots. Last week, a new edition of "From the Second City" opened Off Broadway at the attractive Eastside, and although I didn't find it as wonderful as its predecessor, I laughed quite a lot. Perhaps one reason that this edition is not as startling and lovable as No. 1 is that improvisation by actors—even improvisation that is now a set routine—is so commonplace these days in movies and in stage entertainment that the edge is off, and good comedy by a writer has become the vintage stuff. As for on-the-spot improvisation, there is very little of it at the Eastside—just three out of many sketches, and two of them required audience participation, which,



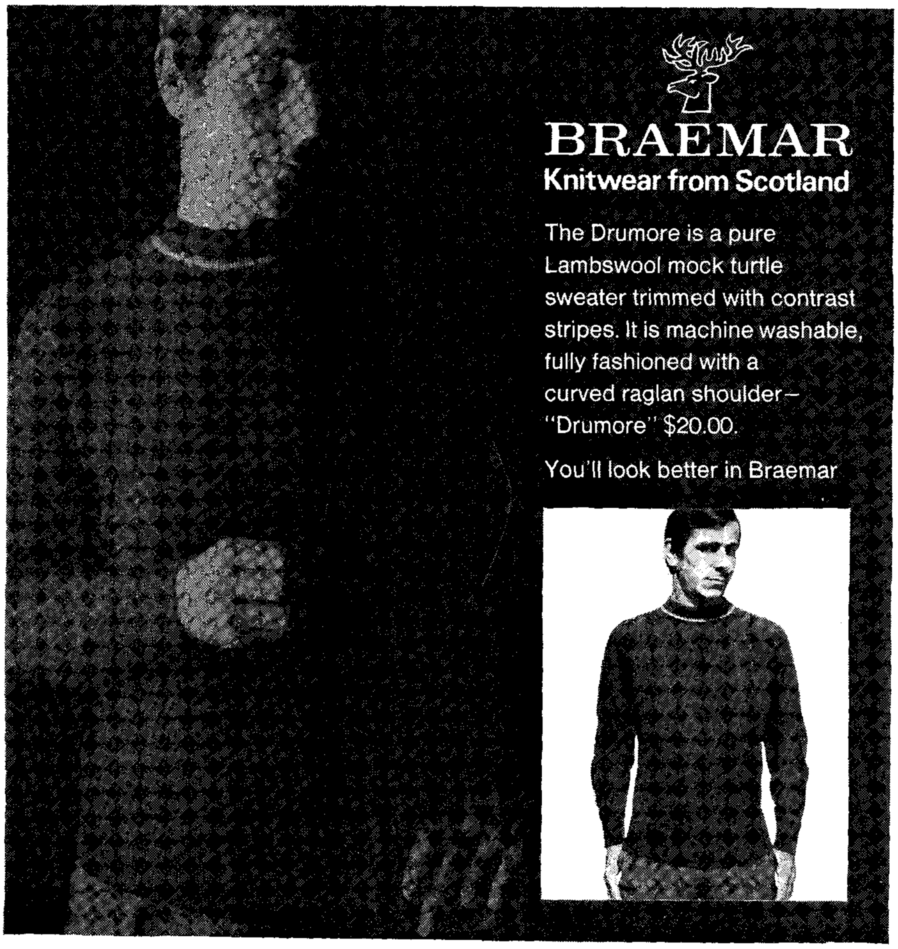
IZOD

. . . for cushioned comfort
in soft carefree Orlon®

As you well know—feet take a lot of abuse. They don't have to any more. Treat them to a pair of Izod's cushioned socks. They are absolutely the best ever. Try a pair and you'll see.
Remember, when your feet feel good, the rest of you will feel great.

THE IZOD SOCKS. Orlon acrylic* and stretch nylon. One size fits all. Many colors. $2.50 a pair.
Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C. • Rich's, Atlanta, Ga. Baskin's, Chicago • Jack Henry, Kansas City, Mo. Boyd's, St. Louis, Mo. • Jacob Reed & Sons, Philadelphia, Pa. • Norton Ditto, Houston, Texas • Bullock's—All West Coast Stores.
*DuPont Reg. T.M.

IZOD
498 Seventh Avenue, N.Y.



BRAEMAR
Knitwear from Scotland

The Drumore is a pure Lambswool mock turtle sweater trimmed with contrast stripes. It is machine washable, fully fashioned with a curved raglan shoulder—"Drumore" $20.00.

You'll look better in Braemar

For nearest store write Braemar Knitwear, 417 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY. 10016.

ROGUES gallery

Spanish-speaking Rogue. The Cortina Onecoat®. A short short from our International Design Collection. In 65% DACRON* polyester, 35% cotton. Inverted pleated back. In bone, navy and vicuna, $45. With ORLON* acrylic zip-in liner, satin sleeves, $60.

WeatheRogue
A Division of Genesco

*Du Pont registered trademark.
Prices slightly higher in West.
WeatheRogue, 1301 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y.

God knows, is unlikely to be forthcoming from an opening-night audience—and what there is doesn't amount to much. Also, there is no satire, no real sting, in any of the sketches this time, but there is plenty of ridicule. The company is alert and bright, and it includes two at least valuable players. They are, first, a stumpy fellow named J. J. Barry, whose imitation of a fumbly, broken-down, sodden old blues singer called Dirty Puddle makes the comic high point of the evening; not only is it original but it is very good mimicry, which is rarer than you'd think. The other is a fellow with a big mustache named Burt Heyman, whose imitation of an Existential psychiatrist makes the comic next-to-high point of the evening. The sketch is a Doctor Krankheit offshoot, and therefore bound to make me happy, and I shall not soon forget the sight of him, Groucho-kneed and wild-eyed, careering about the stage in hot pursuit of the patient. (One question: Why, in enterprises of this sort, are the Jewish jokes so comfortable and homey and we're-all-Jews-here and the Catholic jokes so disparaging?) Fred Kaz triples as composer, musical director, and piano accompanist.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

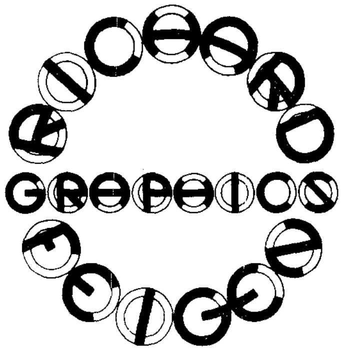
THE BRIGHT CHALLENGE OF MODERN TIMES

[From an article on plant maintenance by J. C. Gardner, Director of Buildings and Grounds, Columbia University, in American School & University]

Cleaning up a stadium or basketball court after a game is a pretty tough job but it doesn't come close to the tremendous job and expense of cleaning up after a riot or demonstration. There are certain rules of conduct that still prevail at football games and basketball games, most of the debris is fairly clean and the litter is generally caused by carelessness or oversight because of the excitement of the game. There is very little vicious vandalism or filth caused by the spectators.

Riots and violent demonstrations are animals of another smell. The litter and debris can consist of thousands of leaflets scattered about, raw eggs smacked against the wall or on the ground, splattered overripe tomatoes and other matter that is best disposed of in toilets. Flower beds and lawns are trampled and ruined, floors and carpets ruined or badly stained. There are marked walls, smashed furniture, broken windows, broken or damaged doors and locks, destroyed or dismantled fences. Not to mention the garbage left behind and the odors that really hum.

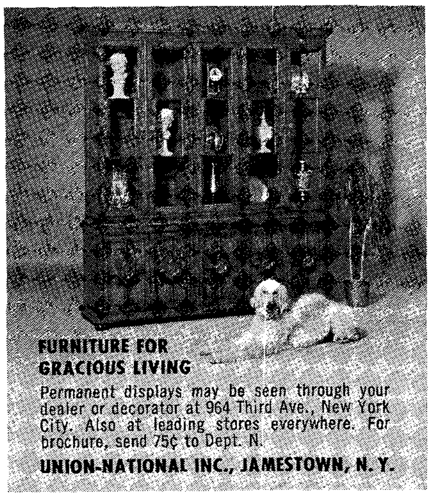
This is probably one of the best opportunities you will ever have for selling your housekeeping and maintenance programs. This is when you can get out there and show people that you can do a good job under adverse conditions.



A full color catalog-folio containing 70-5¼ x 4 inch illustrations, including works by: Albers, Christo, Hinman, Johnson, Laing, Lichtenstein, Nesbitt, Oldenburg, Rosenquist, Smith, Youngerman is available for $3.50.

A superb collection of greeting cards has been designed for us by ten leading contemporary artists and was hand printed in limited editions. Free illustrated brochure available on request.

RICHARD FEIGEN GRAPHICS
25 E. 77th St., New York (212) 628-0705

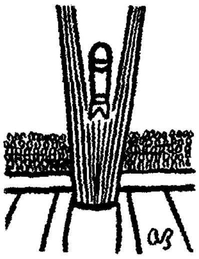


FURNITURE FOR GRACIOUS LIVING
Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at 964 Third Ave., New York City. Also at leading stores everywhere. For brochure, send 75¢ to Dept. N.
UNION-NATIONAL INC., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

It's scandalous!
Dancing, Drinking . . . Dining! And it all goes on 'til 2:00 a.m.! Luncheon, cocktails, pre-theater dinner, after-theater supper at THE ROMAN PUB on the INTERNATIONAL PROMENADE New York Hilton • JU 6-7000

FOOTBALL

Roads to Ruin



FORECASTERS, the gentry who review in depth the past-performance charts, are a dime a dozen in their chancy calling; only one of them had enough depth perception to declare that peacefully slumbering Cornell would awake last week and demolish what had seemed a neatly put together, though not at all overpowering, Harvard. Mumbling history keeps repeating itself; Harvard has a hellish time winning anything at Ithaca, and Saturday's collapse—a not wholly discreditable 41–24 defeat—was just more of the same. Further historical analogy: Two years ago, a not very well-known Princeton sophomore, Moore, established an Ivy League high point by running off five touchdowns against Harvard, and last Saturday a not very well-known Cornell sophomore, Marinaro, pulled the same deal. The only Ivy League squad that has not at one time or another been rushed off its tiny feet this fall is Dartmouth, and it can happen that Marinaro vs. Dartmouth (one has to discount Cornell's passing) will be a match that will require, as it did some thirty years ago, a fifth down to decide. End of forecasting, except to say that the roads to ruin chosen by, or forced upon, a set of teams that were once nearly all-powerful are now clearly staked out. Thus, Navy went down for the seventh time in a row on Saturday—Rutgers (lacking two of its most efficacious performers) 20, Navy 6. Thus, Army, constantly being booked to pick on visitors who are not its size, went down, 23–7, against Utah State, whose offensive line averages out at 229 pounds and whose defensive middle four linemen average out at 235, and whose incredibly efficient kicker, Garcia, is twenty-seven—almost too old to think about breaking into pro ball, but he was nevertheless carefully pondered by scouts from four pro clubs who attended the obsequies at West Point on Saturday. Army set out with LeDoux at quarterback, a job he hadn't held in two years, and LeDoux spent an undue amount of time waltzing in the arms of Utah Statesmen. Army's not-far-away match with Air Force (first time ever at West Point), which should be the high mark of Army's home-grounds season, will be a trial indeed, for Air

GASTON DE
LAGRANGE
COGNAC
IMPORTED
An American Favorite
IMPORTED
GASTON de LAGRANGE
80 PROOF
4/5 QUART
BY APPOINTMENT
TO HIS LATE MAJESTY KING ALEXANDER I
AND TO HIS MAJESTY KING PETER II
PARK BENZIGER & CO., INC. NEW YORK, N.Y.
pb

MAUPINTOUR '70 HOLIDAYS / LEAVE YOUR CARES AT HOME!

MOROCCO

PLUS THE CANARY ISLES, MADEIRA AND THE ALGARVE!

COME WITH US to the kasbahs. See lush oases, groves of whispering palms, friendly people out of the Arabian Nights. Eight days touring Morocco by air-conditioned motorcoach. Three days in Las Palmas. *Four wonderful days at world-famous Reid's on Madeira.* Finale three days in The Algarve. Torremolinos and Lisbon, too. Entertainments, special events, good dining, best hotels, small party. *Come along!* Have the time of your life on this Maupintour holiday.

FREQUENT DEPARTURES year 'round from New York. Iberia Air Lines. 22 days from $1138. Escorted. Leisurely!

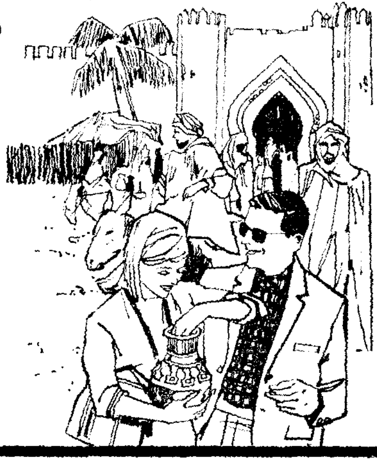
ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT for folders or write Maupintour, 270 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Telephone 687-7773.

Maupintour

world wide standard of travel excellence

ASK ABOUT THESE OTHER MAUPINTOUR HOLIDAYS FOR 1970:

☐ *Oberammergau Passion Play,*
☐ *Alps of Europe,* ☐ *Scandinavia,*
☐ *Europe By Train/By Air,*
☐ *Italy/Sicily,* ☐ *France,*
☐ *British Isles,* ☐ *Greece/Aegean,*
☐ *Spain/Mallorca/Portugal,*
☐ *Spain/Portugal By Motorcoach,*
☐ *USSR/Eastern Europe,*
☐ *Dalmatia/The Balkans,*
☐ *Samarkand/Oriental Russia,*
☐ *South Pacific,* ☐ *Orient, and*
☐ *South America.*



Seagram's Extra Dry
THE PERFECT MARTINI GIN
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's Extra Dry Gin
90 PROOF
Distilled extra dry gin ..... extra dry because of Seagram's exclusive and original mellowing process
DISTILLED AND BO
Joseph E. S
LAWRENCE

**Orange Twist.
This week's
perfect martini secret.**

A twist of orange and
the perfect martini gin, of course.

**Seagram's
The perfect martini gin.**

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.
90 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.

Force radar seems to find football players of a sort that rarely turn up now at West Point or Annapolis.

Princeton continued its chosen course of brilliant individualism vs. sticky teamwork and lapsing handiwork, which was not enough vs. the likes of Colgate—again, a not wholly discreditable defeat, 35–28. A good enough year for Colgate, which not a few of us would be pleased to see formally annexed by the Ivy League. Columbia (remember the time it knocked off an Army that had not been beaten in thirty-two games?) followed its customary course on Saturday—Yale 41, Columbia 6—gaining one yard on passes in the first half and losing five yards on runs. (Yale is fielding a complete cast of not-very-well-knowns, some of them pretty good.) Well, it turns out that Lehigh *did* veer from its course by downing Rutgers two weeks ago; last week, against a Pennsylvania still dizzy after Dartmouth and reduced to its fourth-string quarterback, Lehigh was put away, 13–7. . . . For that matter, the Jets still don't look like the Jets who took over the Colts in that famous championship go last year, and the Colts, whom I saw scrape past an enfeebled Eagles squad a while back, 24–20, in an after-dark meet, don't look like the old Colts or anything else. Passes by Johnny Unitas being intercepted for touchdowns by the *Eagles*? The Eagles *did* intercept a Staubach pass in Dallas on Sunday and run it back for a touchdown, and Snead, their passer, got by the twenty-thousand-yard mark (lifetime, that is) on successful throws, so the Cowboys scraped past them by only 49–14. At that, the Cowboys are the greatest exhibit in pro football today. They are sometimes the leaders, too, in what is known as "unsportsmanlike" conduct.

Last of all: Sorry about Tucker Frederickson's bad ankle. When he was broken-field running earlier this fall, the Giants often looked like the great old Giants of the great old Polo Grounds days. Sorry, too, about that Yale girl cheerleader who had to work out against Columbia with a heavy knee bandage. If the Ivy League had spring practice, like everyone else, needless injuries of this sort wouldn't be happening at this time of the year.

—J. W. L.

•

FOR SALE: White Mosaic tile cocktail table, tear drop shape, brass legs, 60 ft. long, hand made $10.—*Adv. in the South Holland (Ill.) Shopper.*

How many brass legs has it got?

IMPECCABLE BERMUDA BLAZER

...good company on land or sea. London-tailored, of medium weight navy worsted, half-lined in crimson...traditional crested brass-colored buttons. Single-breasted with center vent, 3 buttons, $52.50. Double-breasted with side vents and choice of 4 or 6 buttons, $55.00. State normal jacket size, 34-50, short, regular or long. Air-mailed postpaid to you. U.S. duty payable on delivery. Write H. A. & E. Smith, Ltd., Hamilton, Bermuda.

Smith's
in
BERMUDA

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin

Superb pre-theatre dining...and just a stroll to your theatre.
After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"

HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th ST., NEW YORK • MU 7-4400

Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is an early American inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Swimming, fishing, boating and tennis. And proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

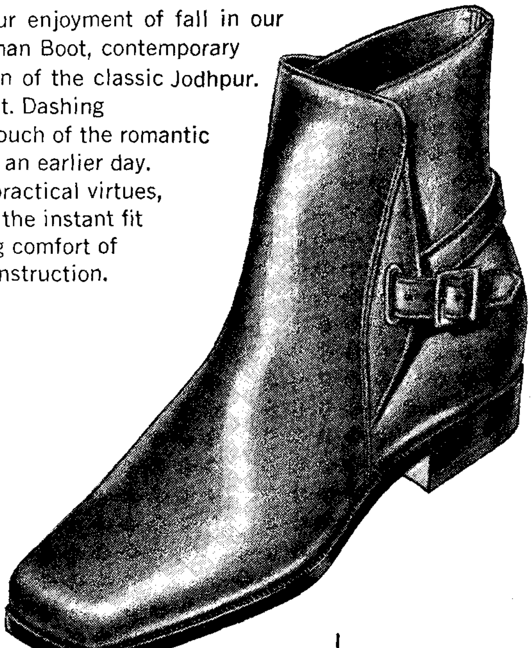
1740 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

MUSICAL EVENTS

Prometheus Unbounded

WHILE I consider Carl Orff to be the most original composer to come to light since the advent of Stravinsky, I do not think that he is going to be best remembered for his "Prometheus," which was performed for the first time here last Tuesday night in Philharmonic Hall by the Little Orchestra Society, under the baton of Thomas Scherman. "Prometheus" is the last item in the trilogy that also comprises "Antigonae" and "Oedipus der Tyrann," and of the three works it contains the least music and the most talk, which is saying quite a bit, for all of them are talky. Moreover, the talk is all in ancient Greek, which is probably a pleasure and a privilege to some specialists and professors but which leaves the average listener baffled. As a matter of fact, the text of "Prometheus" is, word for word, the "Prometheus" of Aeschylus, and it ought to be entitled "Aeschylus's 'Prometheus,' with Incidental Music (Sometimes Amounting to Mere Punctuation) by Orff." The musical episodes are interesting. There are the jangling and percussive exclamation points that are typical of the Orff style, and there are a number of choruses in which real music appears for short periods. There is also some singing here and there, and some screaming, but generally the text is declaimed in an ordinary, sometimes stentorian tone of voice. Part of this declamation must be impressive to those who can understand the language. But it goes on and on for an unbearable length of time, interrupted now and then by a crash on a percussion instrument or by one of those clanging and twittering musical ornaments that Orff used as early as "Carmina Burana." The result is a little like Kabuki drama without the traditions of posture and movement that make Kabuki fascinating. Many people walked out on the performance the other night, and I can hardly blame them. Orff had not provided enough music to make "Prometheus" a musical experience. Perhaps he was trying to re-create the Greek drama as it originally sounded, but such an essay in musical archeology, if that is



Nettleton revives
the elegant boot

Increase your enjoyment of fall in our new Coachman Boot, contemporary dress version of the classic Jodhpur. Bold. Robust. Dashing . . . with a touch of the romantic elegance of an earlier day. And many practical virtues, too . . . like the instant fit and lifelong comfort of Loaflex® construction.

COACHMAN
Leather lined. Black or tan premium calf.
An adventure.
About $45.

Write for our new Style Folder #700 and the name of your nearest Nettleton dealer. A good booklet to have . . . a good man to know.

Nettleton
A. E. NETTLETON CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y. 13203

THE REAL McCOY!

Our "onboard" one-suiter is strictly the real *thing* in time-saving carry-on luggage. It's crafted of Seal-grained black Calfskin, double belted with chrome snap fittings and fine lock. Inside: moire-lined divided compartments. Outside: full-length document pocket. 18x13x4", it expands to twice its girth and fits easily under your airplane seat. Why settle for less? Do as Hatfield did and go for the real McCoy!

☐ Send me the "McCoy" One-Suiter, $60
☐ Matching Briefcase (fits "McCoy's" side pocket) $20
☐ Both "McCoy" and Matching Envelope Briefcase, $72 (a saving of $8).
☐ Please apply the following chrome initials:________$3.
Add $1 for post. & ins. (Calif. resid. add 5%). Return in 2 wks. if not delighted.
NAME
ADDRESS ZIP
Mail to: 584 Washington Street, San Francisco, California 94111

haverhill's

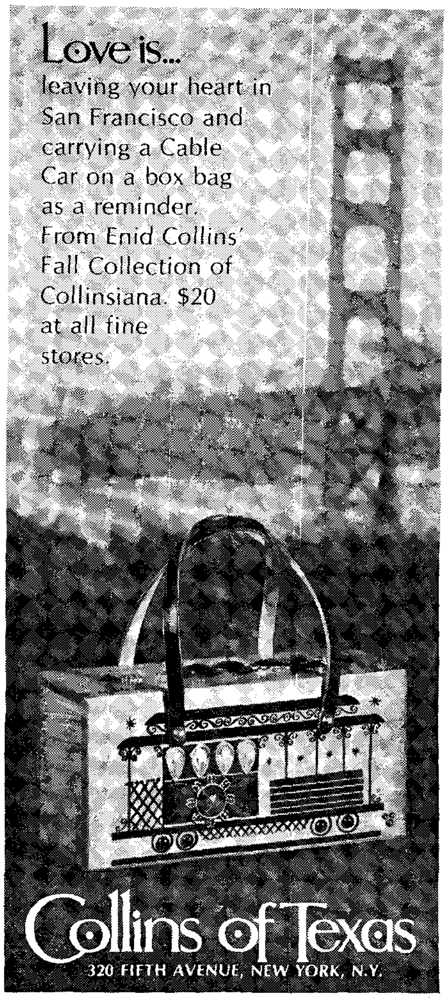
Interesting how you can zip in and out of any situation imperturbably with this import from Canada and interesting what happens when the lady buys her clothes in a gentlemen's favorite store. Ours alone. Water repellent cotton by Aquascutum's miracle 5 process —100% wool zip in liner, beige, dark brown. Sizes 6-18 $125. Slightly higher west of the Rockies. Matching hat, $10. 3rd floor.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
A&F
Madison Ave. at 45th St., 10017
261-4900

what it is, is apt to be boring to modern audiences, and was.

The orchestra used for this score is a large one, consisting entirely of wind and percussion instruments, except for electric organs and a few double basses, and it includes four pianos (which are also used as percussion instruments), various special Oriental drums and gongs, xylophones, wind and thunder machines, and a banjo. This is a splendid array of sound-making equipment, and one expected something pretty grand to come out of it. But, considering what did come out, all this machinery seemed a bit redundant. I have an idea that just as much effect could have been produced with a quarter of the means.

However, let not the blame for the work descend on Mr. Scherman, who, I am sure, did it full justice, and who showed remarkable courage in letting us hear and see its first American performance. Onstage behind the orchestra stood a mammoth statue of Prometheus, chained to a yellow-and-brown rock. As various other characters appeared in its vicinity, the head of the statue turned toward them as if to listen. Meanwhile, the speaking Prometheus, dressed, like the statue, in a blue mantle, sat or stood in front of the orchestra, declaiming his lines. He was Carlos Alexander, an impressive-looking man, whose role calls for everything from deep bass tones to falsetto, but mostly for talking. The other characters appeared one at a time in front of the statue to sing or speak their lines. The most interesting of these, from a vocal standpoint, was the Swiss soprano Colette Lorand, who seemed to have a huge voice and was forced to expend it part of the time on some fairly dangerous screaming. She sang Io, a young woman with the horns of an ox who is eternally pursued by a gadfly, is cursed by Zeus to wander the earth forever, and is understandably becoming mentally unbalanced. Among the others were Oceanus (Raymond Murcell) and Hermes (William Lewis), both admirably done. At the end, the statue of Prometheus came tumbling down, taking part of the rock with it, and descending, one imagines, into the underworld. Some solo parts were sung by members of the chorus, a number of them requiring considerable coloratura technique, but since the chorus was listed only alphabetically in the program, I cannot identify the singers. Well, it was obvious in a general way that Prometheus was a good guy who was being unjustly persecuted



Love is...
leaving your heart in San Francisco and carrying a Cable Car on a box bag as a reminder. From Enid Collins' Fall Collection of Collinsiana. $20 at all fine stores.

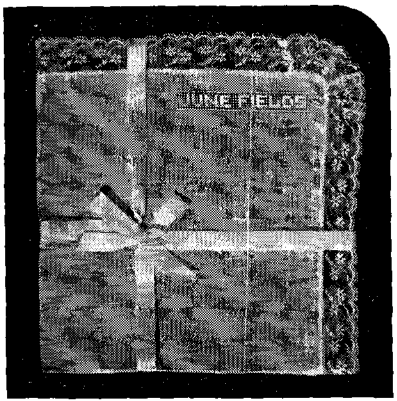
Collins of Texas
320 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Café Carlyle

BOBBY SHORT

Complete Dinner $7.50
served to 9:30 p.m.
Entertainment from
9:30 p.m. to 2 a.m.
Cover $3 p.p.
Minimum $3 p.p.
after 9:30.

HOTEL CARLYLE
MADISON AVE. at 76th ST.
TEL. 744-1600



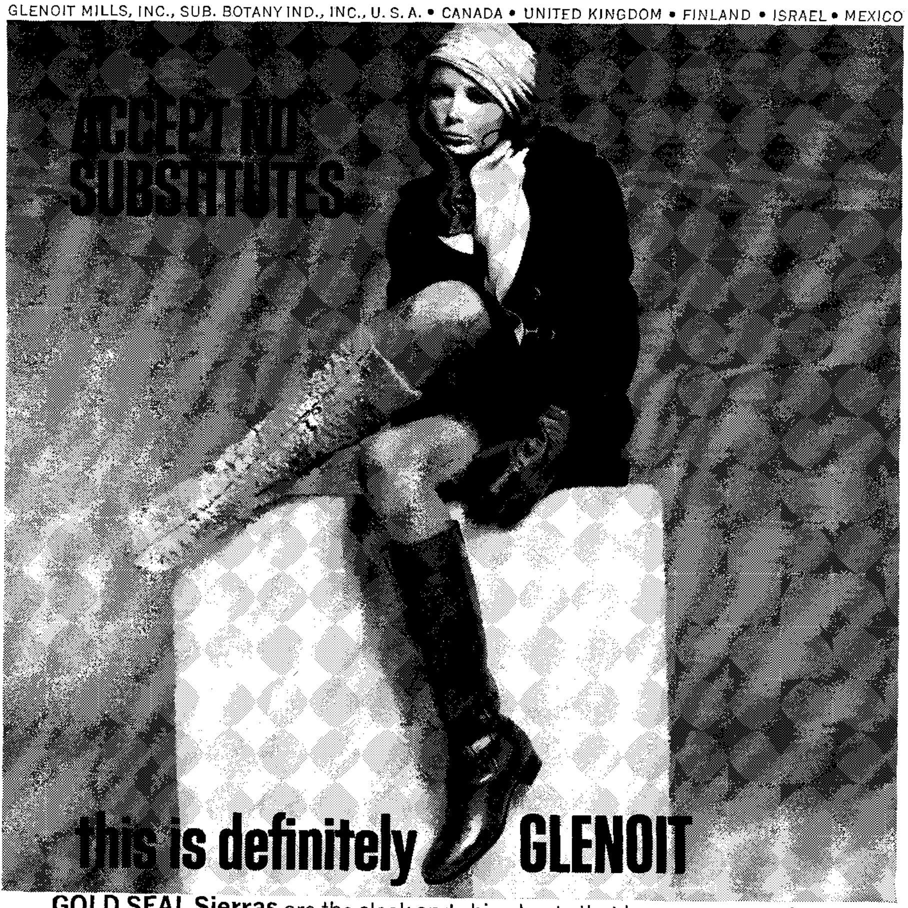
LADIES GIFT HANDKERCHIEF
Personalized with her full name (or 3 initials) this handkerchief is made of fine Irish linen with the added glamour of inch wide non-shrinking lace from France. Price $4.75 each. Box of three of the same name $13.50 ppd. Send 25¢ for Brochure.
VILLARI HANDKERCHIEF CO. Y1025
30 W 54th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019

by Zeus for bringing fire to mankind. But I knew all that before I attended the performance, and I left it not much wiser.

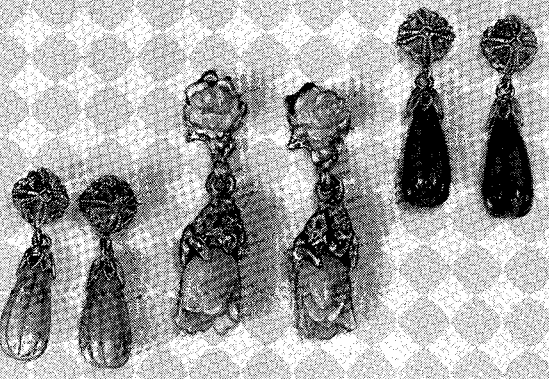
TO the names of Ginastera, Dallapiccola, Peter Maxwell Davies, and Alban Berg I must *now* add Leon Kirchner as one of the very few composers who have used the atonal idiom with great skill and expressiveness—that is, with all the expressiveness of which the idiom is capable. Mr. Kirchner's Music for Orchestra was given its première on last Thursday night's Philharmonic program in Philharmonic Hall, under the baton of the composer himself, and he turned out to be a fairly good conductor, too. The work is expressive partly because of the deftness and originality of its orchestration but also because of a sort of earnestness that manages to burst through the limitations of the style. I have called this work atonal, and most of it is, though it skims the surface of tonality once or twice. On the whole, it has an effect of impressionism—one can occasionally hear, or imagine, the twittering of birds, and much of it is expressed in terms of textures and colorings of one sort or another. There is, fashionably, a short passage of aleatoric music. I have no idea whether audiences will want to listen to this work ten years from now. But there can be no doubt that in it Mr. Kirchner knows exactly where he is going and reaches his goal with extraordinary adroitness. This is so unusual for a composer of this type that I must mark the occasion in my memory. I don't think that atonal music has much of a future, but if it has, Mr. Kirchner will stand out as one of its shining lights.

The rest of the program that night was conducted by Seiji Ozawa, and it was on the conventional side. It opened with Mozart's not very often played Symphony No. 32 in G Major, K. 318, and that was followed by Chopin's Concerto No. 1 for Piano and Orchestra, in the solo part of which the twenty-seven-year-old Italian pianist Maurizio Pollini made his début with this orchestra. Mr. Pollini turned out to be a scrupulous pianist with a clean, fluent technique and an understanding of the Chopin style. But he is not, to my mind, a great Chopin player. Like many contemporary Italian pianists, he does all his work with his fingers, preserving a stiff wrist, and this physical approach does not permit the depth and variety of tone coloring that the Russians and Poles introduced to the

GLENOIT MILLS, INC., SUB. BOTANY IND., INC., U. S. A. • CANADA • UNITED KINGDOM • FINLAND • ISRAEL • MEXICO



GOLD SEAL Sierras are the sleek and shiny boots that keep you warm right down to your toes. Because they're lined in soft, cuddly pile by Glenoit.® About $20, at **GIMBEL'S,** New York; **B. FORMAN CO.,** Rochester; ***G. FOX & CO.,*** *Hartford.*

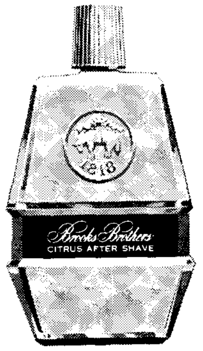


CORAL AND LAPIS
FOR EARS AS PRECIOUS AS JEWELS

Our coral and lapis teardrops with 14 karat gold for pierced ears are the fairest of them all. From our delicious world of tiny treasures.
$50. $55. $50.

LAMBERT BROTHERS
Jewelers Since 1877

545 Madison Avenue at 55th Street
New York



OUR EXCLUSIVE AFTER SHAVE LOTIONS

Blended of fine oils in our distinctive essences: *Woodmoss*—clean, outdoor fragrance, recommended for sensitive skins; *Citrus*—fresh and masculine; *Sandalwood*—subtle and woody. In 6 oz. glass bottle, $4.50; 12 oz., $7.50; 4 oz. plastic for travel, $3.50.

Mail orders invited.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers

346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44 ST. • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
ATLANTA • BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES
PITTSBURGH • SAN FRANCISCO • WASHINGTON

SAFARI SHOES from SAFARILAND!

MADE IN KENYA
by Kenya's Finest
Bootmakers

AUTHENTICITY!

THE SAFARI CHUKKA

The most copied, most imitated shoes in the world today! Original Kenya safari boots, updated with today's favorite, comfortable squared toe. Top Grain (not split) reversed Hunting Calf uppers; genuine leather insoles. Plantation Crepe soles, heels. Favorite of hunters, ranchers and sportsmen throughout East Africa. Perfect for leisure wear—anywhere! Impala Brown. State Regular Shoe Size—Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

$15.95 add $1.50 Postage

N.Y. Residents Add Tax Satisfaction Guaranteed

Visit Our SAFARILAND™ Showroom
or Write For Free 76-PAGE CATALOG

HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 247 E. 50 St., New York 10022

world more than a couple of generations ago. Mr. Pollini's tone was always a trifle brittle, and though he may have felt all the subtleties of the Chopin concerto, he did not project them.

LAST Wednesday night, I went to the City Center of Music and Drama to catch up on the doings of the Joffrey Ballet—mainly to see this season's revival of "The Three-Cornered Hat," a work that I had witnessed in the original version, done by the Diaghilev Ballet, in Paris in the early twenties. The Joffrey revival, which used a facsimile of the original Picasso scenery, and was supervised in matters of production by the original choreographer, Leonide Massine, was faithful enough. The principal dancers—Luis Fuente, Barbara Remington, Rebecca Wright, and Frank Bays—went through their steps expertly, and, of course, the score, by Manuel de Falla, is a beauty. But, my, how fashions in ballet have changed! "The Three-Cornered Hat" is now a period piece, and its period is as remote from contemporary taste as rolled stockings and spit curls. That period conceived ballet primarily as danced drama with an all-important plot and choreographed to a score by an eminent composer. Every bit of pantomime had its particular note or phrase in the music. There was an amount of gesture—fist-shaking and mugging—that is all out of line today and seems painfully arch. It is curious that nowadays, when hoary classics like "Giselle" and "Swan Lake" are as popular as ever, the ballets of the Diaghilev era, most of which have excellent scores and scenery by some of the greatest artists, are almost forgotten, their music surviving mostly as symphonic concert pieces. It was interesting to see "The Three-Cornered Hat"—interesting, that is, from a historical standpoint. But as a ballet for the contemporary repertoire, it just doesn't fit anymore.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

One of the men who bought the London Bridge and is moving it to the Arizona desert was granted a patent this week. His invention is a mechanical salad tosser.—*The Times.*

The important thing is to keep busy.

•

DEPT. OF STRAIGHT THINKING

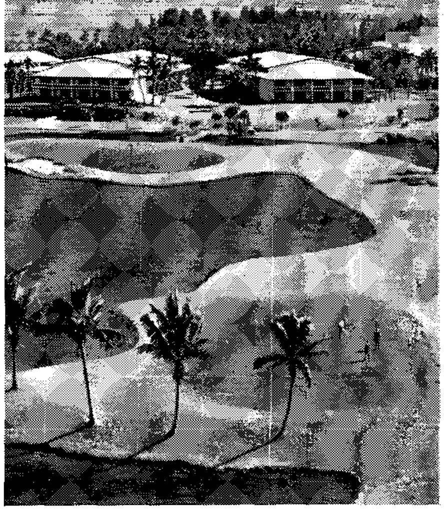
[*Headline in the Olympia (Wash.) Olympian*]

EVANS SAYS PUTTING MAN
TO DEATH ELIMINATES
HOPE OF REHABILITATION

DORAL COUNTRY CLUB
AND HOTEL, MIAMI

One of America's finest resorts . . .
with complimentary golf for guests.

CONTACT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
OR CALL MIAMI (305) 532-3600



JULES PODELL PRESENTS

ALIZA KASHI

MAL LAWRENCE

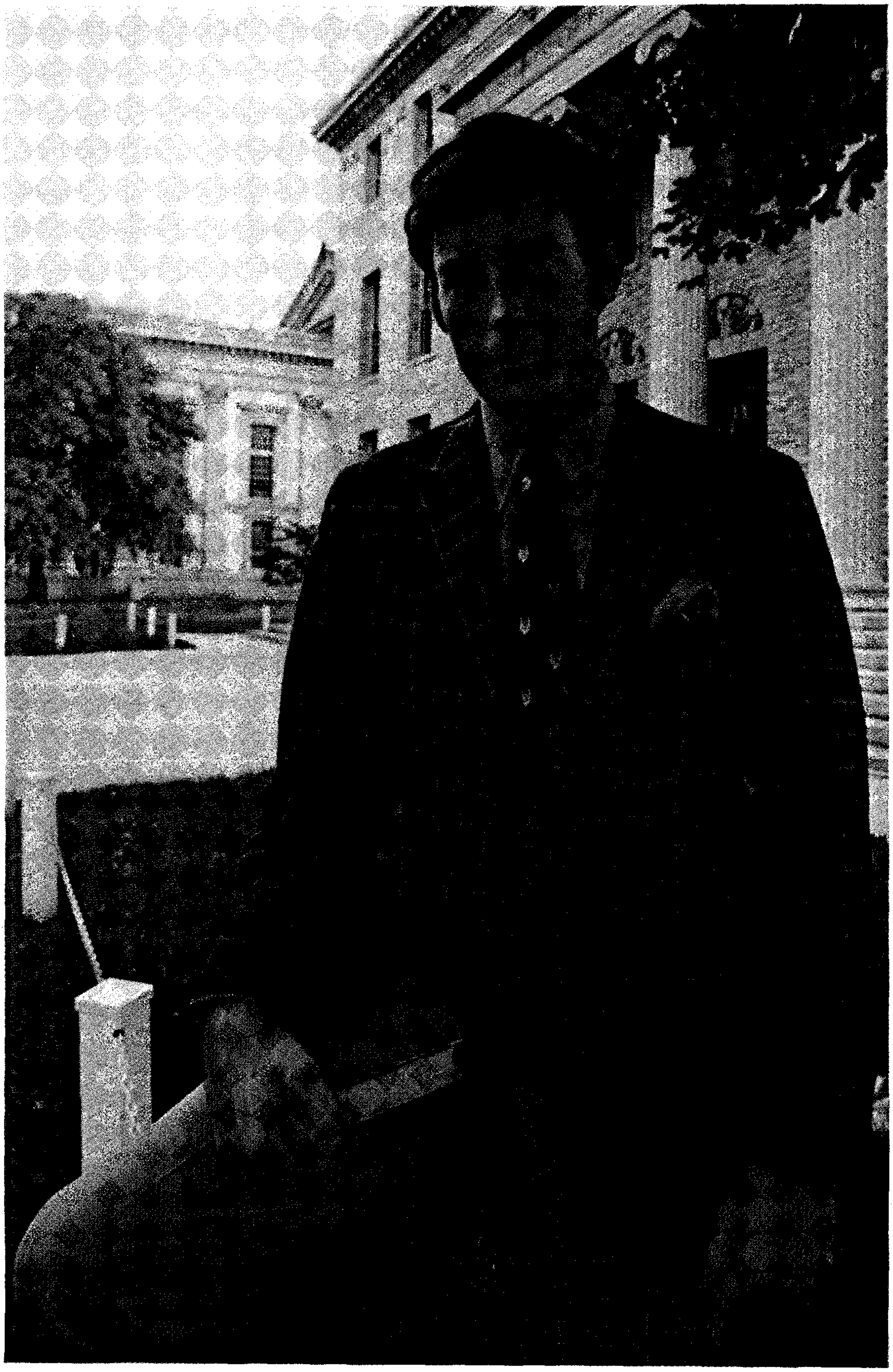
COPACABANA

FULL COURSE DINNERS
SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY 8 & 12
3 SHOWS SAT. 8, 11 & 2
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900

PARIS IN NEW YORK
GOURMET DINNER, SHOW AND DANCING

RITA DIMITRI'S
chansonnette
890 SECOND AVE (47TH) PL 2 7320

If you're promising things will be different, look like you mean it.



If you're talking about progress, don't look like yesterday. Hunter Haig tailors clothing for the man who respects tradition—without the dust. This soft-shouldered sport coat, for instance, is shaped to a fitted lean look without going to extremes. A tartan effect is achieved in a hardy wool fabric in moss tones accented by hickory. Lapels are wider. The center vent is deepened. About $65.00. so you can enjoy it while you're still young. For a store name, write Hunter Haig, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

Tradition In The Making

Hunter Haig®

MARTELL
J.&F. MARTELL COGNAC
MARTELL
FONDÉE EN 1715
J.&F. Martell
COGNAC
4/5 QUART
80 PROOF
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN COGNAC FRANCE
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.
THE JOS. GARNEAU C°
NEW YORK, N.Y.

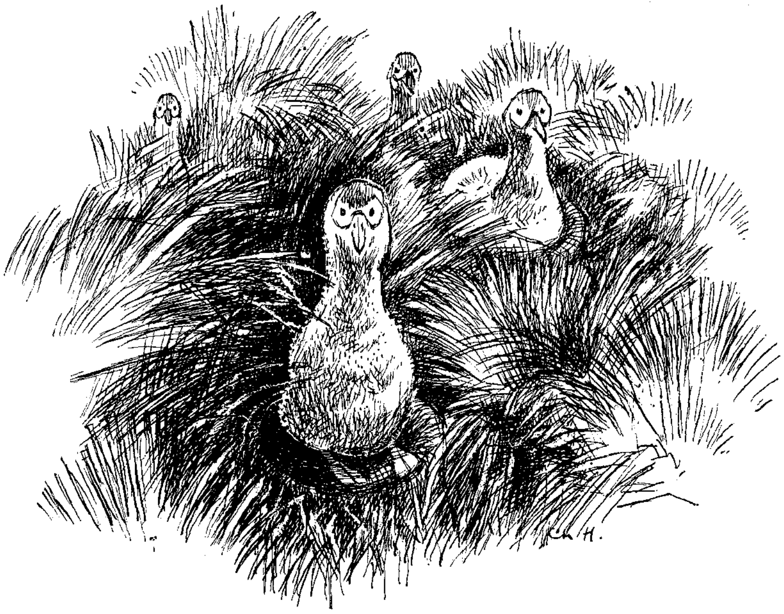
Exquisite Martell. There's nothing lost in translation.

No matter how you interpret Martell, it never loses its meaning. The taste is exquisite. The aroma, superb. And these beautiful qualities come through any way you serve it. The original is for purists—in the snifter. But see for yourself how Martell translates your favorite drink into something eloquent.

MARTELL...THE LARGEST SELLING COGNACS OF THE WORLD

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

THE END BEYOND THE END



NO one can say for sure where America ends; nature has arranged things untidily in the south. India finishes gently at Cape Comorin. The tip of Africa (not really the Cape of Good Hope but Cape Agulhas) is unspectacular. Gibraltar rounds off Europe with a flourish, it is true. But the southern tip of America is a geographical anarchy, as if ill-aimed hammer blows had tried to put an end to the Andes after they had run amok for four thousand miles. Chile begins to succumb to the blows a thousand miles north of Cape Horn, and the splintered-off islands continue to multiply toward the south. The final severance of the mainland is made at around the Fifty-fourth Parallel, where a last, tortured peninsula, marking the north side of the Strait of Magellan and the turning point of its two diagonal arms, completes the American continental landmass with a threatening cliff face. This is Cape Froward, which gave first warning of the gale-swept narrows ahead to Magellan in 1520, and to all those who followed him and then met disaster or broke triumphantly out into the Pacific Ocean a hundred and sixty miles to the northwest.

Cape Froward has the best claim to marking the end of the continent if only because it is a genuine cape. Cape Horn is no cape at all. It is the southern cliff of a rocky island named Horn after the home village, Hoorn, of Willem Schouten, its Dutch discoverer in 1616. Francis Drake may have glimpsed this archipelagic finale through the scudding clouds and squalls that had driven him far south thirty-eight years earlier; most sailors have seen the Horn like this—its seamed, arrogant rock face falling thirteen hundred and ninety feet to the breakers and spume at its base. Anything so decisively terminal deserves to mark the end of a continent. To its south, the combers of Drake Strait, which links the Atlantic and the Pacific, seem to stretch without interruption to the Antarctic landmass. But they do not, for the vast Andean spine makes one last, impertinent appearance. Fifty-six miles southwest of Cape Horn, and just visible from its summit during rare minutes of clear skies, lies the Diego Ramírez group—three islets and a string of rocks, the end beyond the end—which has a strong geological, and even geographical, claim to being America's southernmost tip.

Reports of Willem Schouten's discovery had caused grave disquiet at the court of King Philip III of Spain and Portugal. If there really was open sea to the south of the American continent, then English, Dutch, and French marauders would soon be setting out in numbers to raid the treasures of his Pacific empire. "The pirate Francisco Draquez" had earlier demonstrated the rewards of ruthlessness and bravery when he overcame the navigational hazards of the Magellan Strait. Now it seemed that there might be a strait farther south, wide enough for the greatest armada in the world to sail through, line abreast. The Spanish sovereign determined to discover the truth of the Dutch claim, and on September 27, 1618, two well-provisioned caravels manned by impressed Portuguese crews sailed from the Tagus at Lisbon. They were under the command of two remarkable brothers—Bartolomé García de Nodal and Gonzalo de Nodal, experienced fighting navigators with many English, Dutch, and French ships already to their credit. The name of their cosmographer was Diego Ramírez, and it was for him that the brothers named the group of islets, which they sighted on February 12, 1619, after they had successfully rounded Cape Horn and confirmed the Dutch claim that there was an end to the American continent. Although it was high summer, the Nodals wrote, "there were strong gales every day, with furious squalls, much cold and snow." A landing was out of the question.

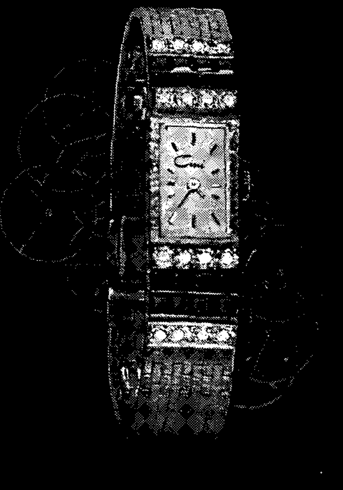
The existence of Diego Ramírez was subsequently often discounted or doubted. As late as 1808, the *New Universal Gazetteer* was noncommittal about them. Another gazetteer, published a little over a hundred years ago, described them incorrectly and declared that they bore no vegetation. For mariners, they have proved both a hazard and a convenient landmark. Time and again, they have also led to navigational confusion for those already off course after groping half blinded around the Horn. Lives have been lost on their rocks. Some shipwrecked sailors, it has been told, have somehow got ashore and drawn water from a little freshet that trickles muddily into the sea on the north side of the largest islet. In 1713, the crew of one ship of a French expedition, scattered by Cape Horn gales, reported that "after a hasty run through much foul weather" they had found themselves about to be hurled onto the islets "at the time when they reckoned themselves eighty leagues to the westward." The Peacock and the Flying Fish of the American exploring expedition of 1838-42 were swept willy-nilly to Diego Ramírez and also survived to confirm the islets' existence.

An accurate account of the islets was published in the *South Atlantic Directory* in 1870, describing them as "the most southerly outlying group of the S. American continent, extending about five miles in a N.N.W. and S.S.E. direction." The description continued, "They are the top of a ridge of hills showing above water and broken through by the sea. On the southern, or Boat, islet there is a small cove, with a shingle beach, where a boat may be safely hauled up. . . . A furious surf breaks against the west side, sending a spray over the whole islet. . . . There is

Combine umpteen opulent furs with imaginative Danish design, and you've got the unbelievable furs of Birger Christensen. Pants suits! Trench coats! Maxi's! Classics too. Until you've seen them all at I. Magnin, you haven't lived.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court



FOR ALL TIME

FROM Cini

WRIST WATCH IN 18KT. GOLD WITH
8 SAPPHIRES ◇ 8 EMERALDS
16 DIAMONDS (total 2.86cts.) $3,200.

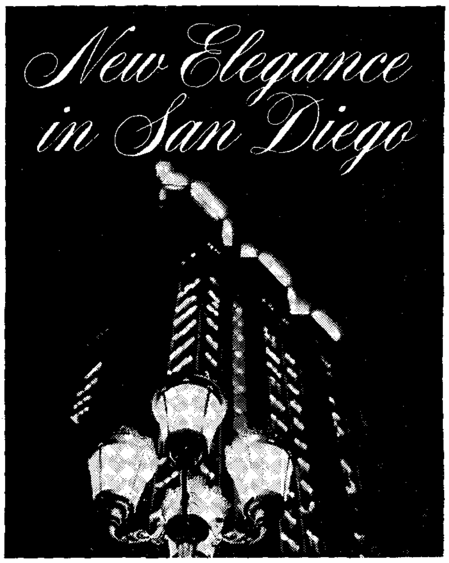
GUGLIELMO CINI INC.
867 SOUTH COAST HWY.
LAGUNA BEACH, CALIF. 92651
Phone (714) 494-1440

no sheltered anchorage, and a vessel bringing up in deep water on the eastern side would probably lose her anchor."

Until the Chilean Navy recently established a meteorological station on Boat Islet, manned by two of the loneliest sailors in the world, few men had ever voluntarily landed on Diego Ramírez. Even that redoubtable surveyor Captain Robert FitzRoy could not get ashore from the Beagle in April, 1830, and his report on the nature and altitude of the islets was inaccurate. A few years earlier, the British survey ship Beaufoy had been more successful, landing two boats for a brief period. The officers reported "tussac and seagulls," failed to find the water, but came away with rock specimens of porphyritic lava, "which showed that volcanic action has been present in their formation." In this century, a number of scientific expeditions have attempted a landing, but without success. On December 16, 1914, Rollo H. Beck, a student of marine birds, and his wife were cruising in a small sloop in the Cape Horn area, searching for the yellow-nosed albatross. They were collecting for the American Museum of Natural History, and their captain had assured them that the bird nested on Diego Ramírez. He was evidently prepared to risk the fifty-mile run across from the southern Fuegian islands, but "after seeing the sudden storms that sprang up without an hour's warning" Beck decided against the attempt. A few months later, he returned, this time with a schooner, and on April 7, 1915, approached to within some eight miles of the islets before being driven back by a snowstorm. It was his last effort.

Today, despite the use of sturdy patrol ships equipped with radar and depth-sounding apparatus, and commanded by officers experienced in the violent vagaries of the Fuegian archipelago and the Drake Strait, the Chilean Navy has difficulty in supplying its most remote outpost every five months. Turbulence rules out a helicopter landing, summer or winter; a ship larger than the five-hundred-ton vessel employed could not get close enough inshore to lower its whalers. Sometimes the Navy is forced to leave with its task unfulfilled. In 1968, the whalers were hurled onto the rocks while attempting a landing, and the bruised, sodden seamen had to share the meteorologists' primitive quarters until they could be rescued.

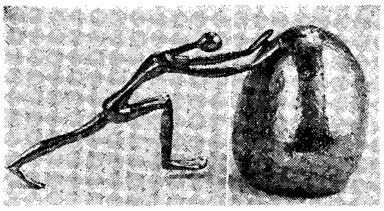
THE supply run of January-February, 1969, was scheduled to be the last for Capitán de Corbeta Reinal-



New Elegance in San Diego

The Westgate Executive Hotel was built to serve the discriminating traveler who is accustomed to the fine appointments of truly grand hotels. One hundred and two magnificent guest rooms and suites are exquisitely furnished in period decor. The French cuisine in Le Continental Dining Room and the romantic roof-top Terrace Room both reflect the charm of this luxury hotel that adds new sparkle to one of America's favorite cities.

WESTGATE EXECUTIVE HOTEL
1055 FIRST AVENUE (714) 232-6141
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA 92101
A Property of Westgate-California Corporation

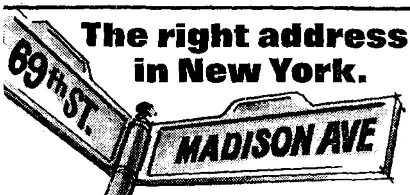


Holiday House

that's life

The whole message — complete in this fellow and his boulder! All gold plated, 6"x3½".
$7.95.
Send for catalog • Mail orders shipped promptly.

Holiday House 21 Bellevue Theatre Bldg.,
Upper Montclair, N. J. 07043



The right address in New York.

69th ST.
MADISON AVE

A hotel of distinguished character, providing superior guest accommodations in a most desirable location. Handsome rooms and suites available by the day, month or year. Complete hotel service. Excellent dining in the Mayfair Room and Polo Bar & Lounge. We invite your inquiry.

THE WESTBURY
Madison Avenue at 69th Street
New York City 10021 • Tel.: 535-2000

do Rivas. After many years of this hazardous and arduous work, he was to be promoted and given a larger ship. He had mixed feelings about his next appointment; servicing the manned and unmanned lights and the remote stations of the broken Chilean coastline has its compensations for a dedicated navigator and romantic lover of spectacular scenery. Rivas's orders were to land supplies at Diego Ramírez, including drums of oil, some coal for the stove, four dozen bottles of spirits to fight the cold from within, Nescafé, flour, a dozen live sheep to be shot for fresh meat. By prior arrangement, my wife and I went with him.

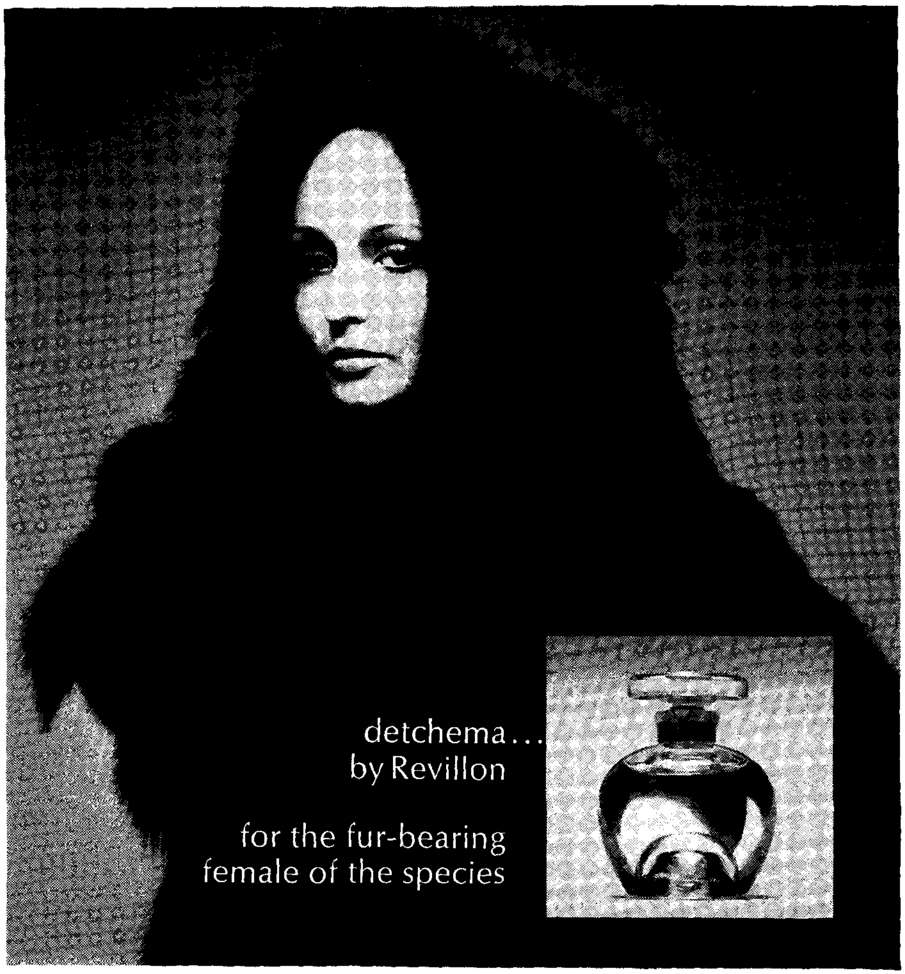
March and April are the months of the worst autumn gales, so it was especially important to get ashore before they broke. On February 5th and 6th, we were in the sheltered channels of the Fuegian archipelago, but the weather reports did not favor a dash for the islets. An American aircraft carrier of a hundred times the tonnage of our little vessel reported sleet showers, gales, and heavy seas while making a rare passage around the Horn. "We will hole up in Orange Bay and wait and see," said Captain Rivas. Orange Bay is behind False Cape Horn, on the Hardy Peninsula, and fifty miles from the Horn itself. It is a bleak and terrible place, but a safe enough anchorage. We never saw it in daylight, however. At midnight, Captain Rivas put our bows out into the Pacific "for the smell," he said. He thought the smell was not so bad. "The rollers are easing, so I take the calculated risk," he announced. Through the hours of darkness, we bucked our way southwest. The sheep lay down as if to die of fear, and everything unsecured beat against the plates of our old ship, which had originally been put together in haste for the United States Coast Guard a quarter of a century earlier. Soon after dawn, we were in the uncertain shelter of two of the islets, still rolling heavily, anchors down in the sandy bottom. It was just three hundred and fifty years to the week since that Spanish cosmographer had made the first sighting and marked his own name on his chart at 56° 28′ S., 68° 43′ W.

It was a midsummer morning, and we were wearing five layers of clothing and two pairs of gloves. A touch of sun danced over the rollers coming in, as always, from the west. The Captain had predicted three hours of passable weather, but the sky looked as treacherous as the fingers of rock that stretched away unevenly to northwest and southeast. It was a half-mile row

Mark Cross introduces its 1970 Convertible. $65

Our latest sports model with all-leather interior, designed for cross-country travel, or a hop into town. Note the streamlined belted strap that converts from over-the-shoulder to over-the-arm. And our exclusive signature design trimmed with CrossLeather. Comes in brown with brown trim, gold with black trim. 9¾ x 8½". (Add $1.00 postage beyond delivery area.)

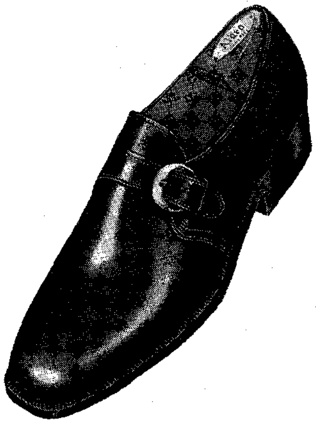
MARK CROSS
5th Avenue at 55th in New York. Phone 899-8900
San Francisco / Beverly Hills / Atlanta / Bal Harbour, Fla.



'The Detchema Collection' by Parfums Revillon, Paris. At discriminating stores.

Alden
OF
NEW ENGLAND

Custom Bootmakers
Since 1884



Our unique strap buckle Oxford in Aniline hand stained Walnut Brown or Black imported Calf. Available in finest shops or please write.

C. H. Alden Shoe Co.
Middleborough, Mass. 02346

Camel Hair Cardigan

Lord Cardigan himself would have approved of this English sweater that bears his name. Soft, warm, with saddle shoulders and pearl buttons. Natural camel shade. Sizes 38 to 46. $37.50. Also in a V-neck pullover, $27.50

PLEASE ADD $1 FOR POSTAGE.

at
Paul Stuart
Dept. 1, Madison Avenue at 45th Street New York, N.Y. 10017

to Boat Islet and its little beach, and rough all the way. One of the islets was too small to have a shape, being no more than a green-capped and scarred rock. The second in size, to the southeast, appeared to have taken the brunt of every storm, and fragments of its precipitous cliffs had broken off to stand sentinel on the windward side. Boat Islet was cut by damp-looking crevices and was dignified by a miniature plateau and hillocks rising along its mile-and-a-half length. Nestled behind a curve in the green landscape were a red-roofed steel hut, a flagpole, and the radio mast of the meteorologists—an infinitely forlorn sight. We saw the two men running down the track to the beach. They were waving their arms at the first of our two whalers, which was being swamped just offshore.

"You will be the first woman ever," my wife was told when we dropped into the second whaler and sat huddled on the sheep, whose last thread of hope had long since snapped. We made it up the shelving beach in one last, wet rush and waded ashore, each with a sheep on his back. Within seconds, they were grazing as if they had known nothing but pastoral calm all their lives, while we dragged armloads of cargo ashore through the surf: limp, leaking sacks of coal, bottles of spirits, semolina, a dozen dented cans of sweet condensed milk from Switzerland, and then more dented cans—this time of apricots from Bulgaria, of all unlikely places. The wet packages and cans and bottles piled up on the rocks, and the little cove assumed quite an international, if untidy, appearance. We were wet through and panting. A bottle of white liquid going around was thrust happily toward us. "Firewater?" one of the meteorologists asked. It was the only English word they had between them. When my wife and I made it clear that we wanted to go exploring in the short time remaining to us, they were very puzzled. This was no place for walking. It was a place you left as soon as possible. But we persevered, and soon we were wading through deep, muddy runnels, drawing ourselves along by clutching at handfuls of the coarse tussock grass. Higher up, the grass thinned out, and suddenly before us, spread out over half an acre, was a large albatross nesting area. Each nest was built up in geometrical conformity—a low column of mud, rotting vegetation, and old feathers, scooped out on top into a neat saucer. Every nest contained a single albatross chick, fluffy gray-white and sit-

A Florida hideaway resort where the sun rises in the Atlantic. And sets in the Gulf of Mexico.

In the unbelievably beautiful Florida Keys, 75 miles south of Miami. Amid the elegant, informal accommodations of Indies Inn & Yacht Club. In the exclusive setting of Duck Key.
Duck Key. America's most unique hideaway.
Great golf. Beautiful beach. Large fresh water pool, and extra-large salt water pool. Fully equipped marina (rental and charter boats available). Finest tarpon, bone, permit and sailfishing in the world. Trap shooting. Championship tennis courts.
And one of the country's finest hotels.

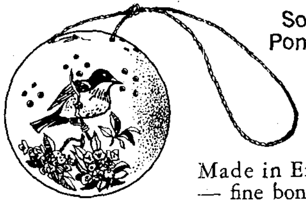
Indies Inn & Yacht Club
Write for our brochure.
Or see your travel agent.
Or our representatives,
Hetland & Stevens Inc.
Duck Key, Florida 33050
Executive Director/Jack C. Knight

A mug of ale, a mutton chop, and a churchwarden pipe. No, you're not in London...you're at

Keen's
English Chop House.
72 W. 36, N.Y.—WI 7-3636
Free Dinner Parking

FILL YOUR HOME WITH FRAGRANCE

Songbird Pomander $7.00



Made in England — fine bone china filled with our 400 year old secrets of flowers, gums and spices. Adds a decorative touch while it releases its delicate fragrance. At fine stores.

TAYLOR OF LONDON
169 Sloane St. London, S.W.I.
Since 1887

Why is Audemars Piguet the most expensive watch in the world?

Put simply, an Audemars Piguet watch epitomizes the highest technical and esthetic fulfillment of the watchmaker's art.

In the Audemars Piguet atelier, a third-generation group of master craftsmen assemble and finish every watch entirely by hand, with only one goal in mind; to create the ultimate watch.

They have made Audemars Piguet watches virtually free of friction. For all practical considerations, the mechanism is simply not subject to wear and tear. Because its gearings and pivots are individually retouched for perfect fit, to tolerances as close as .0003 mm. All its surfaces—gearings, pivots, and even the microscopic screws—are individually polished three times, first with diamond paste, then with pithwood, and finally with suede.

Though time-consuming and expensive, these processes permit the use of the low-pressure mainspring, which even further reduces wear and tear.

And for accuracy's sake, the hairspring of each Audemars Piguet watch is adjusted at least five times at temperatures ranging from 32° to 98° Fahrenheit.

In the skeleton watch shown, the artistry of the world's most gifted watchmakers is clearly visible. Examine the intricate, hand-pierced shapes and sculpturally smoothed edges of its hand-engraved bridges. The movement is a perfect example of that rarest of things—the ideal relationship between form and function.

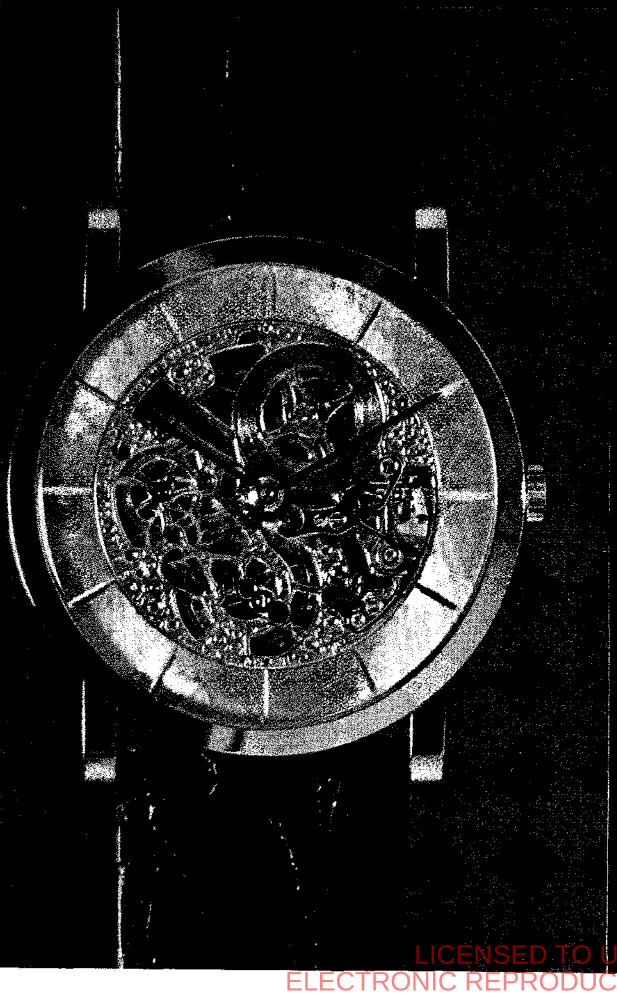
Because Audemars Piguet watches are created entirely by hand, only a limited few are available each year. Designs of such purity of line that they will never become obsolete. They are conceived only for those few individuals in the world who can appreciate and afford the luxury of owning a watch of such distinction.

But if you are a gentleman of means as well as taste, you will demand the ultimate in human skill and ingenuity. And you will find that Audemars Piguet is the only watch for you.

Especially now that you have looked inside and seen precisely why Audemars Piguet is the most expensive watch in the world.

The ultra-thin skeleton watch of 18 kt. gold shown...$1550.

Only at the finest jewelers. For illustrated color folio, write—Audemars Piguet & Co., 665 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.



AUDEMARS
PIGUET

The menu reads like the Tour D'Argent. The service approaches artistry. The place: the almost inexpressibly elegant Monte Carlo Restaurant. It could be Paris.

But it's the Desert Inn, Las Vegas. One of the world's truly abundant resort-hotels. Where all the pleasures aren't culinary.

There's our championship golf course. Horseback riding through the painted desert. Swimming. Tennis. Mountain climbing. Hunting. Fishing.

On stage: A Desert Inn spectacular. With bright lights and ballyhoo that belong to Broadway. It's entertainment like you've never had it.

Plus continuous dusk-to-dawn performances in the Lounge.

Come. Join the beautiful people at the Desert Inn. It's Paris, U.S.A. And unforgettable.

DESERT INN

Hotel, Las Vegas, Nevada

Paris, U.S.A.

ting bolt upright. From all sides, they clacked their curved beaks and gazed at us in mindless, futile reproach. Soon they would acquire dignity. This was evident from the full-grown males and females who strolled, nonchalant and monstrous, around their community, quite uninterested in us. These were the gray-headed albatross (*Diomedea chrysostoma*), with a wingspan of around nine feet, though it looked to be more when they stretched their wings. At first, the mind flinches away from such magnitude, however perfect the relative proportions, and it was only this failure in the eye of the beholder to accept their size that kept them from being the most beautiful of seabirds. Their long black bills carry a line of bright yellow down their length, fading to orange at the hooked tip. Their brown eyes are slits but have none of the predatory aspect of the giant skuas that had been hovering and swooping about us; there is a grave elegance in the smooth configuration of the great head of soft white touched with gray. In flight, they are the apotheosis of grace and power. At rest on the ground, much of their serenity survives. Only when they walk, with a hobbling gait, do they suddenly become grotesque caricatures, like Tenniel's Dodo, but on feet as wide-webbed as a penguin's.

There was evidence of four-footed residents, too. A silver-gray shape scuttled between the runnels ahead of us, and the terrain opened up again into heavily burrowed mounds. The enemy of these animals (they were probably guinea pigs) was above, as we soon discovered. On the windward side of the islet, the spray, even in this fleeting calm so cannily predicted by our captain, rose two hundred feet from the breakers below. For eight months in the year, it often freezes as it lands, and covers much of the islet with a skin of ice. On these western cliffs, nevertheless, are the nests of the red-backed hawk (*Buteo polyosoma*), that dreaded villain of so many mariners' tales. The sun was out as we unknowingly approached, and a shadow falling and growing larger over us gave the first warning. Together, we called out "Cover your eyes!" and threw rocks. Two passed clean through the bird's wings, and feathers were swept away on the wind. Another hit it full in the body. It paid no heed, and continued its descent, with talons splayed wide. The shape above me appeared immense. I raised my camera, half in self-defense, and the picture I took, almost filling the frame, later proved

one shining example from our fine collection of 'wet look' imported lacquer leathers. This, with nattily wide lapels and belt, comes in brandy or burgundy, 185.00. Many more in store for you to see, ranging from jacket to coat lengths . . . tough, weatherproof, and wildly fashionable this year.

wallachs

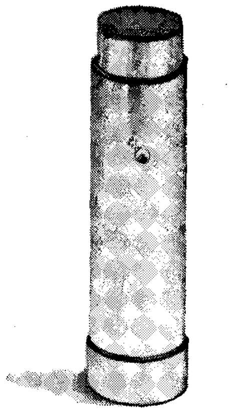
Fine stores for men in
New York, Massachusetts,
New Jersey, Connecticut.

This is the world's most expensive ski boot.

from $165.00 down

LANGE

THE LANGE CO., BOX 308, BROOMFIELD, COLORADO 80020 USA.



STEP
PERFUME DISPENSERS
GIVE YOU MORE
FRAGRANCE
FROM YOUR
PERFUME.

The Secret—A unique patented mechanism actually transforms each drop of perfume into 20 or more sprays of fragrance-laden mist. Perfumes stay fresher, last longer. Absolutely leakproof, evaporation-proof, fully guaranteed, imported from France. Beautiful styles for purse and table. As shown in Florentine gold finish (2¾" high) $6.50. Others from $3.50—$35.

Step
5 E. 57th St., N.Y. | At fine stores

Mink intarsia...windowpane plaids etched in contrasting mink. Leather sashed for nonchalant ease.

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

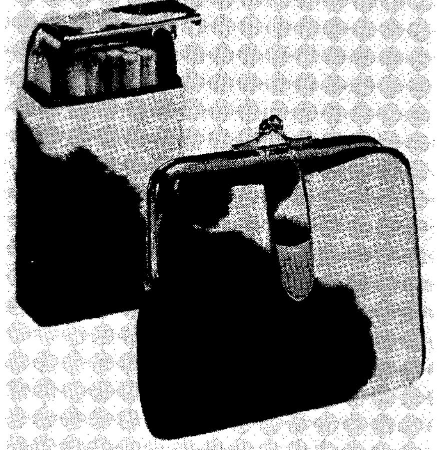
that fear is not always an exaggerator. We wondered afterward how long it would be before those sheep lost their eyes and tumbled over some headland.

This was the only active aggression we experienced on Diego Ramírez. The leeward side, by contrast, was friendlier and engagingly overcrowded. Here the penguin, in one form or another, had quite taken over the terrain. We came across our first Magellanic penguins (*Spheniscus magellanicus*), standing before their burrows among the thick tussock, each bird some thirty inches tall. A strongly etched black band neatly outlines the face, and a second, U-shaped band crosses the breast and extends down the sides and flanks. This was their molting season, and they were in a subdued mood. At other times, they would be braying like jackasses and poising their strong bills to hook and tear at any attacker. Now they looked like weary but still truculent pierrots, prepared, if pressed, to dive into their burrows rather than go out on the offensive.

All the early navigators remarked on the *pájaro manco* (armless bird), as the penguin was once known in Spanish. In 1520, Magellan's chronicler, Pigafetta, mentioned "two islands full of geese and seawolves" off the Patagonian coast. "Truly the great number of those geese cannot be reckoned," he wrote. "In one hour we loaded the five ships with them. Those geese are black and have all their feathers alike, both on body and wings. They do not fly and live on fish." Francis Drake's men killed three thousand in one day at the eastern entrance to the Magellan Strait. A hundred years ago, the naturalist Robert O. Cunningham added to Charles Darwin's findings and told how "we beheld a company of penguins (*Spheniscus magellanicus*), which, after standing erect and staring at us in a stupid manner for a few moments, shuffled off; their little wings hanging limp at their sides, and their dark gray and white colouring, and reeling movements, suggesting a drunk and disorderly funeral procession." Soon these penguins of Diego Ramírez would be off on their long oceanic travels to fatten up for the next breeding season. Ever since the birds first provided food for scurvy-ridden crews, sailors have known that penguins swallow pebbles and, with mariners' logic, have believed that this provides them with useful ballast, which can be regurgitated when back on land. Today, naturalists are less inclined to scoff at this theory.

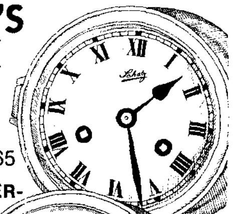
We left the pierrots among their

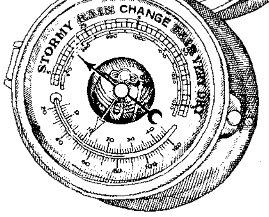
Lady Bosca



Pony Calfskin

Soft, smart fur in natural Pinto black and white. French Purse $13.50, Cigarette Case $10.00 at fine stores. Hugo Bosca Co., Inc., Springfield, O. 45501.





8-DAY SHIP'S
BELL CLOCK
Strikes hour and half-hour in authentic ship's bell fashion.
Solid brass. 7"diam. $65

MATCHING BAROMETER-THERMOMETER
Solid brass. 7" diam. $45.
At Hoffritz. By mail add $1.25 each for pstg. & hndlg. Plus area sales tax. Credit cards.

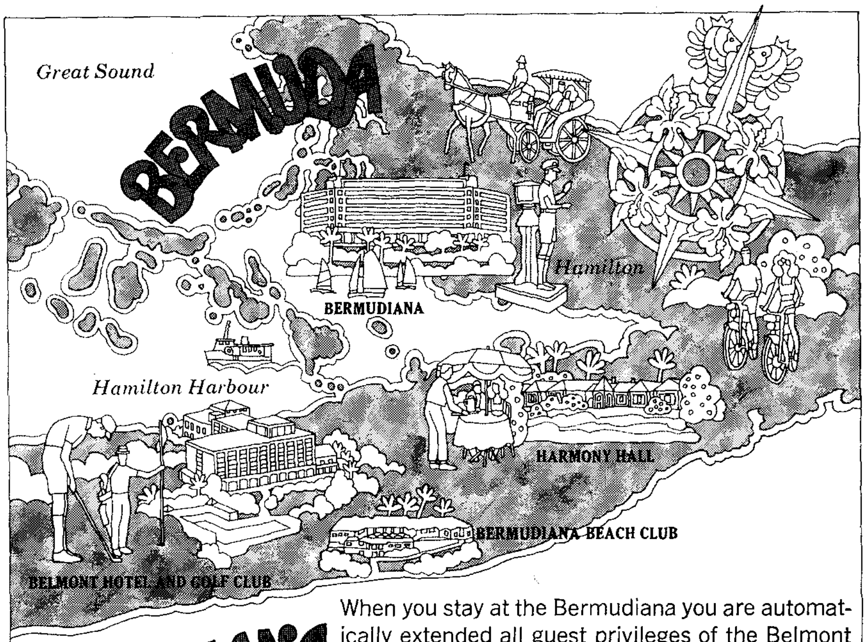
HOFFRITZ HAS IT
551 Fifth Ave., Dept. N-9, N.Y.C. 10017

PHYLLIS NEWMAN
is the Octoberfest
from October 15 to November 4
Performances 9:15 & 12:15
For reservations call
PLaza 9-3000
PERSIAN ROOM
AT THE PLAZA
An HCA Hotel

damp and seedy burrows, crested a rise, and made our way down toward the sea. Below us was a steep-sided bay—a theatre overlooking the more sheltered waters of the east side. It was a packed house, evening dress obligatory. Every muddy outcrop, every boulder down to the shoreline, was packed with rockhopper penguins (*Eudyptes crestatus*), some still padded out with the gray fluff of youth. There was scarcely any movement among them when we began our descent. As we clambered down, the nearest turned lazily, paused to be photographed, and retreated. Never for a moment was there any panic—only orderly evasion, even when we took a stride toward a straggler for a closer look. We closed in on one that was left perched on the summit of a boulder with nowhere to escape to, and, momentarily at rest, he regained his poise. He was only two feet high, with glossy black plumes on his head. First the right, then the left red eye stared at us unblinkingly, and the marked yellow stripe back from the eyes and sprouting orange-yellow tufts provided a touch of flaming determination. There was a pint of oil in that tubby body; once, the rockhoppers were killed by the thousand for it.

A blast from the siren of our ship, out of sight around the headland, sharply reminded us that we were, after all, aliens, and two more blasts reminded us, further, that our captain had predicted only three hours of relative calm. It was a long, hot struggle up through the mud and tussock from Penguin Cove, as we named the place with singular banality. (But we were probably the first to visit it, so why should we not conform to the old maritime tradition?) On the crest of the islet, the wind hit us, harder than before. We glanced briefly to the west, the ocean of promise to so many who had survived the navigational hazards of these waters before us. It was some four thousand clear miles to New Zealand's outlying islands.

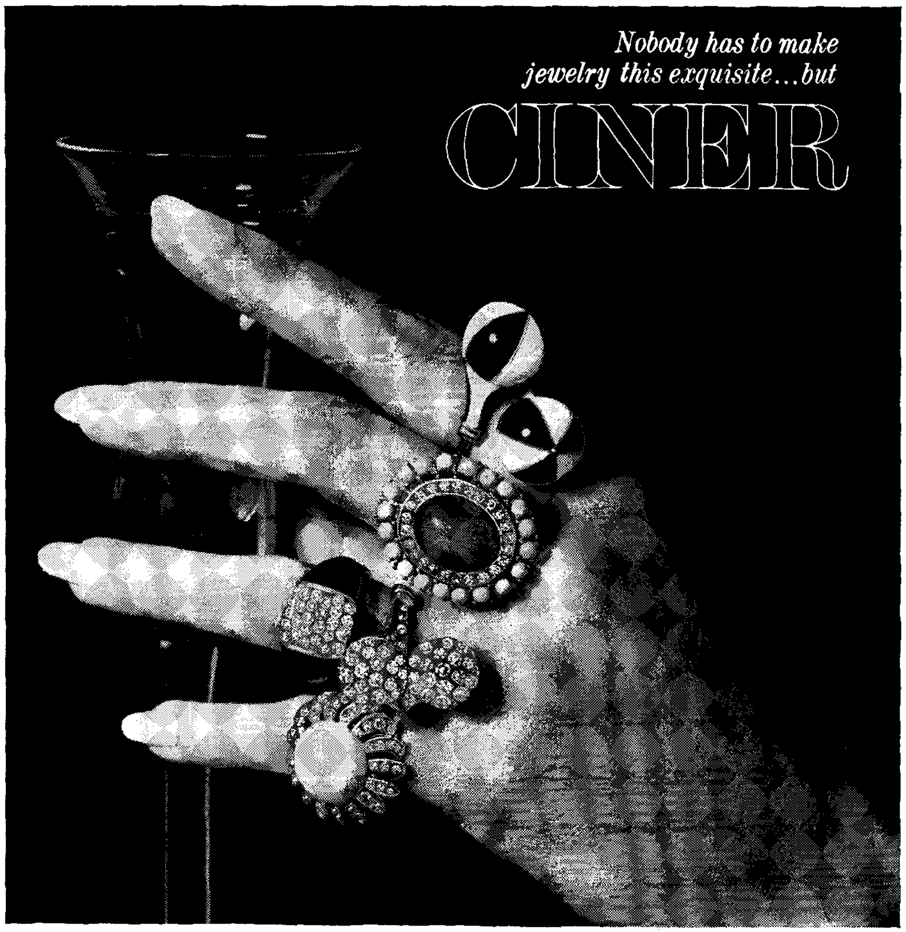
We found our sailors huddled on the beach, ready to embark. The weather was breaking—there was no doubt of that—and when we reached the ship almost every man on board was leaning over the aft-deck gunwale, hands out to catch us. We stood on the steel deck, bruised, wet, and cold. Coal dust crunched underfoot, and there was spilled flour, a burst can or two, and flecks of wool left by the sheep. Spray blown on the rising wind swept over us. It had been a successful morning. The meteorologists were assured of supplies and warmth for another



BERMUDIANA

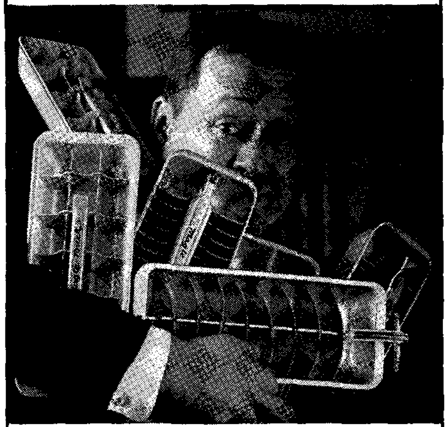
When you stay at the Bermudiana you are automatically extended all guest privileges of the Belmont Hotel and Golf Club and Harmony Hall including exchange dining at no additional cost. It is like getting three hotels for the price of one. And you're a guest at our exclusive new South Shore Beach Club. If you want to be in the centre of activity, stay at the Bermudiana, overlooking Hamilton Harbour and the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club. Home of the "London Town Discothèque."

See your travel agent or contact: ROBERT REID ASSOCIATES, INC.
International Representatives, Dept. N-10, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N. Y. 10020
Telephone: (212) 757-2444. Offices in Chicago • Miami • Toronto • London, England



Rings, rings, rings . . . and the finger of fashion points to Ciner.
From an exciting collection of design originals. About $20 to $30.
At fine stores. Ciner Jewelers, 20 W. 37 St., New York; and Paris.

Slices-Cubes-Crushed Ice



Get all kinds of ice with "Magic Touch"® Ice Trays

IF PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE ★ Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER

"Magic Touch" America's favorite Ice Trays. At better stores.

Inland
DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS
BOX 1050, DAYTON, OHIO 45401
GM MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Honored Guest

What better way to compliment your guests and your own good taste than with authentic Danish Sterling. Exclusive designs, unmatched craftsmanship. TRINITA, shown here, $87.00 the place setting. Other outstanding patterns from $84.00
For catalogue, write:

DANISH SILVERSMITHS Inc.
573 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10022
. . . and at exclusive stores

five months, and the birds' timetable had been so briefly and unmemorably interrupted that the penguins would soon be making their way to the shoreline and into the breakers, their exodus at the end of the molt being simultaneous and total. Within a month, as the Antarctic summer days shortened, the hawk and albatross fledglings would be in the air.

We left pursued by a darker sky. The islets receding astern were already reassuming the dour and threatening countenance witnessed by so many mariners before they fell victim to that string of rocks, or put over the helm in time. Five hours later, Cape Horn was in sight, towering above us. If geography were a tidy business, its grand, static role as the pivotal point of a continent would never have been jeopardized by that little string of islets, with a party of rockhopper penguins on the most southerly rock of them all, staring toward the Antarctic with unblinking red eyes.

—RICHARD HOUGH

•

FLIP-TOP PRAYER BOOK WITH PIX AND ADVERTISING SLOGANS

Can modern day man pray to his God in advertising slogans? Will flip-a-prayer ever replace dial-a-prayer as a source of spiritual comfort?

These are some of the questions raised by a new prayer book just published by the George A. Pflaum Publishing Co. entitled, "1,029 Private Prayers for Worldly Christians."

Authored by Gerard A. Pottebaum and Joyce Winkel, "1,029" has a split-level design—the top band carries Biblical quotations, the middle section photographs and the bottom section carries advertising slogans.

By flipping the sections, the reader can come up with 1,029 combinations.

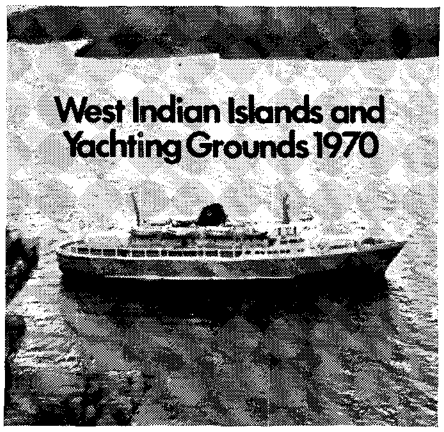
The book departs from the more orthodox definition of prayer as reverent entreaty, forcing the reader to come up with personal responses.

The question is bound to arise: what do the biblical prayers and the advertising slogans have in common? Pottebaum answers this in his preface.

"The writers of the scriptures and the adman speak a common language. Both tell of man's thirst for a new life, to go 'where the flavor is.' We just get enough. We yearn to drink deep of the fount of life everlasting. Every bit seems to bring us closer to fulfillment—even a silly millimeter."

The split-level form of the book serves a very serious purpose. It serves to remind the reader constantly that prayer is not removed from the everyday world. It will appeal especially to those who are more at home to the visual approach than with pages of forbidding type.—*Press release from a publisher.*

And it'll change the face of Marlboro Country.



West Indian Islands and Yachting Grounds 1970

3 outstanding travel experiences for a select group of discerning individuals
on the cruise vessel of intimate elegance

mts Jason

Like jewels of diverse character and personality set into translucent seas are the islands of the Leeward and Windward area — yours to explore on the world-renowned ocean cruise yacht MTS JASON.

From San Juan: January 12—10 days, from $345.00
Jan. 22 and Feb. 3—12 days, from $415.00

Consult your Travel Agent **Distinguished Cruises by EPIROTIKI LINES**

608 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10020, (212) 265-6130
Also Robt. F. Warner offices in U.S.A. and Canada

SAFETY INFORMATION: mts Jason, registered in Greece, meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960, and meets 1966 fire safety requirements.

From Rhodes.
Colorful Ikaros earthenware wall-plates to hang in groups or singly. From $3.00 to $45.00. Vases, planters, pitchers, bowls, as well as plates in authentic 16th century designs. Choose from the largest collection west of Athens.

Only at:
Greek Island
215 East 49 Street
New York 10017
EL 5-7547

Portraits by
YOUSUF
KARSH
of Ottawa
in New York by appointment
(212) TE 8-4565
Karsh

Seagram's Benchmark Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 Proof. Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Louisville, Ky.

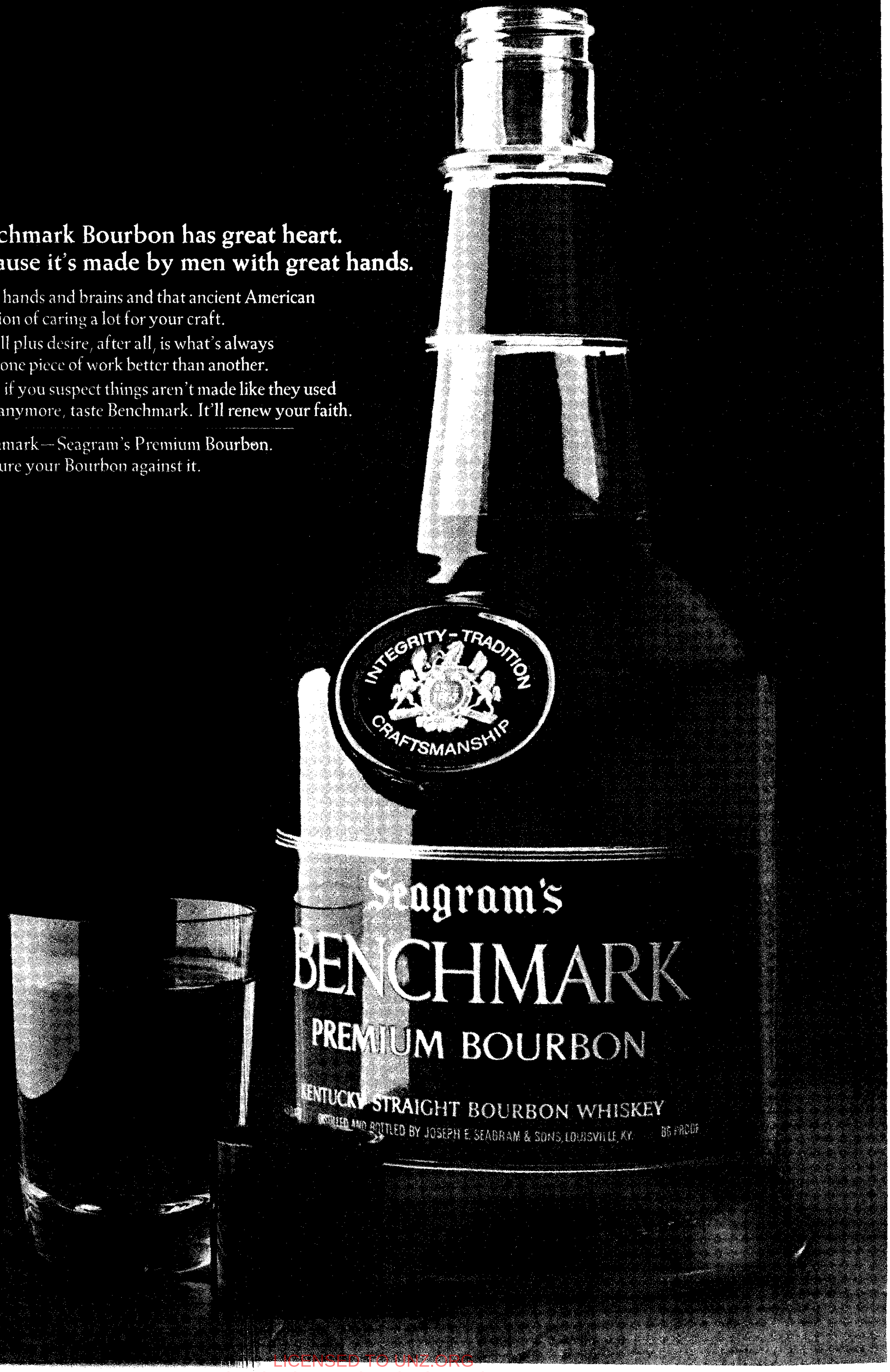
Benchmark Bourbon has great heart. Because it's made by men with great hands.

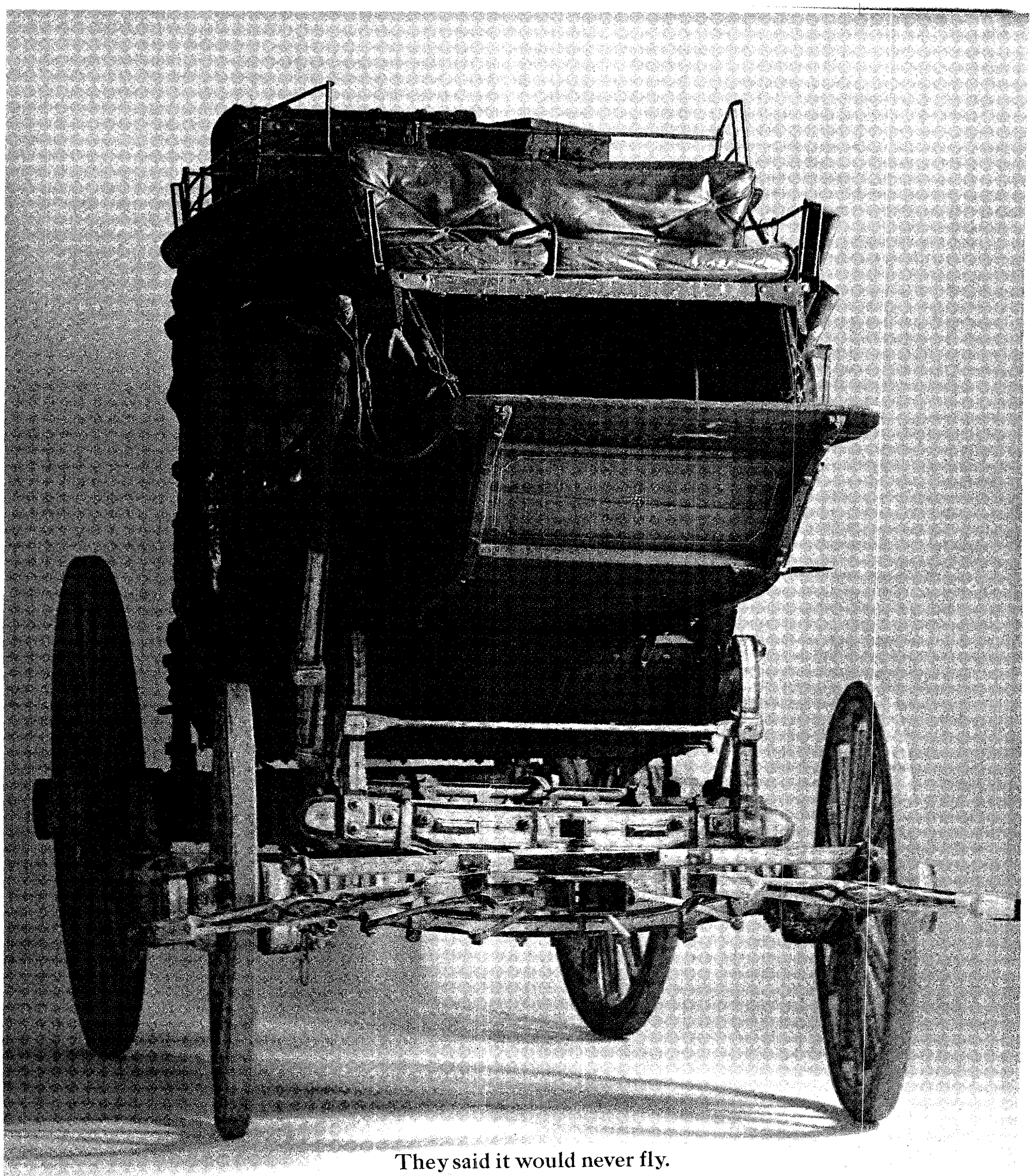
Great hands and brains and that ancient American tradition of caring a lot for your craft.

Skill plus desire, after all, is what's always made one piece of work better than another.

So, if you suspect things aren't made like they used to be anymore, taste Benchmark. It'll renew your faith.

Benchmark—Seagram's Premium Bourbon.
Measure your Bourbon against it.


INTEGRITY - TRADITION
CRAFTSMANSHIP
Seagram's
BENCHMARK
PREMIUM BOURBON
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LOUISVILLE, KY.
86 PROOF



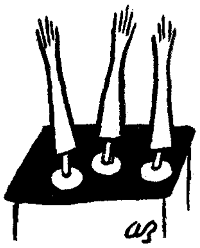
They said it would never fly.

Back in 1852 we had an inspiration: "Let's introduce a bank with 2 doors and 4 wheels."
Well, there were plenty of skeptics around who told us we'd never get our idea off the ground.
But we'll let you be the judge.
Last year assets topped $5 billion. And we now have over 250 California branches.
That means we're not only the oldest bank in the West, but one of the nation's largest. With world-wide capabilities.
And with our ability to tailor specific services for your specific requirements, we figure the sky's the limit.
(Administrative Headquarters, 464 California St., San Francisco 94120; Southern California Headquarters, 415 West Fifth St., Los Angeles 90054. Member F.D.I.C.)

Wells Fargo Bank

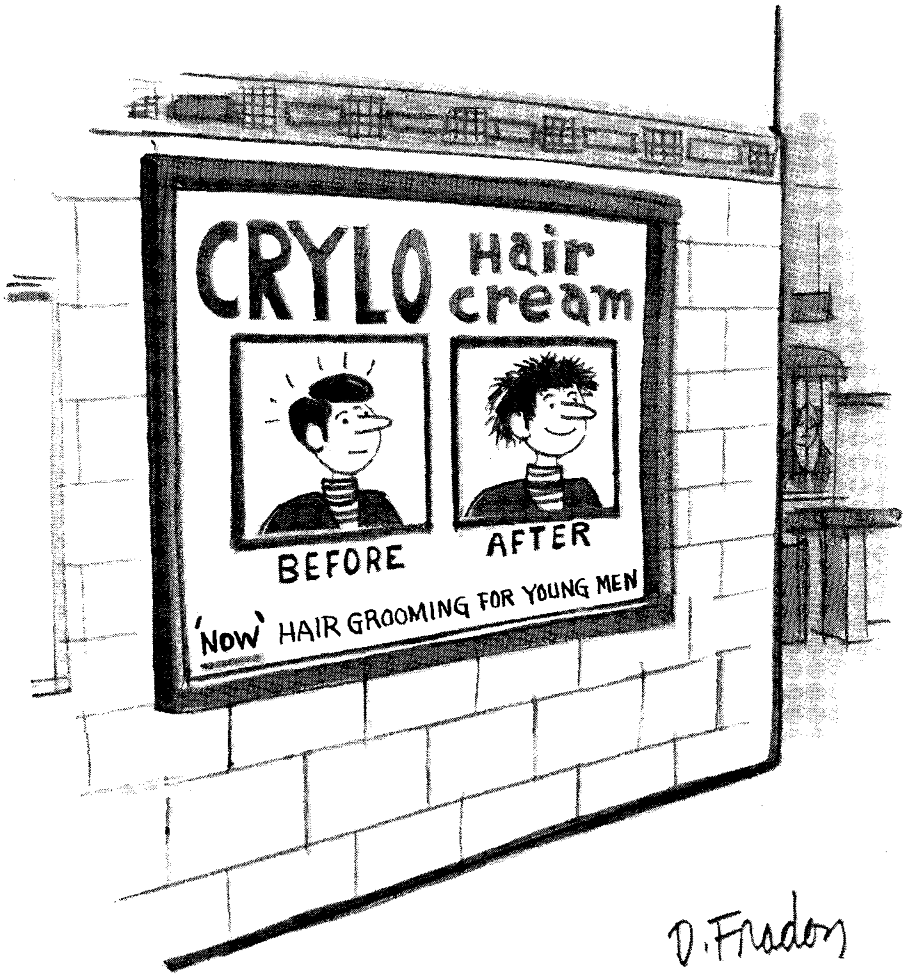
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

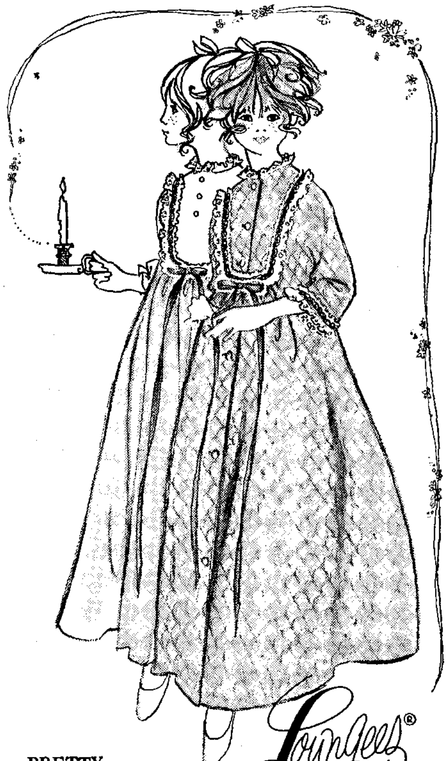
FEMININE FASHIONS



FASHION, she is a fickle wench, and she is today more wayward than ever. (Everyone in the trade talks like this now and then.) Just a breath ago, I was wailing against the limp, trailing approach to clothes (and I was right, in so many instances), but now there swim into my vision outfits simple and clean-cut as Girl Scout uniforms—though far more intricately cut, by the hands of such as Saint-Laurent and B. H. Wragge, to name only two. I was right, too, when I spoke, likewise just a breath ago, of the emergence of a long, lean, lissome line for daytime, whether the elongation is accomplished by pants or by just your own beautiful legs. Quite a change, that. For there are no more top-heavy effects, unless you count the huge fringed shawls that are swarming in from Paris and Rome to envelop the tops of skimpy dresses. Yes, quite a change. It was not so long ago that the Sloppy Joe era of sweaters prevailed—the era when women size 32 tried to look like fullbacks size 38 or even 40; now the sweater or sweater dress hugs every part of the body, particularly the ribs, as witness some of Wragge's sweater dresses at Bonwit Teller. A round-necked ribbed-wool thing of his that clings all the way down is slight enough to be a mere nothing—for a mere nothing of $110. It is merely glorious as well. It wears the leather rope belt with the chrome buckle that Wragge favors, and Bonwit, in a kindred spirit, has stocked quantities of massive chrome necklaces and earrings and the like. Veneziano, now larger but still ensconced at 819 Madison Avenue (68th), is presenting, among many other things, long, skinny sweaters, below-hipbone in length and in every color, at $30. And everywhere there are long pants suits with jackets that slide down below the hips.

SIMPLICITY reigns for daytime in Saint-Laurent's superb Rive Gauche, at 855 Madison Avenue (70th). Everything here is ready-to-wear and designed by the Maestro. His famous rain suits continue to abound, in khaki-colored poplin. The tops are usually shaped a bit like battle jackets, and the wide waistbands have loops through which narrow belts proceed before they fasten. The jackets are likely to have fly closings, and the skirts are wraparound and in mini or midi length. Owners of these wear them in every kind of weather and all the time; there's something to be said for a uniform, all right. Most of the dresses here have long, tight sleeves and are beltless. More of that lean look is created by the coats of brown double knit, which extend to just above the knees and have an array of five buttons ascending each side to the high lapels. Very good even on short women, I was surprised to see. The equipment includes broad buckled belts and straight, wide, cuffless pants to match. Rive Gauche also harbors an all-weather raincoat of brown poplin or black vinyl (I like it knee-length) that is double-breasted and wears a sash tie; the sleeves, of matching knit, wear flat vinyl cuffs. Then we get simplicity mingled with plenty of derring-do—a very full cape of Saint-Laurent's beloved Loden cloth, smooth and silky and in just one size, so it is midi-length if you are tall and maxi if you are not. Its collar is pointed, and its price is $110. For evening, more capes, accompanied by wide-bottomed pants of crushed velvet. This fabric is all around, and I can't like it to save me. It looks as if it had been left out in the rain. Nevertheless, it's dramatic. What I infinitely prefer to Saint-Laurent's crushed velvets is his new "black-tie" outfit of black felt—a midiskirt, a waist-length bellhop jacket that is fastened with three frogs, and a shirt of ruffled white silk to finish off the lovely thing. And there are also any number of evening deals of black cut velvet on black chiffon, for a slight see-through effect. One semi-transparent tube has velvet pants to go along; another has a high velvet collar, full sleeves pulled into cuffs, and a full, circular velvet skirt. This number is $235. Saint-Laurent also uses embroidered velvet—tiny purple and green flowers dotted over a black ground—to fashion a below-hip jacket with a slight tunic flare, and he uses black-on-black embroidery to make, for one, an evening pants suit whose long jacket has a split collar. In short, the Rive

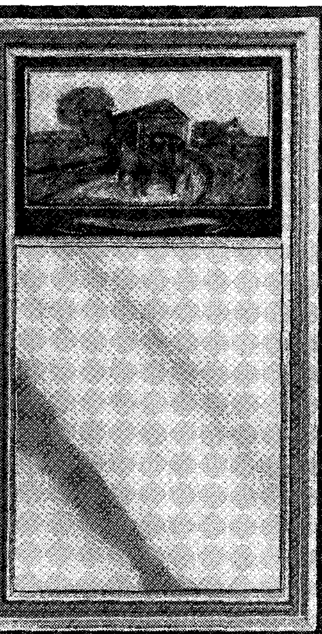




Loungees®

**PRETTY
PAIR OF
PETTIROBES**

. . . both with frilly sleeves, neck, and yoke. Pink or blue robe: 100% nylon tricot quilted with Kodel® Polyester fiberfill. 4-6X $14.00. 8-14 $16.00. Nightie—100% nylon tricot, 4-14 $8.00. Best & Co., New York City, Marshall Field, Chicago, Hutzler's, Baltimore, Jordan Marsh, Boston. Or write LOUNGEES, 362 Fifth Ave., New York City 10001.



Gilt-edged mirror with Amish country scenes. Picture in full color, hand painted on glass. Overall size 25-3/4" x 14-3/4". $35.00

Please add $2.00 for shipping.

Penna. Residents add Sales Tax.

Allow 3 weeks for delivery.

E. G. HOOVER CO.

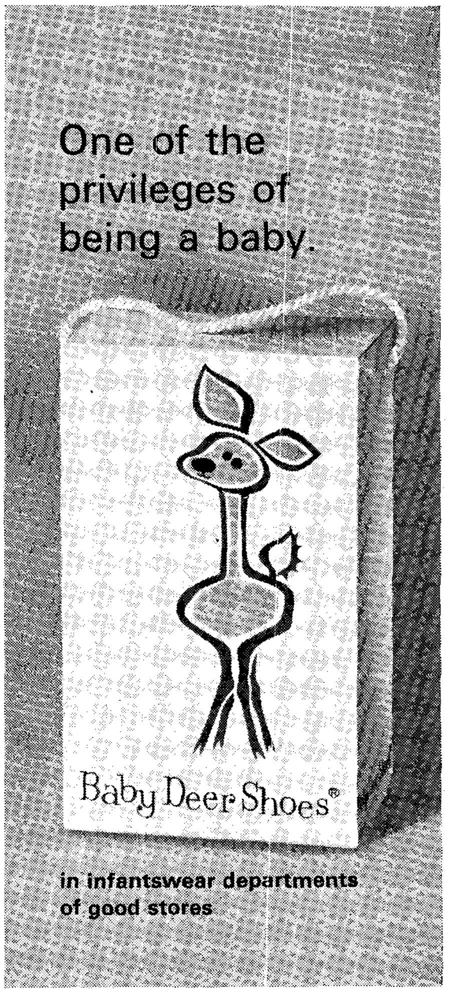
JEWELERS SINCE 1891

36 NORTH THIRD ST., HARRISBURG, PA. 17101

Gauche is anything but—how do you Americans put it?—gauche.

THOSE who love suède might well take a turn into Cordoba, at 989 Madison Avenue (76th), where, despite the nomenclature, the products are just about all English. One fascinating part of the cut here is in the pants (you must be slim-hipped to venture into them; otherwise, shame on you if you do). They have an inverted-V seam at the bottom that manages to round the buttocks in an exceptionally attractive way. (I saw them being tried on by a really skinny miss, and she didn't look boyish at all.) The pants have a slight bell flare at the base. Another specialty here is Jungle Suède—tan or gray or blue leather bleached so that it looks like that dappled sunlight where ferocious beasts lurk and timid fawns take cover. Next come Western shirts, some with gold studs; these are $85, to give you a gauge. Cordoba does a lot with what it calls "patchwork" suèdes. The patchwork involves six-inch diamonds of the leather in variegated pastels—pale gray, pink, mint green, and the like; you can also have outfits of this to order, in light or dark brown, and some already on hand combine patent and suède. Plenty of girl-and-boy shirts, laced up the front, appear in this harlequin guise, too. And there is a suède that you can wash and hang up to dry; the Cordoba people swear it works. One smasher here is definitely not English, though; it's a maxi coat made of black Spanish bull, and it has a black marten collar and cuffs. Real savage! The black bull, a new discovery this season, is being used extensively by custom—and conservationist—furriers like Georges Kaplan. (Bulls will not be extinct for quite a while.) The stuff is shiny and mighty durable.

TIME was when wool knit was only for outdoor sports and the campus, but that time is long gone, and no one is more responsible for its departure than Wragge, of Bonwit Teller, who continues to make the suavest of clothes of this fabric for women on their way to important lunches, committee meetings, teas, and other activities not at all related to shopping chores. In his new collection, called Stitches, which is in the Wragge Room at Bonwit Teller, you can see evidences of his special skills, particularly in the art of confecting youthful dresses that make you *look* as if you were wearing a turtleneck sweater underneath a sleeveless jumper but that have none of the bulk involved in


One of the privileges of being a baby.
Baby Deer Shoes®
in infantswear departments of good stores

POT POURRI
CLAIRE BURKE
CHARLOTTESVILLE VIRGINIA

GIFTS OF FRAGRANCE
IN XVIIIth CENTURY STYLE
soaps • sachets • sprays • eau de colognes

Write for brochure
CLAIRE BURKE'S
Pot Pourri Shop
THE 1740 HOUSE • IVY ROAD
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA. 22901

EUROPE by CAR

Write for FREE 70 Page Full Color Catalogue, Savings on Car Rental and Purchase

VOLKSWAGEN VOLVO
MERCEDES JAGUAR
CITROEN PEUGEOT
RENAULT, SAAB, MG, ETC.

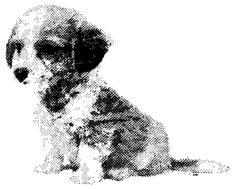
EUROPE BY CAR, INC.
630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. LT 1-3040
9000 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 272-0424
CAR (S) ____________
Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________ State ______ NE-25

such outfits. Dozens of wool dresses of this Wragge variety, with a ribbed-knit oblong yoke, a turtleneck, and sleeves, are actually one-piece with slight A-line skirts, and kind of wonderful; $115. But the sublime example of Mr. W.'s art in this field is a certain travel outfit. An oatmeal basketweave wool is the basis of the bateau-necked sleeveless dress. The jacket, of white gabardine, buttons down the front under a pointed collar and has long sleeves. See Istanbul or whatever and die! Anything else? Yes, indeed. A red jacket with a huge white crossbar goes over a dress with that built-in dickey, and then there's a sleeveless dress of white wool gabardine, with welt detail at the neck and a jagged piece of chromium for a buckle. Be sure to look around this place if it is your ambition to appear perfectly poised all day long in your chosen career.

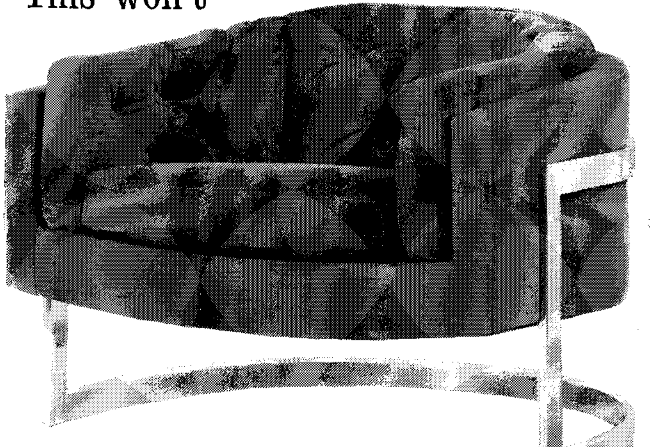
AT Veneziano, there are coats of the old-fashioned dandies' sort. Some, of velvet brocade in Cinzano red, in medium blue, or in pale gold, have squared-off low V's instead of notched lapels, and there are three buttons below them. These coats are firmly fitted, and they end six inches above the knees. In the same mood are coats of brushed velveteen in black, gold, or dull blue and with brass buttons. Both versions are accompanied by pants, it should go without saying. Speaking of pants, the Venezianians love to cut theirs like blue jeans, with the accompanying fly front, and to make them of black velveteen or (an absolute wow in the Hamptons this past summer) velveteen printed in wild or subdued patterns, some as prim as Victorian wallpaper, in pale blue, red, or dun color. The same Victorian spirit pervades the local miniskirts (these of velveteen print), which are paired with wool-challis shirts in exactly the same patterns. Slacks in wide-wale corduroy also have a large following among the customers. Other items: very long vests of brown leather with skirts to match; brown jersey tunics laced down the long fronts, with pants to match; knitted dresses, one of them (beige flecked with brown) displaying a brown turtleneck and a vicious diagonal slash where brown and beige meet near the ends of the long sleeves.

HALSTON'S boutique, at Bloomingdale's (third floor), has many designs by Mr. H., including wool bathrobe coats, sash and all, among them one in gray, with flapped pockets. A lean shirt of black or burgundy

In two years this will be a dog

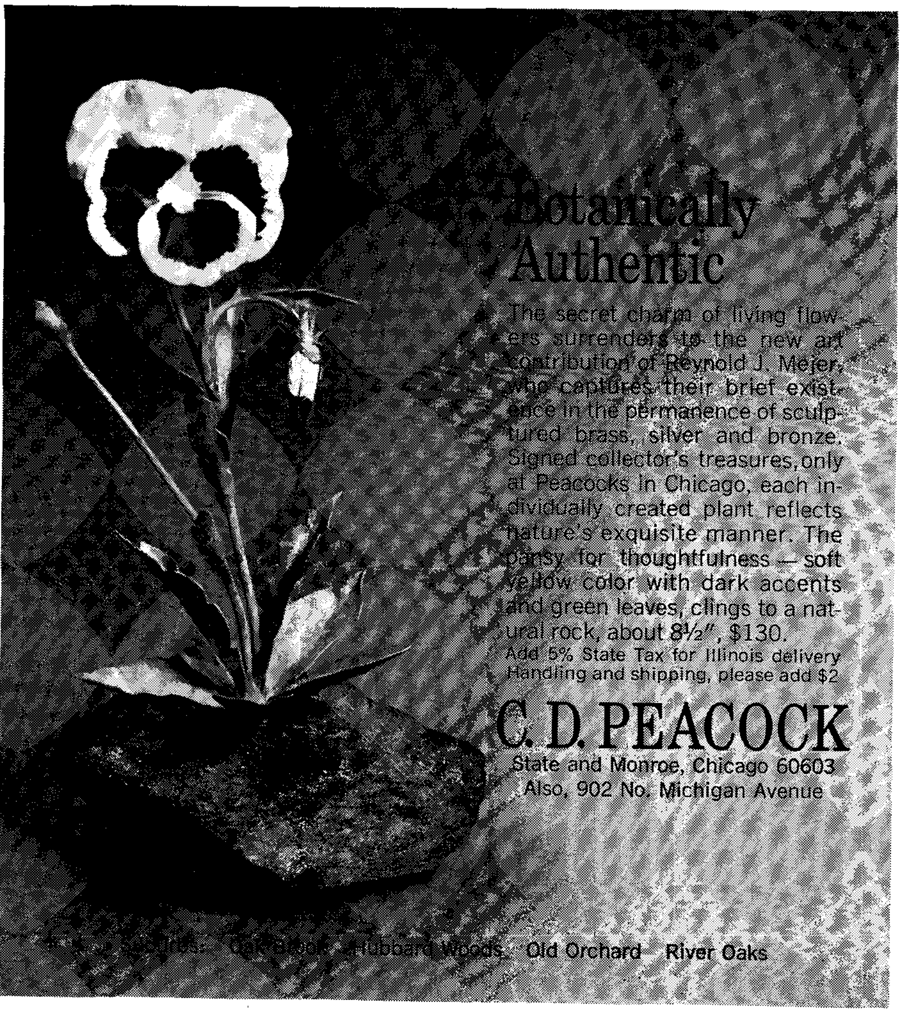


This won't



Purebreds in design and quality. Write for latest brochure — describing Metropolitan upholstered furniture and occasional tables. Showrooms and dealers in all major cities.

IMPORTED FROM SAN FRANCISCO
METROPOLITAN
950 Linden Avenue, South San Francisco, Ca. 94080



Botanically Authentic

The secret charm of living flowers surrenders to the new art contribution of Reynold J. Meler, who captures their brief existence in the permanence of sculptured brass, silver and bronze. Signed collector's treasures, only at Peacocks in Chicago, each individually created plant reflects nature's exquisite manner. The pansy for thoughtfulness — soft yellow color with dark accents and green leaves, clings to a natural rock, about 8½", $130.
Add 5% State Tax for Illinois delivery
Handling and shipping, please add $2

C. D. PEACOCK
State and Monroe, Chicago 60603
Also, 902 No. Michigan Avenue

[illegible] Oak Brook Hubbard Woods Old Orchard River Oaks

THE UNIVERSITY SHOP
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
The Norfolk jacket done S.F.A's way is supple calfskin in mellow brown, seamed, tabbed, belted all around, and lined with acrylic pile. 36 to 44 sizes, $110. Mail and phone orders filled.

The British Antique Association affirms the decor of our Pickwick Tavern and we can give you 41 other reasons why a stay at Hotel Roanoke is a genuine **pleasure.**

LET'S TRADE our color brochure for your name and address. In the meantime, here are a few Hotel Roanoke vital statistics:

Located just minutes from scenic Blue Ridge Parkway and historic Shenandoah Valley.

425 luxurious rooms and suites; 16 conference, meeting, banquet and ballrooms.

15,000 square feet of exhibit space; complete audio-visual equipment.

Memorable foods; licensed for mixed beverages.

Year-'round Olympic-size swimming pool.

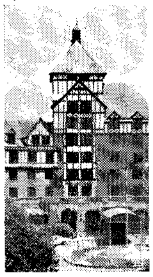
10 acres of lawn, almost that many acres of thick carpet, walnut panels, snowy linens, crystal chandeliers, gurgling fountain, nearby golf, and Many Other Nice Things.

The Hotel Roanoke

Roanoke, Virginia 24006
Phone (703) 343-6992
A Norfolk & Western Railway Property Since 1882

Fred W. Walker
General Manager

Mrs. Janet Jenkins
Director of Sales



wool jersey doesn't stop until it nearly reaches midi-length. It is equipped with a placket front; $130. A shorter version is $125. There are, by the way, *big* Halston sunglasses at $18, and half-inch belts of cobra in every conceivable color. Use three or four together, Halston begs you.

Elsewhere on the third floor is the MicMac boutique, in which the long and lean look, country style, is rampant. (The stuff is from the Côte d'Azur.) You get black or green sweater coats knitted on vertical lines. They are almost knee-length and are heavily ribbed; $110. I find them a bit cumbersome. A double-breasted "urban-country" coat (whatever that is; doesn't a good coat go *any*where?) appears in black, camel, white, or red double jersey. It has epaulets, too. Some of the sweaters here end in huge turtlenecks and come well below the hips.

IN Robert Leader's jammed little shop you can find all manner of leather that glistens as though it were permanently wet. One thing it produces is a trenchcoat in caramel, bronze, brown, white, or red; $100. A motorcycle jacket of the same stuff is around, at $45, and there is a wrapped skirt to match, at $20. And there is suède here, in a brown dress with leg-of-mutton sleeves, upward ruffles at the neckline, and gathers below the waist seam. It's complete demureness, and would look terrible on a motorcycle; $135. More suède occurs in a long, sleeveless, V-necked vest with small rhinestone buttons below the décolletage and three more above the slits at the sides of the accompanying pants; $170. Maxine Marlowe is responsible for all these as well as for outfits in a slicker leather, such as calf, which produces a grape or cranberry pants outfit—a flaring tunic, with short, puffed sleeves (this should be a ridiculous idea but it turns out cute), and straight wide pants. For a more formal life, Leader has, all to his very own, some dresses consisting of openwork detail with hand-crocheted edges. In black, with long sleeves, these can be rather terrific, but I can do without the ones in Confirmation white. Among the prankish jewelled pieces to wear over black jump suits are harem bloomers composed of thirty-six looped strands of giant pearls; $50. Bill Smith is the responsible, or perhaps irresponsible, designer. Strands of pearls also make halters to drop over whatever seems best to you at the moment; $25. Halters that are entirely of coins, and

LONDON'S FINEST

Traditional as Tower Bridge. British as a guardsman's bearskin. As London-bred as St. Paul's itself. That is Balkan Sobranie **Smoking Mixture**—an exquisite blend of mature Virginian and rarest Yenidje. Treasured by knowing smokers since the Victorian days.

Balkan Sobranie
Smoking Mixture
Balkan Sobranie Smoking Mixture Made in London England
Blended with the finest Yenidje

BALKAN SOBRANIE
SMOKING MIXTURE

At quality tobacconists, 2 oz. can $1.00 ($1.05 West Coast). Or send $1 to U.S. Agent: James B. Russell, Inc. Dept.NY1 150 West 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.

The Space Hunters

Brilliant crystal symbols of mankind's great adventure. To serve as paperweights or just to be beautiful. 2½" tall. $10 each or $27.50 set 3 postpaid.

pitt petri 378 DELAWARE AVE.
BUFFALO, NEW YORK 14202

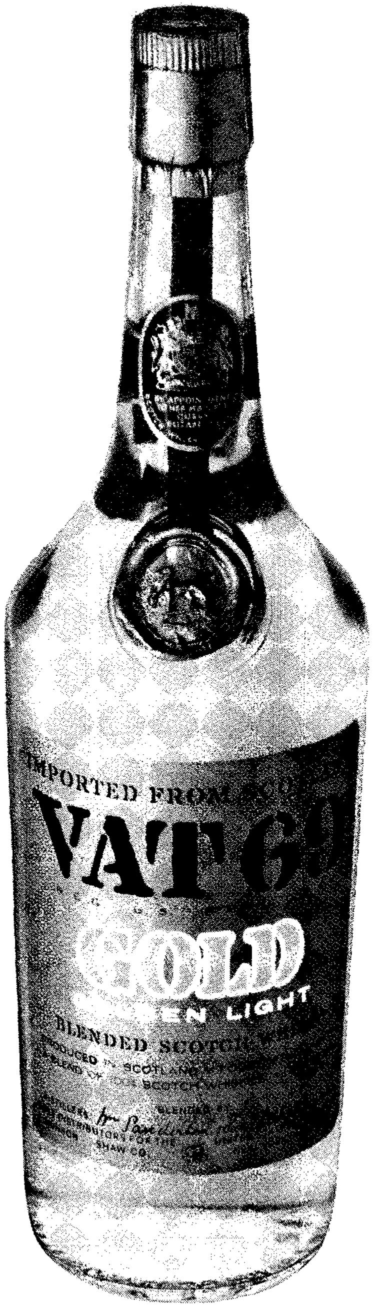
Peter's BACKYARD

OPEN 7 DAYS

Charcoal Broiled
STEAKS • CHOPS
LOBSTER

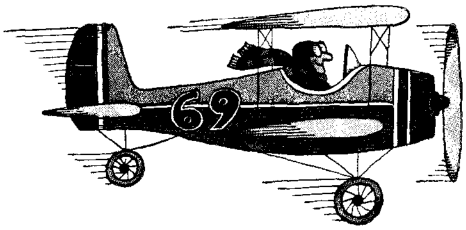
Res. suggested: **GR 3-2400**
64 W. 10th Street

FOR THOSE
AT
HOME


IMPORTED FROM SCOTLAND
VAT 69
GOLD
GOLDEN LIGHT
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

The Round Fifth

The ultimate in light Scotches, in the round bottle with the famous see-through label—not simply light, but Golden Light, superbly blended to the American taste. Vat 69 Gold, the Scotch with the Golden Light Taste.



For those who roam.

GLOBETROTTER
FIFTH
IMPORTED FROM SCOTLAND
VAT 69
GOLD
GOLDEN LIGHT
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

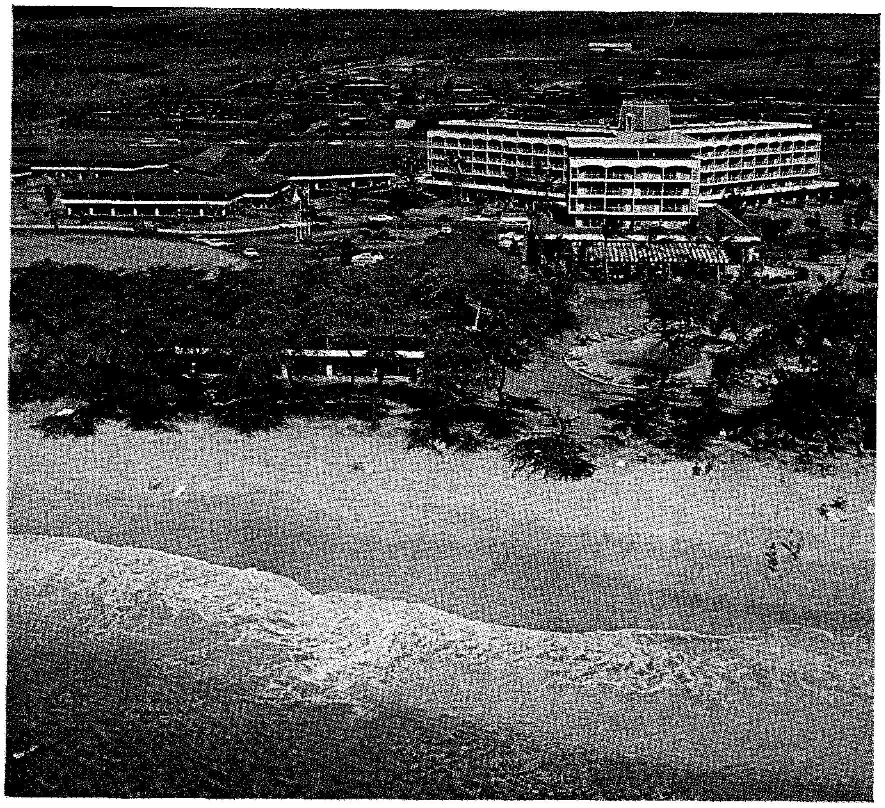
The Globetrotter Fifth

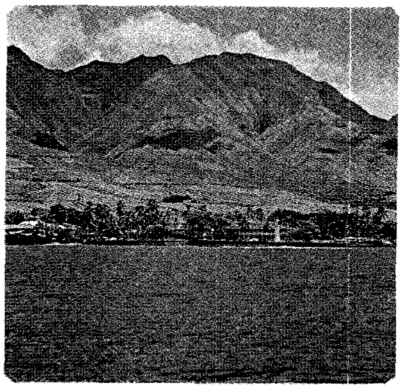
The same great Golden Light Scotch—but dressed to travel! The sleekest, slimmest traveling companion that ever packed away flat in a suitcase! Incidentally, what could be more appropriate than to try 69 in '69?

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES 86 PROOF. SOLE DISTR. U.S.A. MUNSON SHAW CO., N.Y., N.Y.

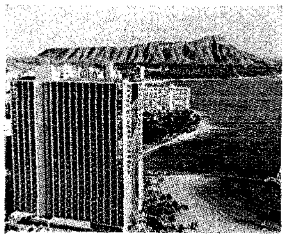
THE QUEEN'S AWARD TO INDUSTRY

Next time you're in Hawaii stay with friends.......THE HILTONS

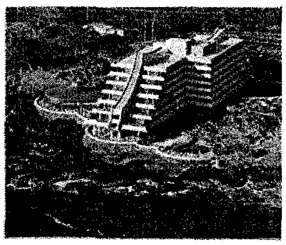




Come visit us at the Maui Hilton on the Valley Isle of Maui. Comb our miles of unspoiled Kaanapali Beach, where the only footprints are your own. Take on our championship golf course. We'll even introduce you to the ghosts of rowdy seafarers and ancient kings that walk in this modern paradise. And before you leave our magic islands, stay awhile with the other Hiltons. The spectacular Kona Hilton on the Orchid Isle of Hawaii. The worldly Hilton Hawaiian Village at Waikiki, on the Island of Oahu. It's always more fun to stay with your friends, the Hiltons. We promise you everything you expect from Hawaii. Maybe more. Your travel agent or Hilton Reservation Service will take care of all the details.



Hilton Hawaiian Village



Kona Hilton

HILTON HAWAII

the friendly world of Hilton

to be similarly used, can be made to rattle like the devil in case you feel that your basic black dress isn't getting proper attention.

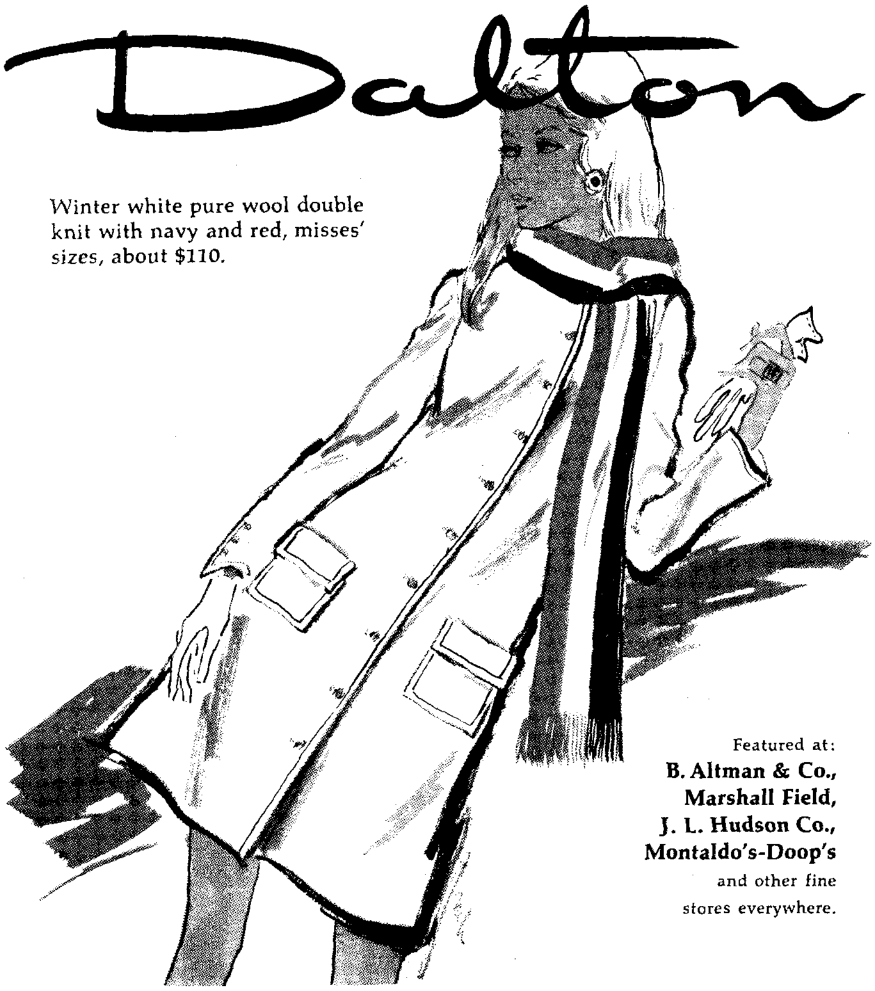
TYPES who would like to be reincarnations of Queen Guinevere might as well stop reading right here. What follows is for young things who are in the habit of shucking their blue jeans and wild shirts at the end of the long day, taking a shower, puffing up their hair, and getting into a long dress that is as romantic as possible, in a costume sort of way, but *not* Guinevere. Annacat, at 924 Madison Avenue (73rd), could be their haven, for it teems with costumery. Such as black velvet bodices with deep square necks, plus floating monk sleeves and floating skirts of gray-and-gold organza print. Square-necked dresses, christened Lady Madonna, abound, one of them with sheer leg-of-mutton sleeves that turn very snug toward the wrists. There are all sorts of Victorian dresses in all sorts of fabrics, with ruffles ascending from the high necks and ruffles descending from the small, prim yokes, or you can go exotic with Araby—orange-and-purple patterned chiffon with big sleeves caught in at the wrists. These are only examples of a multitude at from $100 to $220. There can be a sort of wild simplicity here, too. Witness the fondness for printed wool crêpe in many guises, or for the strips of red imitation leather, all interwoven, that make a long tunic with red wool gabardine sleeves and accompanying pants.

And that is all for now from *your* witness. —LOIS LONG

ABOUT THE HOUSE

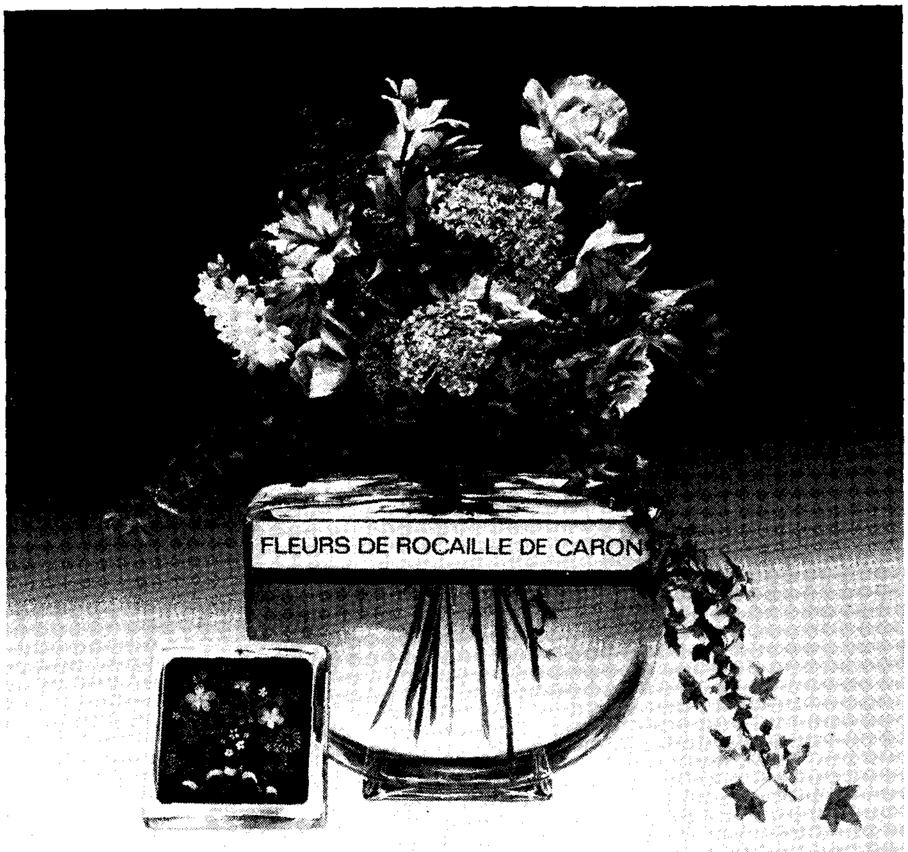
Craft Ebbing

THE word "crafts" conjures up images of useful things: furniture, ceramic plates and bowls, silver utensils, woven coverings for floors and beds. A crafts exhibition entitled "Objects: U.S.A." is now at the Smithsonian National Collection of Fine Arts in Washington, D.C., and it is remarkable for, among other things, the fact that most of the three hundred and eight objects on display are utterly useless. One entitled "Harry," for a typical example, is a realistic ceramic likeness of a lavender sneaker; "Sink," by Robert Arneson, also ceramic, is a small, mean-looking sink, such as you see in gas-station bathrooms, with a piece of dirty green soap, a waste pipe mended with a strip of black tape, and a brown cartoon caption painted on the inside of



Winter white pure wool double knit with navy and red, misses' sizes, about $110.

Featured at:
B. Altman & Co.,
Marshall Field,
J. L. Hudson Co.,
Montaldo's-Doop's
and other fine
stores everywhere.



We opened a bottle so you will know what to expect.

And you can expect the same enchanted Rock Garden in our purse spray, eau de toilette, cologne and powder mist. From $5.00

The Talbots

Initially yours. Our monogram skimmer of Dacron and wool double knit is banded and piped at the neckline in contrasting colors and fits like a dream. Bright navy with red neckline and red monogram or jade green with bright navy neckline and bright navy monogram. Sizes 8-18. $33.00. Three letter monogram $4.00. Add 50¢ for postage.

Send for free catalog.
THE TALBOTS • DEPT. DH, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Branches: Duxbury, Lenox, Mass., Mt. Carmel, Conn.

Tune in the shoulder bag scene with our squashy grained-vinyl pouch that sports its very own 6-transistor radio complete with batteries. Brown, tan, red, navy or black, 10 x 6 x 4 inches, $15. From our Handbag Collections. Glad to fill mail and phone orders.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

the sink that reads "Hard to Get Out Stain." The objects in the exhibition belong to the Johnson Wax Company, which commissioned Lee Nordness, a New York art dealer, to acquire them. The collection will be shown in other cities after it closes in Washington, on November 16th, and it is hoped that it will reach New York next year or the year after that, but so far no gallery space has been found. This is the least boring crafts show I have ever been to, and I felt something almost like national pride as I walked through the exhibition halls and marvelled at the beautiful and interesting and insane things my countrymen are doing with wood, clay, fibre, enamel, glass, mosaic, and plastic. Most of the objects were made within the last two or three years, by craftsmen from all parts of the country, and they reflect a new spirit. The heavy Luddite atmosphere that used to hang over the crafts movement has lifted; craftsmen have finally rendered unto the machine the things that are the machine's, and are off making things that no one has ever thought of making before, or are giving familiar objects unexpected twists and guises—impelled, it seems, by the pure pleasure of making. Art influences are apparent—Art Nouveau, Dada, Pop, Surrealism, Abstract Expressionism, Victorian art, folk art—and, indeed, an art-school aura pervades the exhibition, but it's a different kind of art school from any we've known in the past, less earnest and arty, more easy and tolerant of idiosyncrasy.

"Flora's Pillow," by Susan Long, is a lovely, ladylike Dada object—a plump gray silk pillow, nine by eleven and a quarter inches, with a thick flounce of old lace at one end and, sewn on an inset square in the middle, a print (taken from a pack of Old Mill cigarettes) of a well-padded lady named Flora Zabelle, who is wearing a plumed hat; below the print the words "Even the prettiest shoe makes a sorry hat," in a child's crooked, irregular lettering, are stitched in thin pale-orange thread. "Pot with Flowers," by Robert Arneson, is an ugly but pleasant conceit—a glazed-earthenware flowerpot from which a knobby, protuberant mass arises, stuck all over with hundreds of gloriously vulgar decals of flowers. It works. An arrangement with the fine, ironic title "Shrine to Gracefulness," by Richard E. de Vore, shows two gray-rimmed earthenware plates, thirteen inches in diameter, attached to a platform—one is sitting face up, the other is standing on edge—and decorated with ornate flowers in thick re-

Only a Great Hotel Could Give You These Great Extra Services

Two blocks from the White House is the deluxe Sheraton-Carlton, one of America's finest hotels. A favorite of dignitaries, the hotel's new services make it more popular with discriminating visitors. These include: Terry Cloth robes in all rooms and French Service in the Carlton Room, Butler Service on 24 hour notice, Washington Post sent to all rooms. Singles $20 to $28.00. Doubles $25 to $34.00. Two room suites from $55.00. Family Plan. For Insured Reservations call:

New York 244-0700
Chicago 787-4585
Los Angeles 382-8408
San Francisco 392-8600
or any Sheraton hotel

Sheraton-Carlton Hotel
923-16TH STREET, N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C.
SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS.
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

Greek Old Lady's Shawl
Handmade wool triangle deeply fringed. White or black. Also in wild non old-lady colors with contrasting border. Purple, pink, green. $39.50 ppd.

Only at:
Greek Island 215 East 49 Street
New York 10017 EL 5-7547

You can learn to write in the Italic hand if you have an Osmiroid pen, an Italic nib and our free introductory manual.

OSMIROID
Italic

Only $3.00 at art material, stationery and pen shops as well as college book stores. Your check or money order can also be mailed to Pentalic Corp., 132 West 22nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10011. Add 50 cents to cover handling. State whether right or left handed. . . . Nothing is more satisfying than learning to produce the beautiful thicks and thins that characterize the italic hand and it's easy to learn as the pen, held at the proper angle, does most of the work for you. So be a penman, own an Osmiroid.

lief, like confectionary flowers on a cake; it makes one think of funerals and the illustrations in Emily Post's "Etiquette."

"Figure with Bananas," by Jack Earl, is a covered jar of white porcelain, very smooth and dainty, in the shape of a bunch of bananas tied with a bow and strewn with tiny delicate flowers (this is all in relief); at the uttermost extremity of one of the bananas, like the figurehead on the prow of a ship, sits a small, dejected nude girl. "Things Ain't What They Used to Be," by Michael Frimkess, is a tall (thirty-seven and three-quarters inches) covered jar that looks like a Chinese antique from a distance and causes most people to start visibly on coming up close to it. The polychrome pictures that crowd the surface of the piece are not Chinese art but comic strips depicting classroom scenes from the Department of Ceramics at Columbia University Teachers College, with garishly drawn characters who say crude and senseless (at least to people not in the Department of Ceramics) things in their balloons ("I might not be poor, but I'm a better artist 'n he'll ever be," "Mom'll be proud," "I was just going to re-weld my sculpture and take it to America House"), giving the piece a wonderful lunatic air. The colors are lovely muted greens and blues and oranges, such as appear on Oriental pottery, and at the base and neck of the jar there are stylized scroll decorations and small flower decals. The contrast between the beauty of the piece at a distance and its hideousness close up is very fine.

"Opera Coat," by Marilyn R. Pappas, consists of a coat—a real one, of black satin, with a ratty brown fur collar and trim down the front—sewn to a framed piece of canvas and spread open to reveal a gorgeous lining, a patchwork of almost blindingly vivid colored materials and threads and tassels and fringes. The arms of the coat are akimbo, and the garment looks as if it were about to receive a wearer. There is a very effective sense here of something revealed. "Game on Black Field," by James Melchert, is a large, mysterious construction—a six-foot square of plywood painted black and set upon a table, where it holds an assortment of white ceramic objects that the spectator is invited to pick up and shift around. The objects include a bunch of clothes hangers tied with a string, a hand holding a blob of something over a circle that has the word "Heat" printed on it, a cone, several mugs (some of them cut in half) affixed to a

SAUZA IS THE LARGEST-SELLING TEQUILA IN MEXICO
—and in the world.

GENUINE
Tequila Sauza
IMPORTED FROM MEXICO
86 PROOF 4/5 QUART
Tequila Sauza
AGUARDIENTE DE AGAVE
TEQUILA
PRODUCT OF MEXICO
THE BOTTLED ROMANCE OF MEXICO
TEQUILA SAUZA
IMPORTED BY BOTTLED BY
MUNSON G. SHAW CO. NEW YORK N.Y.

When in Mexico visit the Tequila Sauza plant in Guadalajara.

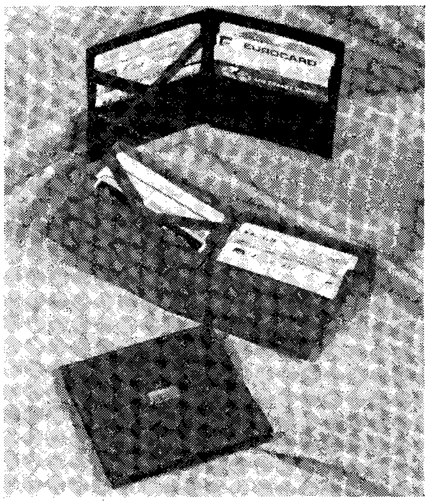
Now available in the U.S.A.
At last you can get the Tequila that Mexicans prefer. They choose Tequila Sauza more often than they do any other Tequila made — and their Government affirms their choice by giving Sauza its official guarantee seal!

TEQUILA SAUZA 86 PROOF. SOLE DIST. U.S.A. MUNSON SHAW CO. N.Y.

At fine stores everywhere.

Keepsake boxes of solid walnut, 4⅝" long.
Pre-Inca design with cork liner on the inside and bottom outside.
Golden or silvery finish lid, $10.

Napier
530 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036



CREDIT MANAGER! Only $9.98*

U.S. Don Lester Design Patent Approved. Thin, thin, thin! Patented double jointed construction. Holds 16 credit cards (8 showing). Unique alternating safety tapes for your protection. Absolutely great gift for credit addicts male or female! Size closed—3¾" x 3¾". Pin grained Leather in Red & Black. Fine Calf Hide-Tan only. Send for color catalogue.

*Add 95¢ postage outside delivery area. Add 6% N.Y. State Tax on deliveries in NYC. Add N.Y. State Tax where applicable in your area.

LESTER BAGS, INC.

669 Madison Ave. at 61st Street
New York, N.Y. 10021 • Phone: TE 8-5653

THE COLOR-FILLED WORLD OF

Donald Davies

BEGINS IN DUBLIN . . .

where the wispiest of woolens is exquisitely woven, richly dyed, perfectly coutured into classics for women to discover in boutiques in Paris and London and the finest stores in the U.S.A.

DONALD DAVIES, 417 Fifth Ave, NYC 10016

slab, and sections of cone with idiotic messages printed on them, such as

There is no question about it. It is impossible. It may be possible, but it's difficult. It can easily be done. There is no question about it.

Or

The ship is listing.

A fabric collage entitled "Like Father, Like Son," by Alma W. Lesch, is an affectionate portrait of an old-fashioned farmer and his small son, all done with work clothes sewn to a fabric background in a formal portrait arrangement, as if someone were in them; the father is a light-blue denim shirt and a pair of overalls (to the waist) with a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles in an old, worn leather case appended to them, and the boy is a denim jacket with a worn copy of "The New Third McGuffey's Reader" in the pocket. The subjects of the portrait occupy a white circle set in a square, and the corners are filled with the four diagonal halves of two blue-and-white cotton bandanna handkerchiefs. The picture has a lovely, nostalgic blueness, and makes one think of some of Wyeth's paintings.

Two objects that didn't seem to me to have much point were "A Woman," a big mess of fired brown earthenware that looks like a pile of volcanic rock, and "The Book," a kind of uneven, Sumerian-looking expanse of marble mosaic, but they may strike deep responsive chords in someone else. (I am aware that some of the things I have admiringly described will sound perfectly awful to readers who don't share my enthusiasm for heavy-handed humor.)

There are some commendable functional pieces in the exhibition. Jere Osgood's chest of drawers of fiddleback mahogany (fifty-nine and three-quarters inches high, thirty-three inches wide, and seventeen and a quarter inches deep) has a graceful, stark verticality reminiscent of the work done by the late-nineteenth-century English designers Voysey and Mackintosh; it sits on tall legs, the front bulges slightly, and the five drawers open by means of rectangular excisions at either end of the drawer, into which one thrusts the hands to pull. These notches form a pleasing pattern down the front of the chest, which is finished to a rich, warm golden brown. This is a very individual piece, unlike any modern furniture being made today, and perhaps a presage of what is to come. Harry Nohr's bowl of maple burl, thirteen and a half inches in diameter, is graceful and unwooden-

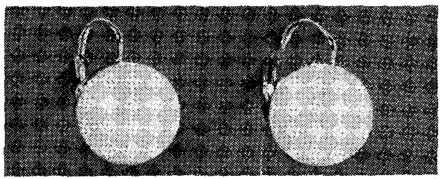
LATTICE URN, in lead, with metal liner. 18½" high—14" diameter top—9" diameter base. Pair $320.00 F.O.B. N.Y.C.

CHERUBS HOLDING SHELL OF ABUNDANCE Fountain complete with recirculating pump. In lead, 41" high—15" diameter shell. Pompeian green or other finish. $425.00 F.O.B. N.Y.C.

Send 25¢—stamps—coin for 40 page catalogue illustrating many fountains and garden ornaments.

The FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN Inc.

650-654 FIRST AVE. (37th St.) NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016
Phone LExington 2-3926



Pearls of Mallorca

. . . genuine cultured pearls from that enchanted Isle off the coast of Spain. These are earrings mounted on 14 K gold. Pearls are about the size of a small pea. These are available in regular earrings, or for pierced ears. Comes boxed. $5.00 the pair including postage.

Add 50¢ if sent as a gift.

Edith Chapman ROUTE 303 • DEPT. 24
ROCKLAND COUNTY, BLAUVELT, N.Y. 10913

Art Collectors...

Record your growing art collection in a new expanding ART RECORD BOOK.

Order this elegant, handsomely bound 8" x 6" volume to document your personal art collection. Contains information spaces for 20 full page or 40 half page art records in transparent envelopes. (Private information can be listed for insurance, etc. on concealed back side of each record.) Extra filler sheets are included for expansion. *Send name, address and Zip Code with $10.00, covers your book, handling and Postage. Additional gift book orders will be mailed direct with your card.*

HEMINGWAY GALLERIES
201 Lafayette St. • Jamestown, N.Y. 14701
243 East 60th St. • New York, N.Y. 10022

FUR SEAL

SO MUCH RARER THAN MINK.

Wintry elegance with the brilliance of splintered ice. Here, a spectacular exercise in counterpoint play by Catherine Guilbert. The silvery sheen of two-tone Lakoda® sheared Alaska Fur Seal in a liquid flow of soft lines and fluid curves.
THE FOUKE COMPANY

THE FOUKE SEALMARK OF FASHION

JEAN SHRIMPTON PHOTOGRAPHED BY BERT STERN

The Beefeater Hour.

That magic hour when you relax with your wife or friends.

Indulge in good talk, or good food.

Or tie a business relationship a bit closer.

The identifiable excellence of Beefeater Gin was made for such moments.

Beefeater® Gin, the imported one.

From England by Kobrand, N.Y. • 94 Proof • 100% Grain Neutral Spirits

looking; its light-tan surface has an opalescence like ivory, and the small brown whorls of grain give it an interesting mottled texture such as that achieved by potters with glazes. A glazed-porcelain plate eighteen and a quarter inches in diameter, by Ann Stockton, has a handsome Action painting on its surface, done with bold, sure, free strokes in brown, magenta, blue, and olive green. A wall hanging by Sister Mary Remy Revor, entitled "Persian Theme," is a batik print on organza, with lovely muted blues, purples, grays, and yellows in its subtle, delicate Persian design. Anni Albers' silk-and-cotton wall hanging is crisp and concise—an authoritative arrangement of orange, black, and white stripes and rectangles that overlap to produce grays and muddied oranges. It's a distinguished work of pure design.

In the essay Lee Nordness has written for the catalogue, he says that the distinction between crafts and the fine arts is no longer clear ("When one puts a contemporary painting beside a contemporary object in glass, the painting may well be deemed the 'decorative' object and the work in glass the 'fine' one"), and deplores the lack of recognition of craftsmen, especially in New York, "the world's art center, where the all too few craft media exhibitions are usually covered by articles on the women's pages." There is a tendency today—Mr. Nordness reflects it here—to inflate everything beyond its limits, to make modest achievements seem like earthshaking ones, to call things art that have nothing to do with it, and I would be sorry to see the crafts movement caught up in this destructive trend. A show like "Objects: U.S.A." is wonderful for what it is—a survey of what Americans are doing in the various craft mediums. It would not be wonderful if it were presented as anything more than that. —J. M.

•

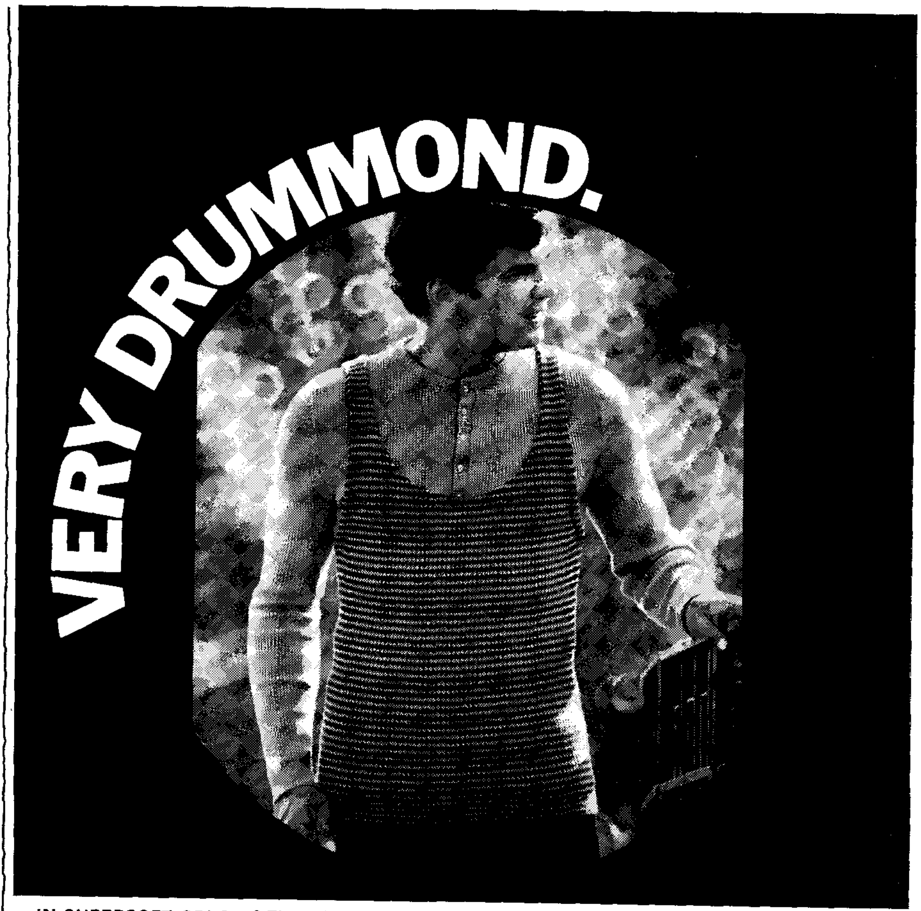
> Los Angeles—(AP)—A national goal of eliminating 1970s was proposed Tuesday by the U.S. commissioner of illiteracy by the end of the education, James E. Allen Jr. —*Detroit Free Press.*

Just what we've needed—another national goal.

•

> Gov. Ronald Reagan signed a bill Friday establishing two grounds for divorce: Incurable sanity and irreconcilable differences.—*Buffalo Evening News.*

We don't think much of the second one.


VERY DRUMMOND.

IN SUPERSOFT ORLON.® The skinny rib look in a body hugging combo that's all new. All male. The long-sleeved Wallace Beery collared sweater, about $14. The scoop-necked tank top in coordinated stripings, about $9. All Orlon* acrylic. At finer stores; or write: Drummond, Empire State Bldg., New York, N.Y. 10001.

DRUMMOND
Product of Benmar Knitwear Corp.

® DUPONT REG. T. M.

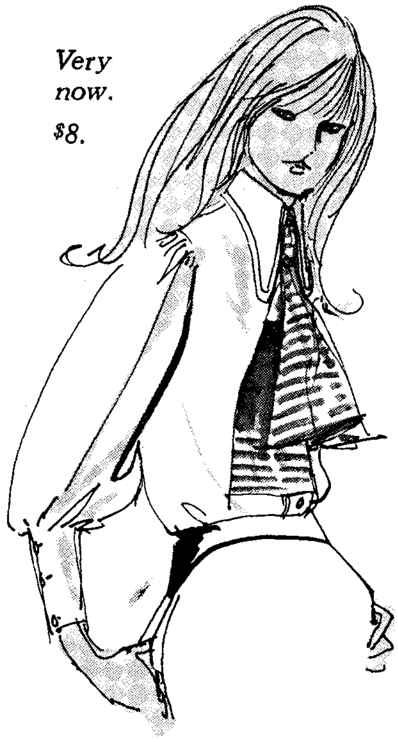
As dry as a good martini.

Franklin® Dry Toasted Peanuts are strictly for adults.
Selected with fanatical care. Coated with exotic flavorings. Not just roasted —but *triple-toasted*—till they're crisp and crackling.

Nuttier, too. No excess oil to mess up your fingers—or your digestion!
The next time you have a party for adults serve **Franklin—the adult peanut.**

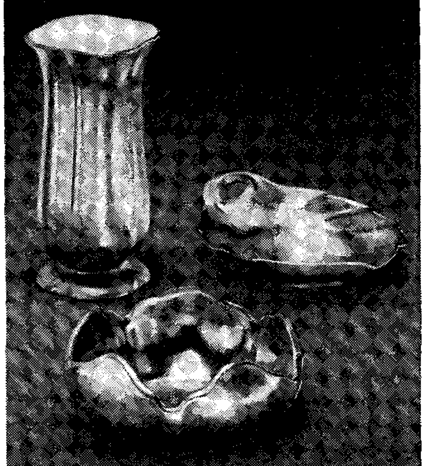
NEW! IMPROVED!
Franklin
DRY TOASTED
PEANUTS
WITH JACKETS

Available with or without jackets.



Very
now.
$8.

Ship'n Shore®



Pickard
Gold China

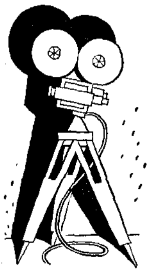
Intricate floral motifs etched in china, then encrusted with two layers of gold.
Fluted vase, 6" tall, $15.00
Lotus bowl, 5" diameter, $17.50
Maple leaf dish, 6" long, $12.50

From the Gold China collection by
Pickard
FINE CHINA
PICKARD, INC., DEPT. 30 NY, ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS
WRITE FOR NAME OF NEAREST DEALER

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Somebody Else's Success

"PAINT YOUR WAGON" is not the sort of movie that people who read movie criticism are likely to go to, but it's one of the three or four most expensive musical films ever made, and I don't think it should just be ignored. It's probably one of the last of its breed—the super-gigantic blockbuster musicals, such as "Camelot" (fifteen million), "Sweet Charity" (eight million), "Star!" (fourteen million), and "Doctor Dolittle" (eighteen million), that have finally broken the back of the American movie industry. There is almost no way—short of a miracle—that it can recover its costs, and although there are several other movies of this kind waiting to be released or to be completed, and at least one of them is even *more* expensive, it is highly unlikely that any new ones will be scheduled for production in the years to come, or, perhaps, ever.



The movie companies have gone on bringing out these Edsels; this one cost twenty million, give or take a few, and the company makes a valiant attempt to turn its release into an event. Everybody goes through the motions, and just about everybody expects the picture to come down the ramp and sink. It won't be the critics' fault, though they'll get blamed, and there will be more of those high-level everybody-commiserating-with-everybody-else discussions about how you just can't tell what people want anymore. The director, Joshua Logan, did no better or worse than he usually does—he must have been hired for what he can do, and this is it. The stars—Lee Marvin, Jean Seberg, and Clint Eastwood—have never pretended to be musical-comedy stars, and they must have been hired for what *they* can do: Marvin to overact and cavort energetically, Jean Seberg to be lovely, Eastwood to be sensitive in that deadpan way that is supposed to have mysterious power at the box office. The financial failure won't be the fault of Frederick Loewe, some of whose music is very pleasant, or even of André Previn, whose additional music isn't. Nor can it be blamed on Paddy Chayefsky, even though he did the adaptation in short scenes that never give one a chance to get involved with the characters; he did what he can do. (Remember when Eddie Fisher wanted Chayefsky brought in to work on the script of "Cleopatra"? The bad jokes of yesterday come home to roost. But not to crow.) And, maybe, though we're getting warmer, it won't really even be the fault of Alan Jay Lerner, who produced the movie and did the screenplay and lyrics. In a certain sense, they're all responsible, but what they've all done is part of a rotting system in which mediocrity and skyrocketing costs work together to turn out films that would have a hard time making money even if they were good. If the pictures were good and lost money, there would be some glory in it, but it's financially disastrous and inglorious, too, to make these big movies in which the themes are modernized and the elements jiggled around until finally nothing fits together right and even the good bits of the original show you started with are shot to hell. "Paint Your Wagon" plays it so safe that it has been directed by a man whose qualification is having directed "Camelot," which was also a failure, but *in the same financial class*. Here he is, making another big musical with stars who can neither sing nor dance; their qualification is that two of them appeared a year earlier on the lists of top box-office stars. The major studios are collapsing, but they're not being toppled over by competitors; they're so enervated that they're sinking of their budgetary weight.

The studios looked at the profits on a few big musicals and thought big musicals were a safe investment and tied up enormous sums of money in them—so much of a studio's total investment that two or three flops can actually mean that the studio changes hands. But to be successful a musical must give you a joyous feeling—a sense that it's good to be alive, a communion in the simple pleasures and the common emotions. Maybe those who made "The Sound of Music" got by with it because of their shamelessness. It was such a cornball enterprise that they threw in everything: the opening mountaintop exaltation out of Leni Riefenstahl, the draperies cut up for clothing out of "Gone with the Wind"—what did it matter? Ever since, the industry has been trying to calculate what made that picture a hit, trying to repeat the success. But the moviemakers are full of shame, and the pictures sicken from it. The musical is a stylized form for releasing and celebrating emotions through song and dance. When Fred Astaire sang a bit of verse to Ginger and then reached out his hand and whirled her into the dance, that dance and their whole series of dances together were the most exquisite courtship rites the screen has ever known. Astaire's happiness was contagious; it's obvious that it takes a performer who wants to give us something to make us happy that way. When Harve Presnell suddenly turns up in "Paint Your Wagon" and sings "They Call the Wind Maria," the movie comes to life for a minute, because he belongs here; he can *sing*, and he stands and breathes like a singer, with some pride in what he's doing. How can we watch Clint Eastwood in a musical? When he walks around in the great outdoors of a gigantic movie and sings "I Talk to the Trees," in his toneless, light little voice, he hardly seems to be in the movie. He's controlled in such an uninteresting way; it's not an actor's control, which enables one to release something—it's the kind of control that keeps one from releasing anything. We could stand the deadpan reserve of Nelson Eddy's non-acting because he gave of himself when he sang, but Eastwood doesn't give of himself *ever*, and a musical with a withdrawn hero is almost a contradiction in terms. His singing isn't bad in a rhythm number like "Gold Fever," but as the amiably nameless Pardner of No Name City he's only slightly more animated than as the Man with No Name of the Italian Westerns, and now he lacks even his wooden menace. We wait for him to shoot somebody, because that's all he can do, and he doesn't do it. He's a nowhere man, woodenly proper. Jean Seberg has become a pale, lovely, dimpled movie queen—a synthesis of Bibi Andersson and Stella Stevens, and with that worn, somewhat used look, like Ava Gardner's, which makes her more humanly beautiful than in her French films. But she's just barely alive in a musical: she can't sing or dance; she can hardly *move*. Her eyes are as coolly blank toward Eastwood as toward everyone else; why should we care if these two get together? They are so devoid of romance or passion they're like the unpeople at the end of "1984." And so Lee Marvin comes on comical, as if he were something left over from "Cat Ballou," and he works at it, doing double takes and backfalls and W. C. Fields imitations—because somebody has to give this show some charge—and he works so frenetically that it kills some of the quieter things he does rather well, such as his handling of

82 PROOF. ANOTHER FINE BRAND IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC., N. Y., N. Y.

SPECIALTY OF
Italy
IMPORTED FROM CANADA
GEORGE M. TIEDY'S
CANADIAN LIQUEUR
A Liqueur Of
France

Now Canada comes between Italy and France

George M. Tiedy's,*
The Liqueur made with smooth
Canadian whisky.

It's a new kind of cordial. Delightfully different . . . a subtle blending of an old French liqueur recipe and smooth Canadian whisky. The best of both worlds.

Try George M. Tiedy's, Canada's answer to Italy, France, and all the traditional liqueur countries. The liqueur made with smooth Canadian whisky.

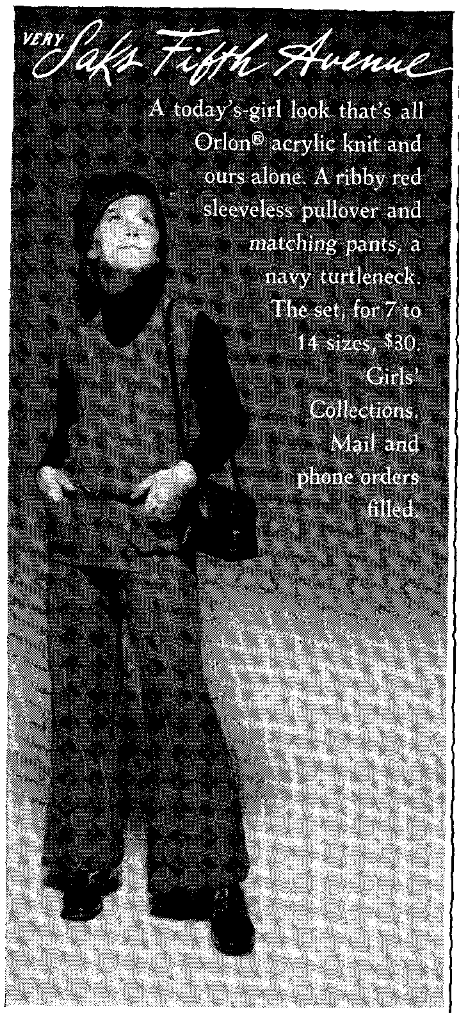
*Pronounced Ty-dee's

Bachrach
First family of
Photographers

A sitting
in black and
white, plus
six glossies
costs only
$49.50.
Direct color
from $150.00

Leslie H. Warner, President
General Telephone & Electronics Corp.

Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022 Tel. 755-6233
Atlanta • Baltimore • Boston • Chicago • Hartford • Philadelphia • Short Hills, N.J. • Washington



VERY Saks Fifth Avenue
A today's-girl look that's all Orlon® acrylic knit and ours alone. A ribby red sleeveless pullover and matching pants, a navy turtleneck. The set, for 7 to 14 sizes, $30. Girls' Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

from Norway...

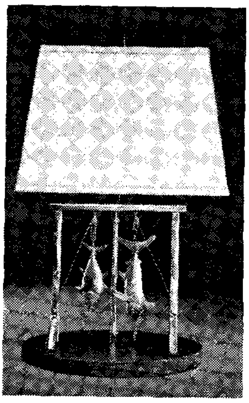
SNAKE
GROOVE
JESTER

the big, bold ring
Just three from a group of dramatic designs, superbly crafted in Norwegian sterling. All are adjustable.
JESTER and SNAKE $12.50. GROOVE $15.
On mail and phone orders add correct sales tax plus 75¢ for mailing.
NORSK Dept. N7
114 East 57th Street, New York 10022 • PL 2-3111
Send $1 for 96 page catalog on Silver, Jewelry, Crystal, Porcelain, Pewter, Rugs.

"Wand'rin' Star." There's a stock bit involving a farmer boy's triple initiation into liquor, smoking, and sex that has a nice, warm, corny feeling; Logan is good at this kind of humor, as he demonstrated in "Bus Stop." But the movie is a road show and it's meant to be *sustained* rousing, lusty Americana of the "Oklahoma!" and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" variety, so at intervals it simulates epic joy by throwing in a men's choir and turning up the sound. You come out smashed from the noise of it.

One of the reasons each blockbuster musical is such a gamble is that we need to build up familiarity with a voice and have our expectations satisfied from movie to movie, as we did with Astaire's dances. The dubbed voices (like Jean Seberg's) and the nondescript voices, like Eastwood's, don't carry over; the producers have spent twenty million dollars, and they haven't even developed a singing star for *another* picture. Their methods are practically suicidal; they make each picture as if it were the last. And therefore, because of the way they work and the financial pressures, the company needs a general, not an artist, and it wants a man with a broad "popular" approach. So it settles for a compromise figure. Logan tries hard, but there's no beauty of feeling when he does "pictorial" scenes, such as the miners coming from miles around to stare at a woman. A fortune has been spent constructing a gold-mining camp, yet the contrast between that transient, womanless life and what the heroine wants is fumbled, and so the big theme is lost and only the big scale remains. Logan doesn't aim for coarse effects, but his handling is coarse, and so there are crude, stupid scenes, such as Lee Marvin tearing open Jean Seberg's blouse just after she's been shown suckling an infant. Logan is looking for laughs, and so he caricatures people—like the farming family—at the expense of the remnants of the theme. A picture like this involves one emotionally in the moviemaking process, because one can see why they're doing just about every damn thing they're doing. They don't use the original plot because the thin little story about a young girl and a Mexican boy didn't sound very "in," so it becomes a *ménage à trois* instead—a "now" plot. Because they're afraid that the movie might be considered an operetta, they cast cool non-singers, like Eastwood and Seberg. Because they want to sound hip, the lyrics use rhymes like "Californy" and "horny." One can't help feeling sympathetic to all the effort and anxiety, but all the problems

Salad Watcher's Salad Set
Just off the boat from Italy. Clear, amber smoke, or green smoke plexiglass salad set. Serving bowl, six individuals and two servers. Also makes a great fruit bowl or complete set for two-fisted martini drinkers. Serving bowl 11½"d 4½"h. Individuals 6"d 2½"h.
THE SHOP OF JOHN SIMMONS
MEMPHIS • GATLINBURG
JACKSON, MISS • JACKSON, TENN.
LITTLE ROCK • NASHVILLE • SAVANNAH
HOUSTON • WINSTON SALEM • ATLANTA
$12.50 the set plus $1 postage. Mail orders to 416 Grove Park, Memphis, 38117.



An exciting gift for the sportsman is this Marlin and Tuna lamp. An original sculpture, hand cast in gleaming brass. Beautifully detailed and to scale. Each is signed, limited edition. Other models include Swordfish, Skindiver and Canada Geese. As shown, $250 at Abercrombie & Fitch, N.Y. and Hoagland's Greenwich, Conn. Free brochure.
SPORTLAMPS
Box 147
Old Greenwich, Conn.

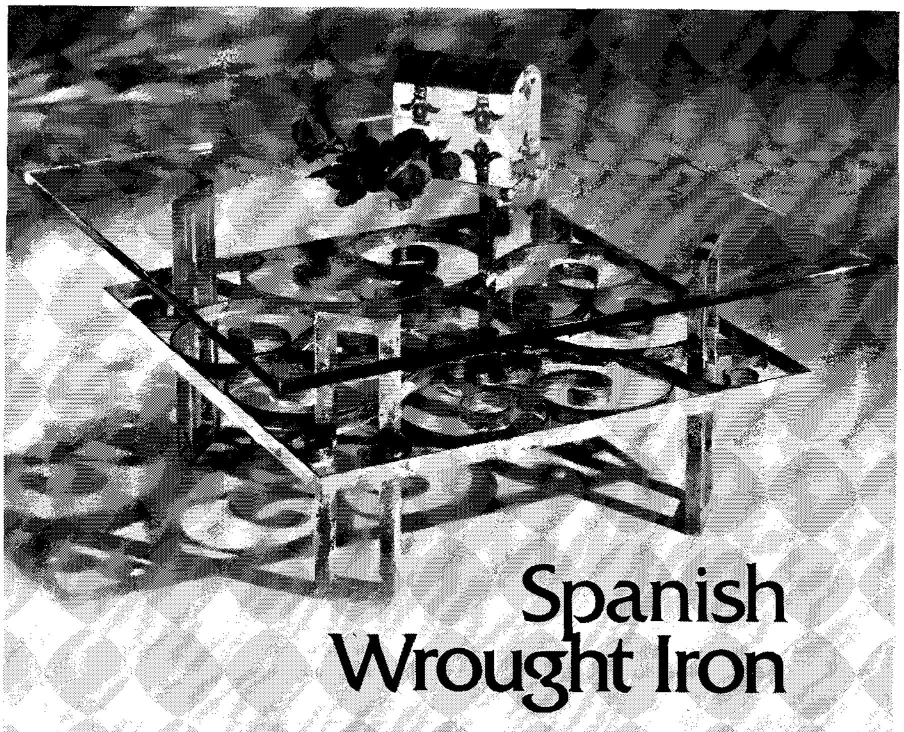
Steaks renowned 'round the world ... the choice of discerning gourmets
Bruno's Pen and Pencil Restaurant
205 East 45th Street • MU 2-8660

John C. Bruno

they're trying to solve are *business* problems. Broadway composers forage around for some old movie that can be made into a musical, and that's essentially what Lerner and Loewe are trying to do, too; though they reverse the procedure, and though "Paint Your Wagon" is their own old property, they're trying to revamp it into a new commodity.

So many people in the movie business, as on Broadway, are trying to pump new revenue out of a few old songs or jokes or a piece of an old plot. But if a show can't be done the way it was written in the first place—if it has to be brought up to date—isn't that because it wasn't really very good in the first place? Wouldn't it be better to start fresh? And not just for the public but for the "artists"? If they have so few ideas that they've got to hoard the old ones and try to mold them into new shapes, are they still artists, or are they now just tired businessmen trying to get additional capital out of old investments of talent and effort? In the climax of "Paint Your Wagon," No Name City collapses because the heroes have tunnelled under it to catch the gold dust that falls between the floorboards of the saloons. The studios are collapsing the same way on the Hollywood moviemakers who have been scrounging around for old gold dust. They take their old work off the shelf and try to get it rewritten to make it "youth-oriented;" they come out with a leering family picture that won't appeal to youth, and—what's worse—it doesn't honestly represent anybody anymore. Nobody believes in it; everybody just hopes that the beads on Lee Marvin will have magic, or that John Truscott's gold-rush hippie costumes will sweep the nation and save everything. At the high-level conferences, they'll say, "If only we hadn't had all that production trouble, if it hadn't rained, if only we'd finished sooner, when the hippie movement was still big . . ." They'll explain the bind they're in by saying, "We got it out too late." They'll be wrong, because they couldn't have made it with this picture last year or the year before or five years ago. There was never a right time for a picture that shifts around trying to find the secret of somebody else's success, yet that's the only kind of big picture the businessmen who now control the major studios really believe in.

"LIONS LOVE" also features a sexless, passionless *ménage à trois*, and it would be beautifully symmetrical and ever so convenient if this first American



Spanish Wrought Iron

LaBarge
Zeeland, Michigan 49464

So elegant a creation we've put it under glass for you. Handcrafted by Spanish artisans, finished with antique gold leaf, topped off with imported crystal glass 38" square and a full ¾" thick. Ask to see No. 4322 at your LaBarge dealer's. Don't know him? Write for his name and a copy of our table brochure.

"the ultimate choice of the discerning"

Opening Wednesday October 29 through November 22

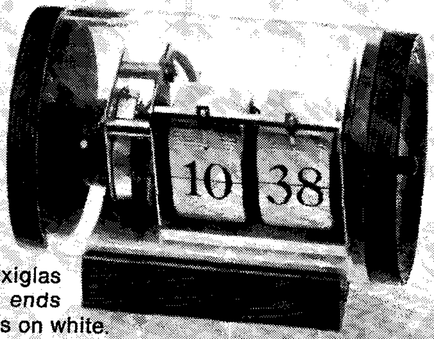
The American Scene

A Survey of the Life and Landscape of the 19th Century

Hirschl & Adler Galleries inc. 21 East 67 Street New York
(212) 535-8810 Tuesdays through Fridays 9:30 to 5:30 Saturdays 9:30 to 5:00

A fully illustrated catalogue, 80 pages, 26 color plates—$3.50 post paid. Proceeds from the catalogue will be given to the Lenox Hill Hospital, New York City.

Up-to-the-minute



The very latest in design, this sleek, new digital clock keeps the exact hour and minute always hopping in plain sight. Electric movement in clear Plexiglas cylinder with oiled rosewood ends and base; black Arabic numerals on white. Yours for $55. All of the better stores have it.

Howard Miller Clock Company, Zeeland, Michigan 49464

feature by Agnès Varda, which cost less than a quarter of a million dollars, were an example of what can be done in movies. Visually, it's very pretty—much prettier than "Paint Your Wagon." Steve Larner's lyric color cinematography gives Los Angeles a sunny Mediterranean enchantment, and Agnès Varda is a marvellous movie technician who knows how to compose shots, how to structure sequences, how to make a movie move. "Lions Love" is a much better-made film than "Paint Your Wagon." But technique, which counts for so much when a picture doesn't have it, counts for very little when it's all a picture has. This movie, in which Viva cuddles in bed with Gerome Ragni and James Rado, the two authors of "Hair," while they watch Robert Kennedy's assassination on television, is both silly and deeply offensive (because of that silliness). "Lions Love" has a graceful surface, but it lacks a sense of the fitness of things—and I don't mean empty proprieties but true sensibility. We really don't want to look at Viva—all done up as a stoned Pre-Raphaelite—as she makes vacuous little remarks about how sorry she feels for the orphaned Kennedy children. In this prankish context of a make-believe movie about moviemaking, with people spouting the usual about how they don't know movies from reality, we may experience some disgust that they *don't* have a sense of reality. The *lumpen* world of star worship that Andy Warhol featured was, in its narcissistic way, self-contained, and this movie is entertaining as a *jeu d'esprit* when the three principals improvise comic phone calls. Viva's deracinated version of ZaSu Pitts is sometimes funny, and Ragni occasionally suggests a Belmondo who has joined the Three Stooges. But their subculture and their little games are too cut off from political events for Miss Varda's vague and ambiguous points about television voyeurism to make sense. When she relates Kennedy's death to the attempt on Warhol's life, and to an awkward and rather cruel sequence involving the mock-suicide of Shirley Clarke, there is appallingly little intelligence at work. The chic superficiality of this view of American life is more offensive than anything in "Paint Your Wagon," which—flailing around in all directions, as it does—is so painfully aware that it has missed out. —PAULINE KAEL

•

LARGE brown envelope with valuable but worthless papers inside . . . reward.
—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Now, about that reward. . . .

Fine, Flameproof and French

PORCELAIN OVENWARE

From the land of Escoffier comes this magnificently versatile collection of Chantoung pattern ovenware by Louis Lourioux. Practical in the oven or on the stove; beautiful on the table. A host of sizes, shapes and patterns. Write for literature and name of your nearest dealer.

Louis Lourioux

225 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10010

Kiss me, it must be Love!
Love links a Celanese® Fortrel®
polyester aqua crepe dress with a
body-chain and coins. Machine-washable,
no-iron! 4-6X, $13. 7-14, $15.

Bergdorf Goodman, New York
Parisian, Birmingham
Sanger-Harris, Dallas
J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles
The Blum Store, Philadelphia
Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.

Joseph Love Inc.
1333 Broadway, N.Y. 10018
® FORTREL IS A TRADEMARK OF FIBER INDUSTRIES INC

JAMAICA

The fun is still unspoiled here. You can actually hear Jamaica's sea-sounds and breezes and birdsongs and lots of soft laughter. (The sounds of traffic, jets and jetsetters are, happily, just out of range.) Service, cuisine, sports facilities are superlative, as you'd expect. Rooms, Suites, Penthouses. All face your ocean a few steps away. Open year round. Completely air conditioned.

SHAW PARK BEACH HOTEL

OCHO RIOS, JAMAICA

For information, see your travel agent or write direct.
Representative: I. Oliver Engebretson, New York TN 7-0720.

BRIGHTEN YOUR SCENE
with an ORIGINAL ART POSTER

THE SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM NEW YORK

LICHTENSTEIN $10.
26¾ x 26¾". Silk screen.
Red, green, black, white.

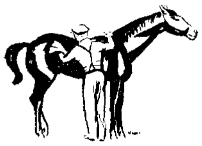
Add 65¢ for shipping, 25¢ for each additional poster. N.Y. residents, add applicable sales tax

POSTER ORIGINALS, LTD.
16 E. 78th St., New York, N.Y. 10021
Color Catalog $1.

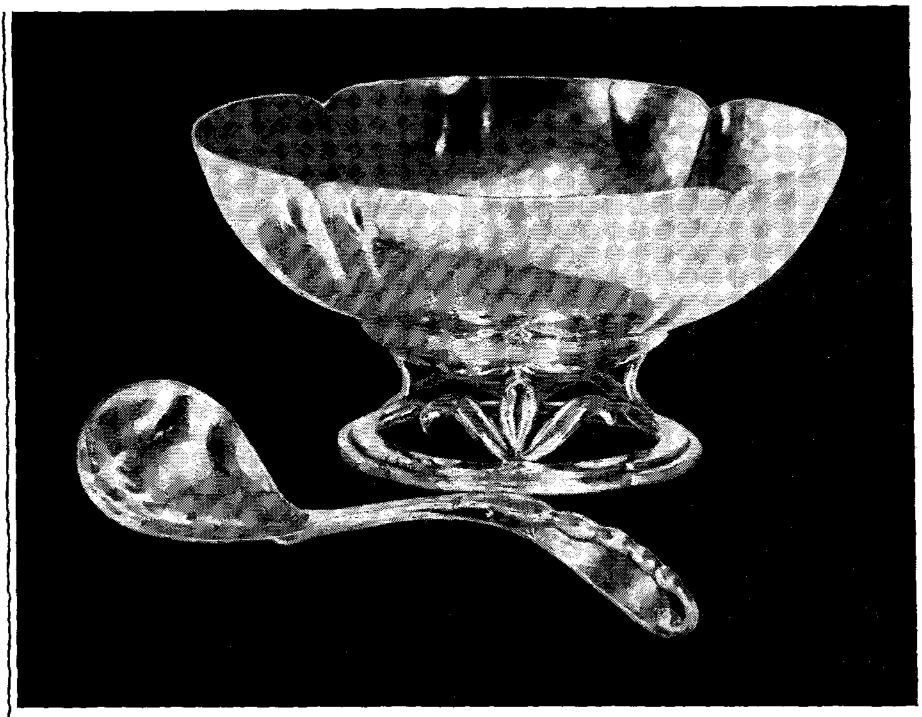
When visiting
San Francisco
discover
CORY
ART GALLERIES
377 GEARY STREET • 360 JEFFERSON STREET

THE RACE TRACK

Grasshopper



IT seems that all this impressionable department has been doing for the past few weeks is acclaiming champions. Well, let's add another to the list—Hawaii, who won the Man o' War Stakes at Belmont Park last Saturday. The way he beat North Flight, Fort Marcy, and six others practically assures his being tapped for Best on the Grass at the end of the season. The race isn't hard to describe. Gun Song, from the Crooked Billet Stable, whose racing jacket is green with a white mouse on the back, came out of the starting gate like a blue streak and led by lengths, followed by North Flight, for about three-quarters of the mile and a half. How fast they were going is hard to say, since there are no furlong poles on the turf course to time by, but they had a lot to do with the setting of a new track record of 2:27⅕ for the distance. As the leaders slowed down, Hawaii and Fort Marcy moved up, and as Hawaii went ahead, to win from North Flight by more than two lengths, Fort Marcy seemed to tire, finishing third. The Man o' War had an international touch; Hawaii is from South Africa, Lostalo is from Argentina, and Felicio and Pardallo are from France. I was especially interested in Felicio, who had won the Grand Prix de Saint-Cloud in July. He's a colt of great quality but small dimensions; although he's four, he's the size of most two-year-olds. Pardallo, unbeaten in his four starts last year (one of them was the Ascot Gold Cup), is a big, plain individual, who looks like a jumper. In fact, he was a star over hurdles in France the year before last. In the Man o' War, Felicio finished sixth and Pardallo seventh. It was the sixth victory—and the fifth in a stakes race—for Hawaii this year. In 1965, Charles W. Engelhard, the latest cock of the walk in racing, who buys a top horse wherever he sees one, picked up Hawaii in South Africa, where he became the champion three-year-old. Engelhard shipped him to this country last winter and turned him over to Mack Miller, trainer of his Cragwood Stable here. Miller has done quite a job. By the way, a colt by Northern Dancer whom Engelhard bought in Canada last fall and named Nijinsky may be another Sir Ivor. The

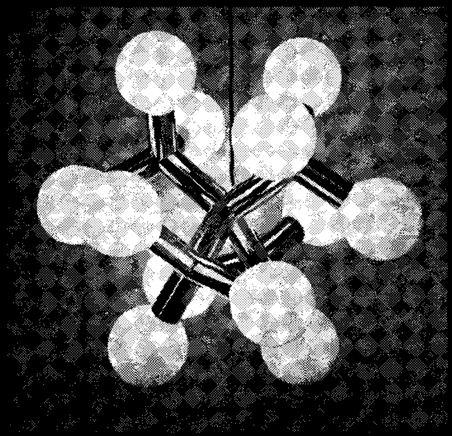


FROM THE
RANDAHL STERLING COLLECTION

Marvelously heavy hand-hammered mayonnaise bowl, 5½" long, 2¾" high, $75. Matching sauce ladle, 5⅝" long, $18.50. Available at these and other fine stores: Georg Jensen, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago; Shreve, Crump & Low, Boston; E. W. Parker, Madison, Wisc.; J. E. Caldwell, Philadelphia; Gump's, San Francisco; Hall's, Kansas City; Bromberg's, Birmingham; Chas. W. Warren, Detroit; B. D. Howes, Los Angeles; J. B. Hudson, Minneapolis; Coleman Adler, New Orleans. Created by the time-honored craftsmen of Randahl Silversmiths, 144 W. Britannia St., Taunton, Mass.

FROM THE WIENERSCHNITZEL MAKERS.

Austria? The land of the Vienna Waltz? Yet, that's where we found this handsome hanger. It's part of our Atomics series. We call this chandelier Atomic 12. (12 globes—get it?) They're 25 watt durolite bulbs actually. (They're free, too.) The main atomic structure is polished chrome. Overall diameter is 24". The price is strictly from America . . . $350.



SEND 25c FOR OUR NEW CATALOG. Mail orders and browsers are cordially invited.

GEORGE KOVACS

Dept. N-117, 831 Madison Ave., 69th St., N. Y. 10021, UN 1-8955, open 10-6, Mon.-Sat.

When brand names compete, products get better.

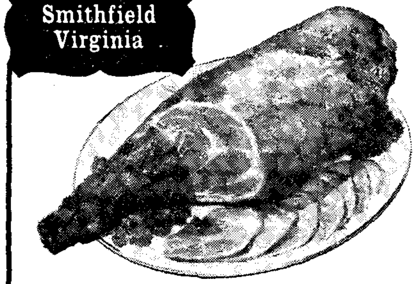
CONFIDENCE BRAND NAMES SATISFACTION Ever notice?

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION INC.

Real Service in Real Estate
New Haven, Conn., and suburban areas.
Industrial ★ Residential ★ Commercial

H. PEARCE COMPANY
393 State Street/North Haven/Conn.
(203) 288-2501

JOYNER'S
Smithfield
Virginia



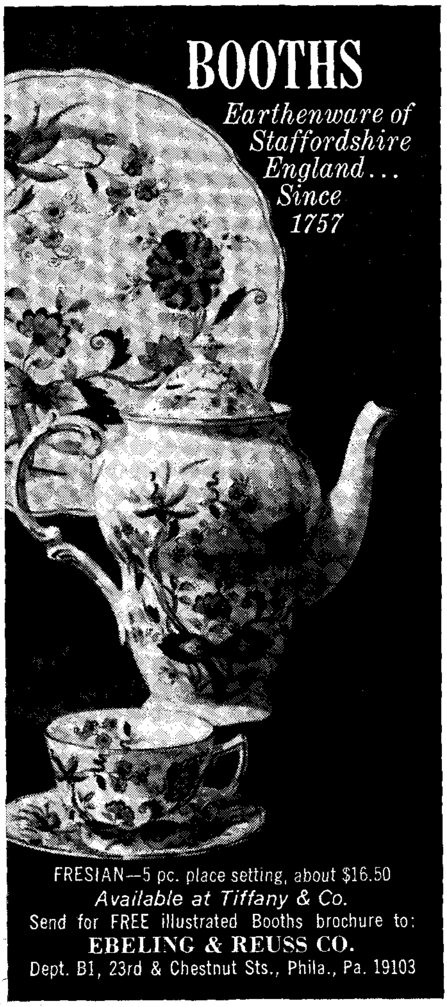
Incomparable

Genuine Joyner's Smithfield Ham has no peer — cured and aged exactly as in colonial days, exclusively in Smithfield, Virginia. Enjoy the unique flavor alone or to enhance other foods.

Joyner's Smithfield Ham
Main Street, Smithfield, Virginia 23430
I am enclosing $......... Please ship to arrive about ....
______JOYNER'S Baked, Glazed Ham(s) (8 to 12 lbs.) ....$2.10 lb.
______JOYNER'S Slab Bacon (9 to 11 lbs.) ....$1.05 lb.

NAME ______________________
ADDRESS ______________________
CITY __________ STATE __________ ZIP __________

VIRGINIA RESIDENTS ADD 4% SALES TAX.
Prices quoted parcel post prepaid within the U.S.



BOOTHS
Earthenware of Staffordshire England... Since 1757

FRESIAN—5 pc. place setting, about $16.50
Available at Tiffany & Co.
Send for FREE illustrated Booths brochure to:
EBELING & REUSS CO.
Dept. B1, 23rd & Chestnut Sts., Phila., Pa. 19103

day before the Man o' War, he won the Dewhurst Stakes, one of England's top events for two-year-olds.

THE Lawrence Realization Stakes, for three-year-olds, at a mile and five furlongs—it's our opposite number to England's St. Leger—was run off at Belmont early last week, and Elmendorf's Oil Power was an easy winner. As you may or may not know, Engelhard, who races in his own name in England, has won the St. Leger three times (with Indiana in 1964, with Ribocco in 1967, and with Ribero in 1968), but never the Realization. So Miller sent out two Cragwood hopefuls, Red Reality and Pollution, to make up for that oversight. Red Reality seemed to have a good chance, too, for he'd won the Long Island Handicap, at a mile and three furlongs, a week before. Almost from the moment the starting gates opened, Oil Power, fresh from his victory in the Hawthorne Derby in Chicago, dominated the race, passing Red Reality when he pleased, and going on to win by four and a half lengths. Indeed, he ran so well that he'll have a go at Arts and Letters in the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Aqueduct this weekend. The Realization was the eighth stakes race this season for Jim Conway, who trains Oil Power. He had hoped to make it nine with Verbatim in the Hawthorne Gold Cup last weekend, but Nodouble won by four, and Vif beat Verbatim by a head for the place.

BELMONT's annual gesture to the hunt-club set went off tickety-boo. The hurdles races were lively, and the Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase was exciting from beginning to end. The horses jumped well, too; twelve started over the three-mile course, and only one fell. Jacko, trained and ridden by Russell B. Jones, Jr., a Wall Street analyst, led to the last fence, where James P. Melton's Uruguayan-bred Somaten took over and went on to beat Lake Delaware in a driving finish and pay a $97.60 mutuel. Raymond Guest's Irish jumper, l'Escargot, was an unlucky third.

HEIGH-HO! Here we are back at the Big A till the snow flies. (Or, anyway, until December 15th.)

—AUDAX MINOR

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in the Winnipeg Tribune*]

BANK OFFICIAL URGES WOMEN TO TAKE AN INTEREST IN MONEY

The Estate of
WILLIAM ZORACH
is exclusively represented by

Fully illustrated catalogue available

BERNARD DANENBERG GALLERIES
1000 Madison Ave. (77-78 St.)
New York, 10021 249-7050

Imported Swiss
MUSICAL KEY CHAIN

Sliding cover is for inserting your favorite photo while revealing the miniature Swiss music works under plexiglass. Foolproof key holder is linked to engraved gold-plated case. Choice of "Lara's Theme" from "Dr. Zhivago"; "More" from "Mondo Cane"; "Edelweiss" or "Strangers in the Night." 1½" x 1$^3/_{16}$". Weighs only 2½ oz.
$12 ppd.

G. SCHIRMER
4 East 49th Street, New York 10017, Dept. 13

RICHARD MEI'S
KING DRAGON
"The House of Quality Food for the Epicurean"
Open Daily for LUNCHEON, COCKTAILS, DINNER and SUPPER
1273 3rd AVE. (at 73rd St.) • YU 8-3433—8-3496

Kitchen carpets have to be practical. Masland made them practically elegant.

The typical kitchen carpet would be a lot more at home in an office building. Or maybe in somebody's garage. Because, frankly, that's what it was made for. Neither rain nor sleet nor chicken soup could penetrate that formidable surface. But alas, the typical kitchen carpet has a face that only a carpet salesman could love.

So Masland created the Un-Typical Kitchen Carpet of DuPont nylon—carpets with enough color and style to stand up to paisley refrigerators and vinyl-covered walls.

Gafore, shown here, is only one of four shags Masland makes of DuPont filament nylon, certified "501". They're all wear-resistant and spot resistant. Spills clean up easily.

All four are as practical as a kitchen carpet should be.

And as elegant as a kitchen carpet can be.

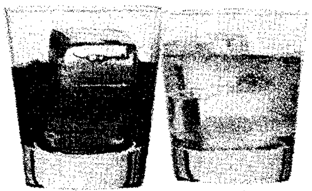
This carpet approved for kitchen use by
The Magic of
Masland Carpets.
C. H. MASLAND & SONS Carlisle, Pa. 17013

Masland creates The Un-Typical Kitchen Carpets. They're practically elegant.

MEET THE VERMOUTH THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH TO DRINK STRAIGHT.

VERMOUTH
M&R
SWEET
MARTINI & ROSSI
VINO VERMOUTH
MARTINI & ROSSI
VERMOUTH
MARTINI
EXTRA DRY
MARTINI & ROSSI
VINO
VERMOUTH
SECCO
S.A.
MARTINI & ROSSI
TORINO
CONTENTS 1 PINT
RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD.

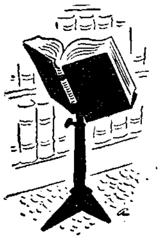
Martini & Rossi tastes great
straight. Sweet or Extra Dry or
half-and-half on the rocks.
Try it.



Outside the U.S. and Canada it's called MARTINI Vermouth. RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

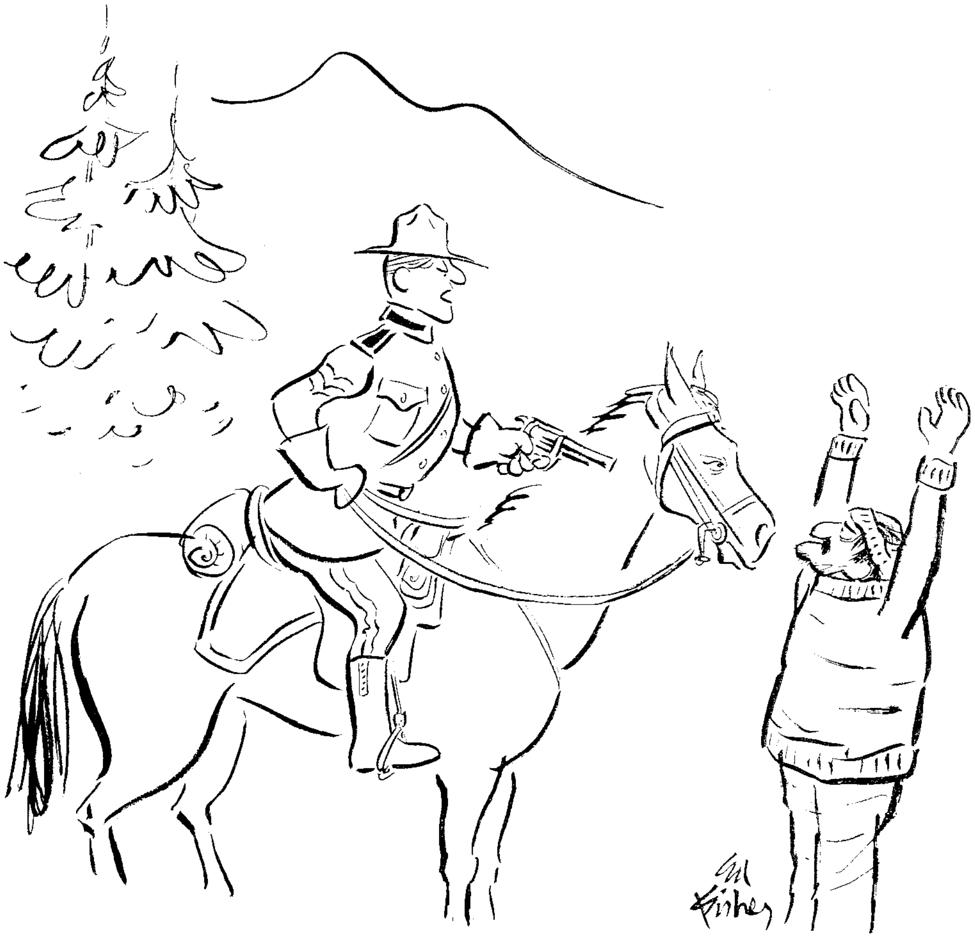
BOOKS

Prophet With and Without Honor



JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH'S "Ambassador's Journal" (Houghton Mifflin; ten dollars), a diary kept during the twenty-seven months in which the eminent economist and wit represented this country and its President in India, is everything one could ask of a work in this genre. Its candor is exemplary. In an early passage, Galbraith explains his approach: "My principal problem was the derelictions of individuals, and on this I followed a double standard: anything I wrote that might reflect adversely on an American (including, on rare occasions, myself) I left. Anything embarrassing to an Indian I was more disposed to delete." Judging by his severity on Indians as well as Americans, the deletions must have been few and the derelictions that caused them extreme. The portraiture is superb and, as might be expected, irreverent. Though he spent most of his time in New Delhi, Galbraith returned to Washington often enough to arouse criticism in several circles, and the book, in addition to being a report on a diplomatic mission, provides some remarkably vivid and highly personal impressions of the leading figures in the Kennedy Administration; one must suppose that the feeling for character and individual style that makes this possible serves as well, or almost as well, when the author is dealing with his Indian hosts. The writing is always lucid and elegant, and splendid Galbraithian ironies and epigrams appear on almost every page. There are many funny scenes and funny lines. On April 18, 1961, he officially became an ambassador, and he describes the elaborate rites in the President's Palace in New Delhi, one of which required him to inspect an honor guard of Sikh soldiers: "Then I inspected the guard; nothing seemed seriously wrong. I drew heavily on old newsreels for my protocol." As if all this were not enough, the memoir happens also to be a chronicle of success. When Galbraith turned up in New Delhi, the relationship between this country and India was in poor shape; when he left, in 1963, it had hugely improved. In large part this was because Galbraith succeeded in persuading Nehru and other influential Indians that he shared their distaste for the Cold War and that his patron, the new President of the United States, had no Dulleslike zeal for bringing India in on our side. This took some doing. The Ambassador's efforts at persuasion were tremendously assisted by the mainland Chinese during the border war of 1962. Galbraith offered American assistance—arms, not troops or, to the disappointment of the Indian military, air cover—and asked no political or ideological concessions. The Indian politicians were happy to get the matériel but thought there must be a catch somewhere. They couldn't conceive of receiving aid without surrendering some of their prized "neutrality" and "nonalignment." ("I noted," Galbraith wrote, "that one of the largest recipients of our military assistance in the past had been the Soviet Union. She had, nonetheless, retained a considerable measure of independence.") Having little choice, the Indians took the Ambassador at his word. It proved to be good, and in one of his last reports to the President he said that "by strongly coming to India's support, but at the same time giving no grounds for suspicion of ulterior motives, there has been a simply enormous enhancement of American prestige." Less interested observers felt at the time that this was a fair enough statement of the case.

The easing of Indian-American relations in the early sixties was useful, but it did little to improve the quality of international life in this decade, and Galbraith would not argue to the contrary. Despite his efforts, things are as much a mess as ever. What may be of at least theoretical importance about his stay in India was the demonstration that, given the requisite will and intelligence, American foreign policy can be made to serve useful ends and can be carried out with dignity and a decent respect for the feelings and opinions of others. To be sure, this has happened before and is probably, here and there, happening now. But many who have deplored the excesses, the horrors, and the inanities of our recent policies have come to believe that the whole enterprise is inherently rotten, that our diplomacy is everywhere an imperialist



"It is my duty to inform you that anything you say may be used against you. Il est de mon devoir de vous informer que tout ce que vous dites pourrait être . . ."

one, and that we could best serve the rest of the world by getting out of it. Galbraith himself takes a somewhat negative view of American policy; he feels that there is altogether too much of it to begin with and that we might all be much better off if the State Department simply ceased to exist. At the same time, he proves that the system is not altogether beyond redemption and that some of its worst features can be made to yield to a combination of intelligence and determination. He got started before he left for his post: "My briefing this morning was by the C.I.A. and on various spooky activities, some of which I do not like. I shall stop them." He did. When, later, the C.I.A. tried to carry on behind his back, he appealed to the President, who supported him. His early efforts in New Delhi were aimed at making the American presence less conspicuous. He held that too many of our economic-aid programs were for show and too many were centered on the capital city, where they could be seen and appreciated by politicians. He fired a barrage of cease-and-desist and get-moving orders. He was outraged by our propaganda. "The Washington U.S.I.A. is horrible," he wrote. "Day after day it belches out dreary and boring attacks on the U.S.S.R. and China in the most repulsive and stinking prose. Nothing could do more to promote neutralism or anyhow total inattention. . . . We might be better off if the daily propaganda was never dispatched." He couldn't do much about Washington, but he begged the President to, and he secured new personnel for his own mission. He complained endlessly to Kennedy about the military and its ways: "A few weeks ago one of our aircraft carriers brought twelve supersonic jets to Karachi, where they were unloaded in all the secrecy that would attend mass sodomy on the B.-M.T. at rush hour." He kept his military aides and their visitors out of uniform until, in the darkest moments of the border war, he realized that "the Indians yearn for the sight of American uniforms and about tomorrow I will allow our officers to wear them." Two years of good taste, common sense, and a policy with humane ends in a single country don't amount to much in terms of history, but Galbraith, with John Kennedy's assistance, did at least show that bad taste, stupidity, and self-seeking need not always be the basic ingredients of American diplomacy.

The President's role was, of course, crucial to the making of this record of modest success, and while one can take

CANDY STRIPED TURTLENECK SPORT SHIRTS

Another Eddie Jacobs original.

These 2-ply mercerized all cotton sport shirts are available in our own distinctive colour blends: thrush stripe on navy, rust stripe on cypress, rust stripe on creme, creme stripe on garnet, sulphur stripe on lacquer, sulphur stripe on rust and creme stripe on chocolate. Sizes S, M, L, XL. $12.50. *Shipped postpaid in U.S.A. Please* address mail orders to Eddie Jacobs Ltd., 4 East Redwood Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21202.

Eddie Jacobs LTD.

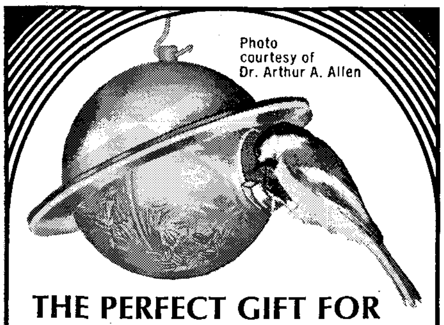


Photo courtesy of Dr. Arthur A. Allen

THE PERFECT GIFT FOR BIRD LOVERS The Satellite Bird Feeder is specially designed to attract the small, agile funbirds—chicadees, goldfinches, titmice. They feed, and start the Satellite twirling. They dart in, cling, pick out another sunflower seed. Marvelous fun to watch. And its patented spill-proof design really baffles squirrels, too. 6" in diameter, beautifully constructed from durable Dupont Lucite. Lightweight so it can be hung from small boughs or house eaves. Complete with hanging hardware and the approval of the National Audubon Society. A great gift at $8.95.

Abercrombie & Fitch Co. • F.A.O. Schwarz
Hammacher Schlemmer • Georg Jensen, Inc.
Johnny Appleseed's • Marshall Field & Co.
Massachusetts Audubon Society, Lincoln, Mass.
. . . or order from JAMES R. WAITE
Box 78-N6, Manhasset, N.Y. 11030

Owl pitcher from the island of Mytilene. Multicolor design on white. 9 in. high, $13.25 ppd.

Only at: **Greek Island**
215 E. 49 St., N.Y. 10017

One of the few remaining Great Hotels

The Benson is in Portland, Oregon, elegant and distinctive, home of the Holiday Magazine Award winning London Grill and Trader Vic's. When you're in Portland, make your home the Benson on Broadway.

For reservations:
Call any Western International Hotel, or
N. Y., 661-7300 • Wash, D. C., EN 1-5800
Chicago, 337-8100 • Los Angeles, 879-0830
San Francisco, 397-1464 • Seattle, 682-6161

THE BENSON
228-9611 PORTLAND, OREGON
WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS

PARADISE ISLAND IN NASSAU

You're closer to all-round island fun amid our nautical decor overlooking beautiful Nassau Harbour from Paradise Island . . . Intimate informal festivity garnished with attentive service in true Bahamian tradition. Golf, tennis and virtually all resort activities. Fantastic Sip 'n Dip Poolside Bar. Gourmet Bahamian dining. Entertainment. Moments from casino. See your travel agent, or our representative, Leonard Hicks.

Flagler Inn
FLAGLER SYSTEM

WALDORF-ASTORIA

SHIRLEY BASSEY

EMPIRE ROOM • OCT. 20-NOV. 1

2 shows nightly except Sun.
9 and 12. Continuous dancing.
Res.: Call Camilo (212) 355-3000.

Nov. 3–Nov. 15 • JOHNNY MATHIS
Nov. 17–Nov. 29 • PETULA CLARK

AVRIL Through Nov. 4

GLENN

...exciting creation, connoting rush and movement...

ahda ARTZT gallery
142 WEST 57 ST.

some comfort from this, it is nevertheless improbable that similar records can be made anywhere else at any time. Because he respected Galbraith's judgment and, perhaps more important, because he took great pleasure in Galbraith's prose, Kennedy encouraged his agent in New Delhi to send along frequent personal reports on his problems and his opinions. But no President, no matter how much confidence he reposes in his emissaries and no matter how much he delights in their epistolary style, could encourage more than a hundred heads of mission to report to him personally. Someone has to protect the President, and the tendency of people assigned to this task is almost invariably to provide too much protection. Had Galbraith had to deal directly with Dean Rusk in all matters, his book, which combines descriptions of frustration with celebrations of accomplishment, might have contained nothing but frustration. Rusk was a special case, but not a very special one. He and Galbraith mistrusted one another, each with good reason, and Rusk perhaps with the better reason. Galbraith was insubordinate and openly contemptuous; Rusk felt about this and about Galbraith's end runs into the White House as any Secretary should, and if their positions had been reversed, Galbraith, who brooked no insubordination himself, would have responded exactly as Rusk did. In any event, one wishes that Kennedy had been even more attentive to Galbraith's letters than he was, for if he had, he might have spared us and the world the disaster of Vietnam. Once, discussing Vietnam, McGeorge Bundy said he thought there could be no situation in which Galbraith would urge the use of American force. "I have to admit that my enthusiasm for it is always very low," Galbraith wrote. He was tipped off about the Bay of Pigs shortly before he left Washington for New Delhi, and he was appalled. He wrote Kennedy a farewell letter "expressing my concern over the surviving adventurism in the government. (This was still the Cuban business.) I put it very strongly to the President—we have had an unparalleled series of disasters, Yalu River, Guatemala, U-2, where we have failed to measure the overall consequence of failure or (as in Guatemala) even success of military operations or intervention." The President heeded other counsel. Galbraith kept on worrying. "The same people who abetted Dulles and discredited the peaceful image of the United States are still about," he wrote in that early

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

Special Christmas Rates

$10.00 for the first one year subscription (your own or gift)

$7.00 for each additional one year subscription

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE: Canada, Latin America & Spain $1.00;
Other Foreign $3.00 per year

Your Name ____________________
Street ____________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________

☐ Enter a new subscription in my name
☐ Renew or extend my subscription

Please Enter the Following Gift Subscriptions:

To ____________________
Street ____________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________
Gift card to read: "From ____________________"

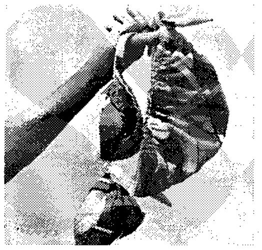
To ____________________
Street ____________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________
Gift card to read: "From ____________________"

To ____________________
Street ____________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________
Gift card to read: "From ____________________"

I enclose $__________ to cover __________ subscriptions.

25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036

At Tower Isle, you can get by on next to nothing.

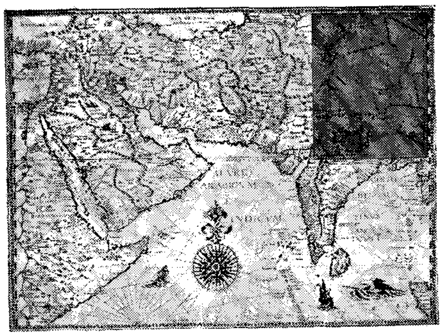


A beautiful, self-contained beach resort nestled in a cove by the sea is no place to stand on ceremony. It's a place for a morning's stroll on a magnificent, white beach. An afternoon of tennis on Jamaica's finest courts, or a swim in our fresh water pool. An evening dancing the Reggae and sipping a potion called Sink or Swim. It's a place for letting your hair down and your spirits up.

Jamaica's Tower Isle
Like no place else on earth.

Tower Isle, P.O. Ocho Rios, Jamaica, W.I.
An Issa Hotel—Nick Brimo
Vice President & General Manager.
See your travel agent or our international representatives, Leonard Hicks.

Eden & other romantic places…



4 ANTIQUE MAPS

Available for the first time, rare decorative maps of fascinating regions. Reproduced in multi-color on antique ivory parchment paper. Of true museum quality, handsome in home and office or as a unique gift. Collection includes:

1. PARADISO TERRESTRE (EDEN) (illus.) 1698 Shows exact location of Eden with Dutch map of Southeast Asia. Fascinating!
2. BORENT'S ARCTIC REGION 1558 Decorated with ships, seals and whales. Unusual!
3. MERCATOR'S CHINA-CATHY. Decorated with an oriental junk and a sail carriage, 1606.
4. ANGLO-SAXON BRITAIN 1611. Map of England and Ireland embellished with 14 vignettes of the Saxon Kings.

Printed in Multicolor Size 16" x 20" (fits standard frame)

Set of 4 maps $3.00/set 2 sets for $5.50 add 20¢ postage per set

NUMBERED DELUXE EDITION
We have issued a limited number of prints on special paper. Each Deluxe set includes a Limited Edition Certificate.
DELUXE SET OF 4 MAPS $5.00/set 2 sets for $9.50

ART FORUM Dept. 626F, 80 4th Ave., New York, N.Y. 10003

You mean you've never been here? DO IT NOW
ROSELAND
DANCE CITY • 52ND ST. W. OF BROADWAY
NIGHTLY exc. MONDAY • MAT. SATURDAY 1:45
THUR. continuous from 2 P.M. • SUN. continuous from 3:30
Reasonably Priced Restaurant and Cocktail Service

period. He first communicated his anxieties about Vietnam on July 11, 1961, when scarcely anyone in Washington, including the President, was giving much thought to the place. He wrote Kennedy:

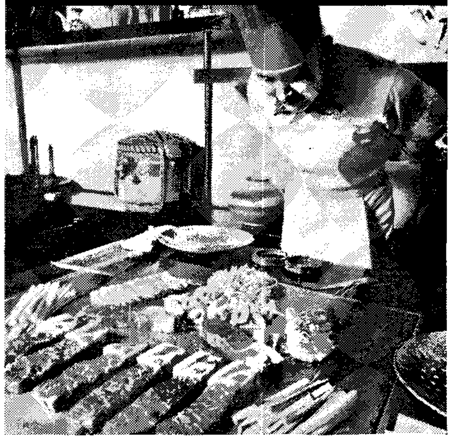
> I hope, incidentally, that your information from there is good and I have an uneasy feeling that what comes in regular channels is very bad. Unless I am mistaken, Diem has alienated his people to a far greater extent than we allow ourselves to know. This is our old mistake. We take the ruler's word and that of our own people who have become committed to him. The opponents are thieves and bandits; the problem is to get the police. I am sure the problem in Vietnam is partly the means to preserve law and order. But I fear that we have one more government which, on present form, no one will support.

No man can match Galbraith's record for prescience or persistence. Three months later, again to the President, he wrote:

> Although at times when I have been rather troubled by Berlin, I have always had the feeling that it would be worked out. I have continued to worry far, far more about South Vietnam. This is more complex, far less controllable, far more varied in the factors involved, far more susceptible to misunderstanding. And to make matters worse, I have no real confidence in the sophistication and political judgment of our people there. Harriman, incidentally, shares my view.

That November, back in the States, he wrote, "In theory, I have been making preparations for Nehru's visit. In practice, I have been interfering with all manner of things but mostly Vietnam." This was soon after Walter Rostow and General Maxwell Taylor had returned from Vietnam with a report the President had commissioned. Galbraith understood that they were "advocating exceedingly half-baked intervention. Not troops but soldiers to do flood-control work. Once there, they would use a shovel with one hand and deal with the guerrillas with the other." (Later, poking around Vietnam on his own, he decided that the "floods" were a bit of a hoax: "These rivers flood regularly, get billed for being the greatest disasters in history and then the mud walls are put back and the rice grows better than ever.") When he finally got a look at the Rostow-Taylor report, he wrote, "It is a curious document. The recommendations are for vigorous action. The appendices say it cannot possibly succeed given the present government in Saigon." On March 2, 1962, he proposed to Kennedy "four rules that should govern our policy in this part of the world." The first was "Keep up

The Japanese Steak Ceremony.

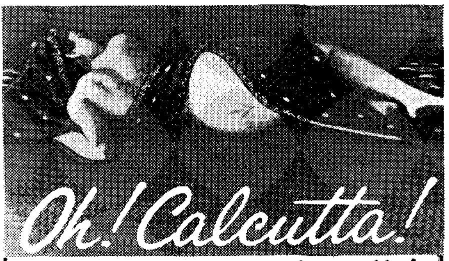


At Benihana we turn a steak into an experience you'll never forget. And we do it before your very eyes.

We put into this experience centuries of tradition, the skill of a Japanese chef born and trained in Japan, and the finest steak you can get.

So come. Experience a steak with us.

BENIHANA of TOKYO
YOUR TABLE IS OUR KITCHEN.
120 E. 56th St. New York LT 1-0930
Open 7 days a week. Sat. and Sun. dinner only.
61 W. 56th St. New York LT 1-0931
Open 7 days a week. Sunday dinner only.
Chicago • Honolulu • Las Vegas • San Francisco


Oh! Calcutta!

69's Most Controversial Musical Hit!
Tickets at Ticketron Neighborh'd Outlets
For Locations Call (212) 759-2734
Also Available At Macy's
FOR MATURE AUDIENCES ONLY!
EDEN THEA. 12th St. & 2nd Ave. • 982-9815

Holiday Funland

Play Two Great Robert Trent Jones Golf Courses
The place to be for Thanksgiving, Christmas or New Year's. Perfect for family Vacations. Write for holiday program & brochure today! Reade Whitwell, Mgr.
THE WIGWAM (602) 935-3811
ARIZONA'S COUNTRY CLUB RESORT
LITCHFIELD PARK, ARIZONA
TETLEY/FAWCETT/WARNER REPRESENTED

Acapulco
FOR SALE—New, completely air conditioned housekeeping villa overlooking spectacular Acapulco Bay. Two bedrooms, sliding glass door. L-shaped living-dining room-bar-kitchen combination. Tile terrace, filtered swimming pool, roll-up awning. Extra room on lower level. In secluded condominium near Acapulco Yacht Club. Complete services available. Rents from $60.00 to $80.00 a day if owner wishes. A vacation and investment property offered below cost at $40,000. Address The Social Secretary, 550 West Fort Street, Detroit, Michigan 48226.

the threshold against the commitment of American combat forces. This is of the utmost importance—a few will mean more and more and more. And then the South Vietnamese boys will go back to the farms. We will do the fighting." The others were equally prophetic and equally ignored.

It is to weep. It is doubtless idle now to speculate on whether Kennedy would have done what Johnson did and what Nixon is at present both doing and seeking to undo. The Kennedy loyalists have so far acknowledged only that the President they served and revered should have paid more attention to Vietnam; had he done so, they imply, he would in time have seen what folly some of his military and diplomatic advisers were urging. "In Washington," Arthur Schlesinger wrote in "A Thousand Days," "the President, who had other matters on his mind, accepted the cheerful reports from men in whom he had great confidence." But Galbraith in New Delhi had other matters on his mind, too, and Vietnam was really none of his business, a fact that may go a small way—a very small way—toward explaining why his pleas were unheeded. When Galbraith decided he wanted to go to Vietnam himself and make his own report to the President, Kennedy, according to the Ambassador, "jumped at my suggestion." Galbraith turned in a distinctly cheerless report. The Commander-in-Chief ignored it—or, to be as charitable as one can be, weighed it in the balance and then proceeded to implement the recommendations of other men. Had he lived longer, Kennedy might have come to perceive the merit of his correspondent's judgment. But though he was in receipt of many urgent warnings against escalation and many just disparagements of the men in whom he invested "great confidence," the President escalated and persisted in his confidence. It is to weep not only because of all the useless bloodshed that ensued but because Vietnam so obsesses us that we tend to judge a book rich in imagination, compassion, style, character, and humor largely in terms of the light it casts on a ghastly misadventure that happens to be a minor theme in this major book.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE MARIGOLD FIELD, by Diane Pearson (Lippincott). This sound family saga is set in an English village at the turn of the century, Jon-

486 years ago in Urbino, Italy, this book was begun.

The complete work of
RAPHAEL

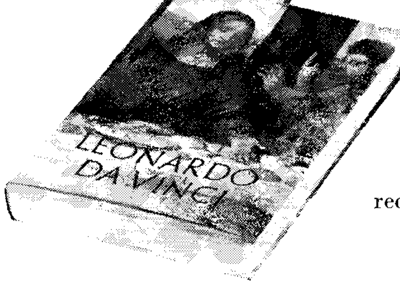
THE COMPLETE WORK OF RAPHAEL

Raphael, the genius of the High Renaissance, is seen here for the first time in the full breadth of his artistic activity. His paintings, drawings and architectural projects are displayed superbly with his poetry and a full exposition of his life—making this magnificent 646-page book the most complete study of the great master in the English language. 877 superb black-and-white illustrations plus 48 in color, give you your own private museum of Raphel. 11" x 15". $39.95 until December 24, 1969; $45.00 thereafter.

REMBRANDT PAINTINGS
by Horst Gerson
The definitive Rembrandt! The first comprehensive book on his paintings. 730 plates (80 in color).

MICHELANGELO

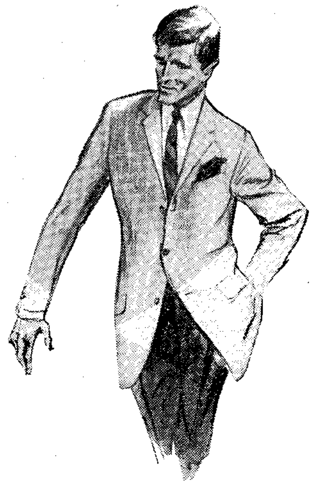
THE COMPLETE WORK OF MICHELANGELO
Introduction by Charles de Tolnay
This towering volume covers the extraordinary scope of this great master's genius. 1,040 plates in black-and-white and 32 in full color.



LEONARDO DA VINCI
Complete and authoritative—the art book bestseller! 1,609 black-and-white illustrations and 12 color plates; 16 additional pages—including 30 illustrations—from the recently discovered Madrid Codex.

Each: 11" x 15". $39.95 until December 24, 1969; $45.00 thereafter.

Reynal/Morrow



DESIGNED BY MEN FOR MEN

Our handsome jacket is a perfect combination of good looks, plus British tailoring translated for the American man. This superbly shaped three button coat with center back vent is handsomely tailored in Liberty of London's Esbilene fabric, tailored by Steegan, Ltd. for Cavanagh's, looks for all the world like silk, but is incredibly 100% crisp, uncrushable cotton. Sizes 38 through 46. Short, regular, long. $47.50 plus air mailing charge of $2.50.

Duty, if any, payable on receipt.

Cavanagh's INC

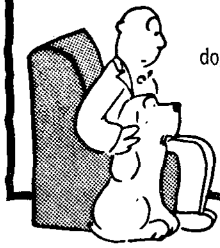
35 Main Street, and Virgin Isle Hilton Hotel
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, U.S.A. 00801

SEND FOR FREE COLOR BROCHURE

ARCHITECTURE IN NEW YORK
A PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY
BY WAYNE ANDREWS

In 255 magnificent photos, a connoisseur surveys the architecture of New York State from Manhattan to Chautauqua County. 8¾" x 11¼" $17.50 until Christmas; then $20.

Atheneum



How to raise a dog in the city
AND IN THE SUBURBS

By Dr. James R. Kinney—for 25 years Chief Veterinarian of the Ellin Prince Speyer Hospital—and Ann Honeycutt. A primer for the city dog owner: the standard work on the care and training of a dog.

Drawings by Thurber. Completely revised. $5.95
SIMON AND SCHUSTER

athan, the hub of the story, is a pale, passionate man who serves in the Boer War, marries twice, and represents the workingman's dawning determination to rise above his station. Yet the chief interest lies with the women characters, and particularly with two sisters—one a selfless frump and one a heartless beauty. The village women are sent out early into service, before marrying and bearing too many children. While their menfolk go to war, they take in washing for a few farthings and struggle to avoid recourse to charity. At times, this most readable of parish registers is marked by the author's emancipated indignation.

STRUMPET CITY, by James Plunkett (Delacorte). Between 1907 and 1914, the city of Dublin was in ferment. Mr. Plunkett portrays some of her dockers, coal haulers, and foundrymen—proud men, loyal to James Larkin and his new trade union—in those long winters of strikes, lockouts, and battles with the peelers in wet, riot-torn streets. Their pinched children go barefoot in tenement rooms while their shawl-clad women shiver in the pawnbrokers' queues. However briefly they appear, priests, down-and-outs, labor leaders, enlightened Socialist gentlemen, vicious bosses, scabs, and bigots are traced with humanity and care. Dublin inspires great love and fine writing.

FURTHER CONFESSIONS OF ZENO, by Italo Svevo, translated from the Italian by Ben Johnson and P. N. Furbank (University of California Press). The fifth volume in the uniform edition of Svevo's works, consisting of five chapters of an uncompleted sequel to "The Confessions of Zeno" and a play, "Regeneration," on the same theme—Svevo's only theme, in fact: the efforts of a man's spirit to come to terms with the aging of his flesh. It has long been clear that Svevo (the pen name of a Triestine Jewish businessman named Ettore Schmitz) is one of the greatest Italian novelists of our century, and this book will only add further lustre to his name. It is a delight from start to finish, and the play, about a rejuvenation operation like the Steinach monkey-glands implantation, is a comic masterpiece.

GENERAL

THE MYTH OF ASIA, by John M. Steadman (Simon & Schuster). A learned, dazzling, impatient book that demolishes the Western concept

MARGUERITE STIX

LINCOLN, bronze: collection of the New School for Social Research, N.Y.C.

Write for catalogue illustrating available bronzes with full information on each piece. The sculpture of Marguerite Stix is represented exclusively by:

Washington Irving Gallery

126 East 16 St./New York, N.Y.10003

Rhys Davies
PRINT OF A HARE'S FOOT
An Autobiographical Beginning

With sketches as masterly as his *New Yorker* short stories, Mr. Davies describes with compassion and humor the rough coal-mining community in Wales where he spent his youth, his years during the 20's in England and in the South of France where he met the D. H. Lawrences. $4.95 DODD, MEAD

MONTEGO BAY
at the Royal Caribbean HOTEL
A sophisticated bit of JAMAICA that swings . . . blue mountains, crystal waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

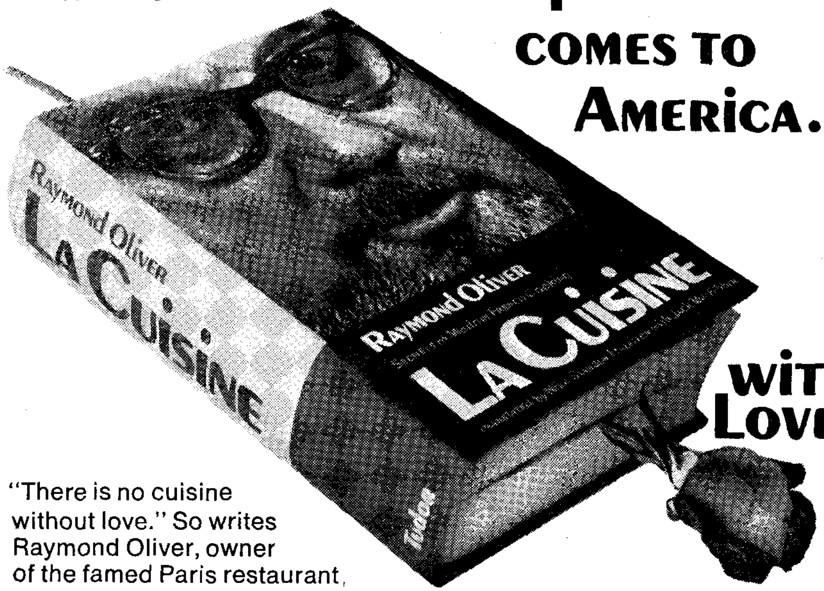
SECLUDED SO. CALIF. RANCH
480 acres 27 mi. east of San Diego. Former horse ranch. Healthy climate at 900-1900 ft. 2 houses, barns, corrals, spring water wells, pumping system, utilities. Ideal for retreat, club, think tank, dude ranch. Priced below market. Terms. Rare investment.
Dan R. McFadden, 1508 Murray Drive
Los Angeles 90026 (213) 661-3255

of a single Asian culture, as well as the misconception that that nonexistent cultural unit is mystical, aesthetic, passive, and ignorant of science, commerce, or liberty. Mr. Steadman points out that there are three quite distinct Asian civilizations—that of the Far East, that of India, and that of Islam—and that each includes a variety of streams, similar to the variety found in Western culture. Like Europe, Asia has produced simple and ornate works of art, logicians and mystics, hagglers and saints, not to mention warriors, bureaucrats, and bohemians. Mr. Steadman is brisk and sometimes funny, and he manages to leave not a single European prejudice rightside up.

Mary Queen of Scots, by Antonia Fraser (Delacorte). This absorbing biography, as its author points out, is the first new documented life of the poor Queen since 1905, although there have been a number of modern special studies on which she has been able to draw. The book is a persuasive portrait of a magnetic, though not especially sexy, woman; of a French-trained princess unable to manage the wild, clannish Scots nobility; of an invalid whose bad health enfeebled her decisions; and of a conscious Catholic martyr whose unreflecting faith was deepened by her long English captivity. Not a villain, in short, but a victim, both of worldwide forces beyond her control and of defects in her own makeup. The author's details and sense of period are fascinating, but perhaps she somewhat oversympathizes with a ruler whose bad luck was mostly bad judgment. Ten dollars.

Products of the Perfected Civilization: Selected Writings of Chamfort, translated and with an introduction by W. S. Merwin, and with a foreword by Louis Kronenberger (Macmillan). Chamfort (1741-94) was a wit who made a place for himself in the intellectual, literary, and snobby élites of *ancien-régime* Paris. He began his career by winning literary prizes, proceeded to write fairly successful plays, and acquired the customary support of sinecures and pensions. Later, however, he ceased to publish and put his thoughts in the form of aphorisms and anecdotal and reflective paragraphs, which were collected and published after his death. These have never been as well known as Rochefoucauld's, and Mr. Merwin does not mean to put them into competi-

FRANCE'S BEST-SELLING COOKBOOK COMES TO AMERICA... WITH LOVE.



"There is no cuisine without love." So writes Raymond Oliver, owner of the famed Paris restaurant, *Le Grand Véfour*, world-renowned chef and author of France's best-selling cookbook *La Cuisine*.

Translated by two outstanding food and wine authorities—Nika Standen Hazelton and Jack Van Bibber—*La Cuisine* is perfect for the enthusiastic beginner, advanced cook or gourmet. It's the only French cookbook you'll ever need.

Nearly 1,500 easy-to-follow recipes—890 pages—680 illustrations 96 color plates. *La Cuisine* by Raymond Oliver. $25.00 until January 1, 1970, $27.50 thereafter. At bookstores, or from:
Tudor Publishing Company, 572 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036

A GUIDE TO MEXICAN ART

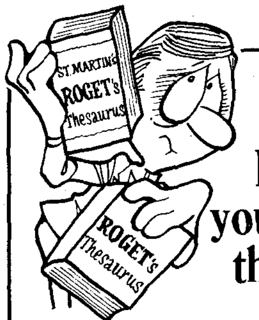
From Its Beginnings to the Present
Justino Fernández
Translated by Joshua C. Taylor
With 183 illustrations.
Cloth $8.75. Paper $3.95
The University of Chicago Press
5750 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60637

A wonderful new book by
Laurie Lee
author of *The Edge Of Day*

AS I WALKED OUT ONE MIDSUMMER MORNING
$5.95

Photo: Jerry Bauer
Atheneum

Much of the contents of this book appeared originally in *The New Yorker*.



How do you choose a thesaurus?

One good rule is: Buy the one translators prefer.

ST. MARTIN'S ROGET

because it has: more pages, more entries, larger, blacker type larger, whiter paper

But most of all because its organization is tops for aptness, utility and browsability.

Get yours now · At your bookstore
Plain $6.95 Thumb indexed $7.95

SMP ST. MARTIN'S PRESS NEW YORK 10010

Now own the greatest Italian Cook Book of them all!

GREAT ITALIAN COOKING

Published at $25.00
Yours for only $1

If you join now and agree to accept only four selections or alternates over the next two years.

The head chef of Maxim's in Paris hails GREAT ITALIAN COOKING as a book "... in a class by itself both for quality and usefulness." Craig Claiborne of *The New York Times* calls it "a beautiful book." *The New Yorker* describes it as ". . . excellent . . . anyone who buys it will be richer."

It took the protege of the great Auguste Escoffier to create the most authoritative volume of Italian cooking ever! Luigi Carnacina's GREAT ITALIAN COOKING is unprecedented in size and scope — with 2,300 Italian and International recipes — adapted for American kitchens. The book itself almost defies description. Giant 9" x 11" in size. Nearly 900 double-column pages. Thousands of "how-to" cooking tips. 657 illustrations, 210 in full color, 38 charts and 306 drawings in two or more colors. An 8000-word index in English and Italian.

To join the Cook Book Guild and get GREAT ITALIAN COOKING for only $1, plus shipping and handling, just mail the coupon. As a member you can also add cookbooks by Julia Child, James Beard, Michael Field and other famous authors to your home library—*at guaranteed savings of at least 30%,* plus shipping and handling. Selections are described in advance in the free monthly bulletin.

The Cook Book Guild
Dept. 90-NDX, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Please accept my application for membership in the Cook Book Guild and rush my copy of Luigi Carnacina's GREAT ITALIAN COOKING. You will bill me only $1—plus shipping and handling. If not delighted, I may return the book in 10 days and my membership will be canceled. If I keep the book, my only obligation is to accept four selections or alternates during the next two years—at guaranteed savings of at least 30% plus shipping and handling. These will be described to me in advance in the Guild's free monthly "Cook Book News" —and a convenient form will always be provided for my use if I do not wish to receive a forthcoming selection. With every fourth selection or alternate I accept, I may choose a free Bonus Book from a special list provided.

Mr.
Mrs.____________________
Miss (please print)
Address____________________
City____________________
State__________Zip__________

Canadian Enquiries: write to address above. For your convenience, books will be shipped from our Canadian office. Members accepted in Continental U.S.A. and Canada only. 8-C60

tion. Nevertheless, he is right in thinking that Chamfort's maxims deserve to be better known. Chamfort's bitterness, of which some authorities have complained, is documentary: it illustrates the unhappiness of an intellectual at the mercy of a society that was uncertain whether he was a decoration or an entertainment but was positive, in any case, that no particular intellectual was a necessity. Chamfort felt that to almost everyone he knew he was dispensable. His aphorisms say to himself what he could not say in public, but they are more than merely private gibes; the best are sharp, flashing, funny, ironic, or observant, and—as they were meant to be—educational, not edifying. The translation is excellent.

DR. BOWDLER'S LEGACY, by Noel Perrin (Atheneum). A history of the expurgation of books, from Regency days to the present, in England and the United States. The most frequent victims have been Shakespeare, "Gulliver's Travels," and Pepys's "Diary" (to be published complete for the first time this year), but a remarkable variety of other works have felt the snip of the shears, including the Bible, the dictionary, and Gibbon's "Decline and Fall." Mr. Perrin's touch is at once light and withering, and he is most engrossing when he describes the formidable eccentrics who devoted themselves to this pursuit, particularly the Bowdler family itself, and the Reverend Mr. James Plumptre, who felt it his mission to divert the whole course of English literature into purer channels. Delightful reading, if touched with that streak of melancholy which accompanies any record of human folly.

•

For one thing, the regimes of Eastern Europe where the Soviet Union has troops permanently stationed, particularly East Germany, Poland and Hungary, are almost completely dependent for their WHAT? upon the continued presence of those Soviet troops.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Don't come running to us with your problems!

•

Miss Ohio went into Saturday night's finals boasting preliminary victories in talent and swimsuit. The 19-year-old brunet has entertained in veterans' hospitals and said when she marries, she hopes for a husband who can coo.

"I'm a lousy cook," she confessed.
—*Chicago Sun-Times.*

That's O.K. You can do the billing.

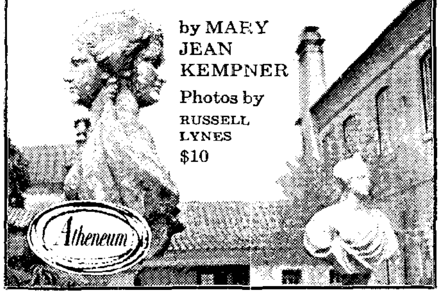
CHANDLER'S 240W52NDST
CHANDLER'S 49E49STNYC

Now there are two prime steak houses. Choose between Chandler's East and the exciting, new Chandler's West in the heart of the theatre district . . . both serve the same superlative steaks, chops, roast beef, luscious live trout and lobsters . . . seven days a week at the conventional hours and after-theatre, too. Reservations:

CHANDLER'S WEST 240 W 52nd St 581-4772
CHANDLER'S EAST 49 E 49th St 751-1960

"The best travel book I've had the good luck to read in many a year."—CHARLES POORE

AN INVITATION TO PORTUGAL



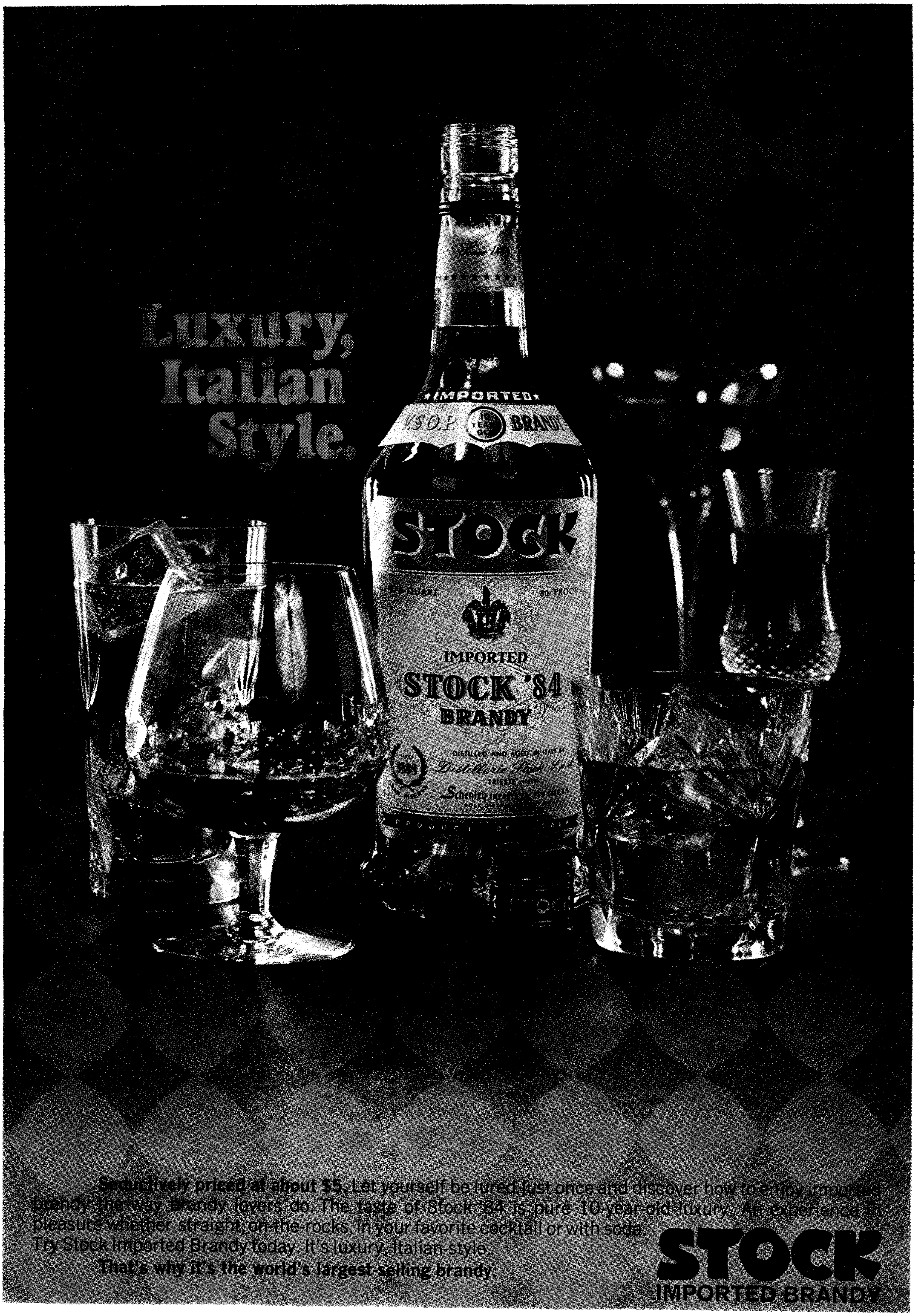
by MARY JEAN KEMPNER
Photos by RUSSELL LYNES
$10
Atheneum

#1 National Non-fiction Bestseller

"For every job there is a man somewhere who can't do it. Sooner or later they'll find each other."

THE PETER PRINCIPLE
Why Things Always Go Wrong
Dr. Laurence J. Peter and Raymond Hull
$4.95 MORROW

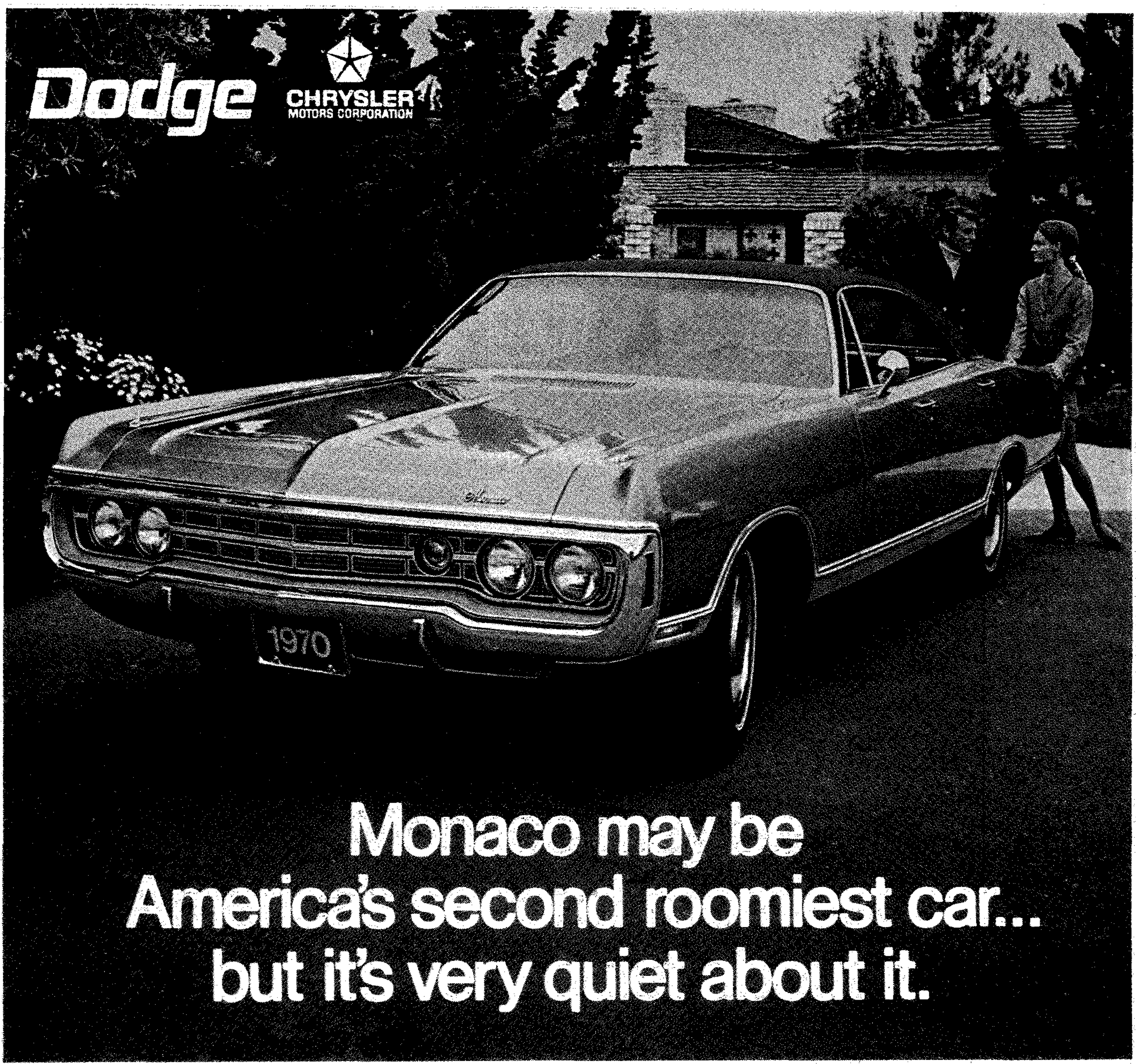
FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.


Luxury, Italian Style.
IMPORTED
V.S.O.P.
BRANDY
STOCK
QUART
80 PROOF
IMPORTED
STOCK '84
BRANDY
DISTILLED AND AGED IN ITALY BY
Distillerie Stock S.p.A.
TRIESTE
Schenley

Seductively priced at about $5. Let yourself be lured just once and discover how to enjoy imported brandy the way brandy lovers do. The taste of Stock '84 is pure 10-year-old luxury. An experience in pleasure whether straight, on-the-rocks, in your favorite cocktail or with soda. Try Stock Imported Brandy today. It's luxury, Italian-style.

That's why it's the world's largest-selling brandy.

STOCK
IMPORTED BRANDY


Dodge
CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION
1970
Monaco may be
America's second roomiest car...
but it's very quiet about it.

Modesty is a Monaco trait. Even to its price. But in size and luxury, it has to be classed up there with cars costing much more. Case in point: Torsion-Quiet Ride. A unique suspension system that insulates against road shock and engine noise. We simply took the engine, torsion bars, and steering gear and mounted them on a massive frame. Then we isolated them from the Unibody with special rubber mounts. Result? A new concept in silence. And with Monaco's wide rear stance which puts more car between the wheels, you get greater stability and handling ease. Another luxury-car trait—sleek styling that's all new. Long hood . . . taut deck. And lavish interiors accented with simulated walnut. With the roominess you expect in a luxury car. 1970 Dodge Monaco. Come take a drive.

If you demand one quiet hour a day . . . you could be

DODGE MATERIAL.